



87

187



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
Boston Public Library

THE
IRISH MAGAZINE,
AND
Monthly Asylum
FOR
NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.



DUBLIN. Published by WALTER COX.

1809.

1817

WILLIAM BENTLEY

1817

WILLIAM BENTLEY

1817

WILLIAM BENTLEY

AP 73

I 74

1809

THE
IRISH MAGAZINE

AND
MONTHLY ASYLUM

FOR
NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

— — — — —
For JANUARY 1809.

— — — — —
TO THE PUBLIC.

WITH the beginning of the new year it may be necessary for me, and I conceive it my duty to offer my thanks to the Public for the support which the Irish Magazine has received since its establishment to the present day. From the pursuit of all principles, a wish to do good to my native country, unsupported by the purse and unflattered by the smiles of power, I began a publication, in which, I will be bold to say, the cause of the poor Irish has been, if not more ably, at least more honestly advocated than in any print which has for many years issued from the Irish
JAN. 1809.

A

Prefs. Bold in a good cause, in the assertion of the fairest and first principles of the British Constitution, I have never shrunk from my duty either from the hope of reward or the fear of punishment: Punishment I could not fear, for I have never wished to go beyond that boundary where the son, or the destruction of social order begins. Well knowing that the very life-blood of public spirit is nourished by an acquaintance with the history of our sufferings, I have endeavoured to lay before the people, (as for the ignorant and vulgar great, I care nothing, they are

mere animals, who wallowing in sensuality exist rather than enjoy life.) occasional animating scraps of Irish history—I have endeavoured to drag from the obscurity in which they were buried by intolerance, names, illustrious for their valour or their suffering—Filled with a reverence for Genius however unfortunate, I have spoken with the impartiality of after times, of a Fitzgerald, a Tandy, and an Emmet. at the same time that I condemn the effervescence of over-heated zeal and the madness of Utopian legislation. Convinced that the prosperity of Ireland ultimately depends on the fate of the Catholics, I have paid particular attention to their affairs, and I have with all my strength and voice hunted down the *Veto*. The cause of the Catholics I know to be the cause of Ireland, because its population is Catholic. Let it be remembered, and I think it a claim not undeserving the gratitude of the Irish Catholics, that it was in the Irish Magazine the secret transaction concerning the *Veto* was first discovered.

After having been hidden for nine years from the Irish people and the Irish clergy, with all the assiduity and carefulness of men bent on destruction of the country, the Irish Magazine dragged the monster from its lurking hole, and shewed it's ugliness to the world.—The friends of the *Veto*, the English ministers and the Irish suicidal apostates saw that their scheme was blown up and in consequence I have had the honour of making every rascal in the country my enemy.—I don't blame the English minister for wishing to unionize Ireland and Great Britain in Religion as well as in politics. 'Tis fair that an English minister acting on the laid-down and well-known principle of hatred which his countrymen bear us, should strain

every nerve to rob us of every remnant of independence; but it is pitiable and sorrowful to reflect, that Irishmen themselves should be the base and blind tools to do this damnable work for him—and yet, poor people of Ireland, this is actually the case. Every man who appeared on the side of the *Veto*, was either blind thro' folly or wicked thro' intemperate ambition.—Some fellows mere dupes and have since repented.—Other fellows mere knaves, and are still pertinacious.—Mine is not the language of praise and yet I am happy to say, that many whom I abused from honest indignation, now merit my panegyric. Lord Fingall is amongst the number.—He it appears, has wept for having any thing to do with the *Veto*, and even tho' late, he ought to be thanked for ceasing to grace a set of rascals with his title. I wonder is Mr. Byrne the confidential friend of my Lord Fingall now? No; not he, faith! And even the Bellevs are not asked; how do they do? What a delightful thing it is to see these patriots falling out— with I could write a farce.—How would I make the town laugh at the grimaces and whining of my long-bellied cousin the lawyer.—I have not however any laughing talents and I must be content with plain, blunt, pedestrian abuse.—The best interests of the Catholics are interwoven in the question of the *Veto*, and it is ominous to Ireland that all the English, and the English Irish factions are for it. When we see such a piebald connection, as Mr. Grattan, and the followers of Mr. Pitt let true Irishmen look about them, for there is danger to be feared. Oh! what a deathly blow was made at poor Ireland.—Milner, the Bishop, comes amongst us with his smiles and his sounding flattery.

—We, like a set of unsuspecting, open, hospitable, fellows, as we are, receive him with every mark of affection.—He cries with the sincerity of a crocodile, over our sufferings.—He shows a picture of our country and character, drawn by himself in beautiful colouring.—All light.—No shade.—It dazzles our eyes.—He embraces us in our wonder—he lulls us to sleep—and then what does this Episcopal thief, this apostolic * Viper do? but endeavour to steal away during our slumber what we valued most in the world.—It was well that there was a little cackling to awaken us—success to you.—Brave, honest Sarsfield.—You were a good centinel.—You gave the alarm.—You rang the tohsiu, and at the noise every good man started from his pillow.—Oh! Bishop Milner.—You'll never catch us napping again.—And if you take my advice you'll endeavour to make peace with this offended country and with your own conscience by getting Sarsfield's Letters with those of Detector, and Laicus, bound in a pocket volume which for the rest of your life you can carry about you for your edification.—No more of your pompous assertions and assertions, about spilling your blood, and your orthodoxy.—Tertullian was for the most part of his life as orthodox as you.—He too at one period would have shed his blood.—But Tertullian was proud—as well as I recollect.—You know better than I.—He at last attacked the bishops of his time—and he fell.—Doctor, is not this a very wholesome lesson for you?—I pray to God from my heart that you may benefit by the example.—The bishops of Ireland tho' you abuse them, did their duty and they have the nations applause.—I give you up now to the hands of Mr.

* This must be a mistake of the press for Vicar.

Ponsonby, who declared, and will, as well as I can learn, declare in parliament that in your communications with him, and your after assertions in the public prints, there was great want of candour and something very unfair.—But you'll settle that between yourselves, and how you adjust matters will give very little concern to Ireland.—Well then farewell to the Veto men, and now for a few words to the other enemies of the Irish Magazine—namely the Orangemen.—A paltry orange Magazine, conducted by an English puff-maker, which, though professing to contain within its magic circle all the knowledge in the world, yet has within its compass nothing but stolen trash and theatrical froth, and whose dignity consists in having each successive month, its shameless front decorated by the face of some one or other of the actors or actresses of this City.—This same characterless print, I say denounced me and the Irish Magazine to the fury of Major Sirr.—I don't blame the puff-maker and his masters to be angry with the Irish Magazine; for wherever it appeared their poor print was civil enough to make it's exit; but this I will tell them and perhaps they do not already know it, that I fear just as much from the fury of the major as I do from the point of their abuse.—One is now as harmless as the other.—There was indeed a day of terror when every good man trembled as the M -- approached.—That day is now no more, and let me do this much justice to the present Government, to declare that they have not shackled the press. They have allowed that constitutional liberty to this disseminator of public Spirit, for which we ought to thank them—because it is a blessing we did not always enjoy, nor indeed expect.—The puff-maker be-

trays as much ignorance as dullness, when he would have it understood, that Major Surr has now the consequence he formerly had.—When he would insinuate that the laws will not afford protection to every man who is not a rebel, when he supposes things to be so bad in Ireland, as that private property can be attacked by public violence.—No, Mr. Puff, these are not the times in which you and they, whose hearts core is like your own, would find delight.—These are not the good times of hanging and flogging and shooting.—The gallows no more adorns our streets—and Crangemen walk dejected in the public places.—Be convinced then that as a British subject who understands his privileges under the British constitution, that I will stand unawed by power, and will not shrink from the straight line I have marked out for myself, particularly thro' fear of the vengeance of an understrapper—what would become of that great essential of the British constitution the Liberty of the Press if the advice of this wretched hireling, were followed?—When such a man as my Lord Manners, from his sacred seat of justice speaks the language of disinterested patriotism, and supports the rights of the press.—It must gain nerve and strength from such protection—and it dispenses alike the valliant Major and the venal Editor.—Hold then your impotent tongue, Mr. Editor, of the circle of knowledge, and if by an honest rivalry you can not put down your cotemporaries, let not the rage of envy swell your cheeks, and spit venom at those who are above you. I should not indeed have wasted a line on a print which had so wantonly attacked me, but that a total silence might indicate fear from its vapid proceedings.—I have done with it, nor, perhaps shall I ever again think its folly worth my notice.

A more serious subject indeed attracts my attention.—Every man who thinks, must be now borne away by a strong propensity to the consideration of the state of Europe and of our own country—I address myself to the body of the people—with them alone I wish to commune for the sake of us all; letting the pompous long winded Editors' of the Newspaper direct their hacknied drawl of sleep imparting influence to the understandings of the great. A new Revolution of time begins and with it seems to begin a new arrangement in the political world. Let us look backward and forward, abroad and at home. Let us try whether there is for us any thing cheering in the future, any thing consoling in the past.—Let us see, are we externally strong and powerful? And are we internally happy and unoppressed.—Let us not with pitiful narrow minds take a contracted view of but a portion of this great scene, but as if rising above the level of low understandings, stretch our view over the broadly extended prospect. A year that will be memorable for its great events to posterity, has just elapsed. It has not glided into eternity in waveless and unturbulent peace, but it has rushed like the impetuous mountain torrent, sweeping with all its evils thro' society, and leaving nothing but desolation behind. In one short year France has made a dreadful progression towards universal dominion. That extraordinary genius, that child of fate, Bonaparte, whose soul, made of the sternest stuff, is fit for wars and boils, has wrested from another nation her nominal independence. With what an eye ought an honest Irishman view the scene in Spain. An old tie of nationality subsists between the Spaniards and the descendants of Milesius. And a strong sympathy therefore

** I except the Herald.*

must always exist in the breasts of either for the sufferings of the other. Before we weep over the fate of the Spaniards, for their own sakes; we should first ask; is the passing over of this people from the sway of Charles IV. to the dominion of Buonaparte, a transition from happiness to misery, from liberty to slavery. These are very fair questions—and I will be bold enough to say that no one who knew the state of the Spaniards under the old government, ever beheld a people more sunk in slavery, more abject in wretchedness. Had not the Bourbons with their train of effeminate aristocratic nobles, thrown a spirited, proud and powerful nation into the lowest, dullest lethargy?—Did not they suffer the energies of this vigorous nation to become extinct?—Did not their fatal system of despotic government extinguish every spark of public spirit. Was the Liberty of the Press even known?—Did not the horrors of the Inquisition stare both religious and political liberty in the face? Was not the peasant in Spain degraded below the noble, even to be considered a mere beast of burden? Did not these wretched, effeminate luxurious nobles, basing in the wealth of Mexico and Peru, repress every exertion of industry, and every improvement in the arts? Was there not at the court of Madrid thousands and tens of thousands of those devouring locusts, Pensioners and placemen: the necessary appendages of a corrupt Government, who fattened on the blood and sweat of the people? In short was not the Spanish name, a by-word amongst the nations? Did not every independent state in Europe point at this once great nation with the finger of contempt, and were not we ourselves the loudest in their reprobation? Such, Irishmen was the state of Spain—and from such a state have they been rescued by the

French.—Whether their new masters will treat them better or worse than the old, is a problem which time only can resolve. Let us not shed tears therefore over the fate of Spain, for the sake of Spain itself—our sorrow must originate in another more powerful and selfish motive.—It is the effect which the conquest of Spain by the French, will have on these countries, that at bottom extorts from us all the fine sympathy which we have displayed.—The affectation of honourable generosity towards the Patriots on the part of England, is absolutely disgusting.—No, indeed—It was their fear for the consequences of this new accession, to the power of our inveterate enemy; that actuated all our national exertions.—And why not? The desire of safety is a fair principle.—And why not avow it,—Oh! no? the good, disinterested, noble-minded people of England care not for their safety.—'Tis pure national pride and the love of glory that influence them. Let it be so. But now that we may consider Spain, incorporated with France and its energies, about to be wielded by one of the Buonapartes? What may we not fear? It is well ascertained that Buonaparte's threat of invasion, is no idle boast, no vain Bravado! But the fixed malice of one who hates Great Britain as the greatest enemy to his country, and who regards it as the author of all the blood and carnage which has for this fifteen years deluged and desolated the plains of Europe. It is awful to look at the tremendous power of France, holding in her mighty arm the thunderbolt of our destruction. It is awful indeed and the fear that it inspires, is wholesome. Let us not coquet with the danger, lest when it is too late we may weep for our inconsiderateness.—It is vain to endeavour to conceal

the wretched state of the British Empire.—The practicability of France stealing an army into our country is evident from experience.—The question then is—must England make peace on the terms she will get from France, dishonourable as they may be called?—or must England be conquered?—To those who have a true idea of the state of the country, there can appear no alternative.—Will the British Minister then deliberately plunge his country into the abyss; never, never more to rise!!—There is madness in our councils—we stand on the brink of the precipice, and yet we insensately rejoice.—The Carousal of Cabinet dinners is rung in our ears, We loll in luxury; we wallow in the voluptuousness,—We feed and get drunk, and sing and riot on the profits of corruption.—Whilst the hardy warrior is at the door thirsting for our blood.—Whilst he vows vengeance against the children of England, and declares his intention to make their mothers weep! You Mr. Canning? thou, maker of sonnets and little songs!—thou boaster and toast maker! Thou clever fellow at fashionable dinners!—Thou delightful petit-maitre, and elegant carver of Aldermen's pies! On you the fate of your country hangs!—On you the mothers of England are obliged to look for the safety of their children!—'Tis you who have it in your power to guide the destiny of a once-great nation, and to put a barrier against the flowing of its blood.—Ireland, even poor, ill-treated, oppressed Ireland will still stand by you if you be but just.—But she despairs of justice from a light character like you—yon have not the solemnity, nor the talents, nor the sympathy of a physician, who could heal her wounds.—You cannot minister to her mind diseased, nor

pluck from her memory her rooted sorrows,—and that grim spectre of the thirteenth century behind you, that Perceval of horrid aspect and terrifying mien, makes her shrink back dejected, and feed on her "hoard of inward grief." Do, Mr. Canning, obey the voice of a discontented people, and give up that serious and solemn public care, for which nature who formed you in a joking moment, renders you unfit.—This is the advice of an honest Irishman, attached to no faction—whose advice is not selfish nor dictated by interest,—who is no party hack, but solely influenced by the love of peace and what he conceives to be the happiness of his country.

I have tired myself with writing, but next month, I promise to resume this subject, which even in the short interval must gain a considerable interest.

January 1, 1809

WALTER COX.

COUNTY OF LOUTH
CATHOLIC MEETING.

WITH particular satisfaction we have to lay before our readers, the opinion of the clergy and laity of the County of Louth, and of preserving to posterity such a valuable document of public spirit, and merited reprehension, on a set of proud and intriguing members of our Church, who for the purposes of self-aggrandisement, have not only bargained with an English minister for the independence of our Country, by acceding to the act of Union, but have in a dark and traitorous act of impiety of more than six years, been

planning the extinction of our ancient and venerable hierarchy, which has outlived every effort of heresy and persecution, that near three centuries of unremitting intolerance, and bigoted fury could devise.

.....

AT a meeting of the Catholic Clergy and Laity of the County of Louth, convened in the Chapel of Dundalk, on the 16th December pursuant to public notice.

The Rev. Doctor M'Ardle in the Chair.

The following Resolutions and Address were proposed, and unanimously agreed to:—

Resolved, That our most graceful and cordial thanks, are imperiously, and deservedly, due to our highly respected and venerated the Most Rev. and Right Rev. R. C. Prelates, assembled in National Synod, in September last, for their solemn, judicious and definitive decision on a question of the most vital importance to the dearest interests of our Holy Religion; an innovation insidiously attempted in our Ecclesiastical Discipline which, had been unhappily acceded to, would, in our opinion, tend to the gradual, but certain, subversion, nay even extinction, of catholicity in this portion of the United Kingdom.

Resolved, That the Resolution, by which our Prelates pledge themselves not to recommend to the Court of Rome any candidate for Episcopal order but such, whose loyalty to the present existing government of this realm shall be pure and unimpeached as his faith and moral character, meets our sincerest concurrence and approbation, and calls forth our warmest thanks

Resolved, that these our resolutions, together with the following address of thanks, be published in the *Evening Herald* and *Drogheda News Letter*.

To the Most Reverend

AND RIGHT REVEREND,

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC
PRELATES,

OR

IRELAND,

Composing the National Synod, held
in Dublin in September last.

Most Rev. and Right Rev. Prelates,

Attached, from the purest conviction to our faith and anxious to preserve inviolate the rights and independence of the catholic church of Ireland (the last and hitherto unimpaired privilege now remaining to us), we the undersigned catholic clergy and Laity of the county of Louth, consider it a duty imperiously obligatory upon us to present you the sentiments of our unqualified and warmest approbation of your steady, virtuous and highly meritorious conduct, in the discharge of your sacred duty, by your determined and canonical refusal of EVER consenting to any Innovation in the mode hitherto adopted in the nomination of catholic Prelates, and to beg your acceptance of our grateful Thanks for having manifested that zealous attachment to your Holy Religion, which so gloriously distinguished many of your illustrious Predecessors, and secured to their memory the veneration of a grateful and admiring posterity.

In your judicious and loyal declaration that in unalterably adhering to the ancient canonical, and hitherto unimpeached mode of election of Roman catholic prelates, you will never

recommend any candidate for episcopacy to the see of Rome but such whose loyalty to the present existing government of this kingdom, shall be as immaculate as his faith and morals, - convinced of the purity of your intentions we beg leave to assure you that such resolution meets our warmest approbation; and, in so doing, we are confident, not only that we express the sentiments of the catholic population of this county, as well as that of Ireland at large, but also that by such an union of faith and conduct,

our holy religion shall flourish undiminished and unimpaired until time shall be no more.

EDWARD MAG. NNIS
M. ARDLE, D.D. Chairman.

The Rev. Doctor M. Ardle having left the chair, and James Keiran, Esq. being called to it, the thanks of the meeting were unanimously voted to Doctor M. Ardle for his very proper conduct in the chair.

JAMES KEIRAN,

Rev. Edward M. M. Ardle, D. D. P. P. Dundalk.
Rev. Patrick O'Hagan, Curate of ditto.
Rev. Thomas M. Cann, P. P. Louth.
Rev. Thomas M. Mahon, Curate of ditto.
Rev. Charles Waters, P. P. Ardee.
Rev. Thomas Smyth, } Curates of ditto.
Rev. Peter Kearney, }
Rev. James Byrne, P. P. Carlingford.
Rev. Hugh Dugan, Curate of ditto.
Rev. Bernard Keiran, P. P. Fogharty.
Rev. Patrick Murphy, P. P. Haggardstown.
Rev. Daniel Rafferty, Curate of ditto.
Rev. James Marron, P. P. Fattanstown.
Rev. Robert Malone, Curate of ditto.
Rev. Michael Downy, P. P. Ballymascanlan.

Neal Coleman, sen. Dundalk.
Patrick Coleman, M. D. do.
James Keiran, do.
William Keiran, do.
Patrick Martin, sen. do.
John Duffy, do.
John Fallon, do.
Edward Fallon, do.
M. Carragher, Cardistown.
Peiers Coleman, Stonetown.
John M. Can, Corderry.
James M. Cann, Channelrock.
Edward Dillon Taaffe.
Thomas Byrne, Ross M. Key.
James Kelly, Hazstown.
James Kelly, Black-Rock.
Patrick M. Kone, Killcurly.

Owen M. Kone, sen. Delrobin.
Michael Verdon, Grange.
N. Hanlon, Mount Bagnel.
John Hanlon, do.
Thomas Darcy, Carlingford.

The undersigned is authorized to state that *Five Thousand, Two Hundred and forty four* Signatures, including the above, have already been received, and that others are daily pouring in from every quarter of the country.

Signed by order,
PATRICK O'HAGAN,
Secretary.

(*History and Biography, Continued from p. 591.*)

NEARLY at the same time, and while the exiles were still overwhelmed with joy, the duke de Beaufort was honoured with a letter from the queen, with whom he was on good terms, beseeching him to return immediately to France. On this we set out that very night, re-embarked at Rye, and landed at St. Valeri, where we purchased horses without discovering who we were as we learned that orders had been received from court to arrest all the French who came from England.

At the beginning of the year 1643 the duke de Beaufort sent M. de Campion to Paris, to negotiate about the return of his father, but his treaty proved abortive, in consequence of the jealousy of the other agents of the prince. This desirable object, however, was at length effected; for Mazarin who had succeeded to Richelieu, found it necessary to obtain the support of the house of Vendome.

Meanwhile the duke de Beaufort flattered himself to be able to govern the queen entirely after the death of Louis XIII. an event then supposed to be at no great distance, that minister became his declared enemy. Her majesty, however, appeared at that period to place great confidence in him, for he was entrusted with the care of her children, and the command of the troops. On the duke of Orleans and the Prince of Conde becoming jealous of this new favourites, joined the party of the minister; and the cardinal having gained the ladies in the queen's confidence, that circumstance, together with certain imprudent proceedings on his own part, soon lost the duke her majesty's esteem.

Beaufort, at the instigation of the duchesses of Chevreux and de Montbason, now entered into a conspiracy

to assassinate Mazarin. Several of the nobility also, and some officers of the guards were acquainted with this plot, against which, to the credit of our author, he remonstrated. He even appears to have saved the minister's life more than once by bringing false accounts &c. to his patron. Notwithstanding this, he was at length prevailed on to mount on horseback, and lay wait for him on his return from court with a body of armed men.

Beaufort, however, was on his guard, and soon discovered by means of his spies, that a project had been formed against his life. On this the queen having assembled the Duke of Orleans, the Prince de Conde, and all the ministers, it was agreed after a long consultation, that the Duke de Beaufort should be arrested. Accordingly, in the course of that very evening, happening to repair to the Louvre, as usual, he was seized and carried to Vincennes.

On this, M. de Campion, at the request of the Duke de Vendome, immediately fled to Anet, while several of his friends were taken up, and sent to the Bastille. As the cardinal had conceived an idea, that our author was privy to the whole conspiracy, he by means of the Prevot of the Isle of France, laid a trap for seizing his person, and had it not been for a mere accident he would have been taken and imprisoned for many years. In order to avoid this in future, he deemed it prudent to take refuge with a relation who lived in the forest of Bretueil, in Normandy, while the duke de Vendome, to preserve his own liberty, was obliged nearly at the same time to fly in disguise first to Geneva, and afterwards to Switzerland and Italy.

At length, M. de Campion, deemed it necessary to quit the kingdom also. He accordingly repaired to the coast of Brittany, and embarking near to

St. Brieux, on board a small vessel, reached Jersey, after a quick passage.

The governor of this island," says he, "who was the also Vice Admiral of England, received me and my companions with great politeness, and promised us his protection. He was called Cateret, and appeared to be very estimable man. He was extremely zealous in behalf of his king, who still disputed his crown with the party attached to the parliament, and had retaken Jersey from the rebels. We became so intimate, that I dined with him almost daily. He had a very amiable and sociable wife, with whom I often conversed freely, but always in the most honourable manner, and having obtained a great number of excellent books from France, I spent my time partly in reading, partly in social intercourse. I also took great delight in walking along the strand, amidst the solitary rocks that surrounded my dwelling, which looked towards the sea and afforded me a full view of that vast and changeable element."

"I beheld equally unmoved the tempest and the calm. I considered that although shut up in an island three leagues long, and one in breadth, where I was a stranger and destitute of any permanent property I might still be more happy, provided I exhibited more wisdom than those who had occasioned my disgrace. I reflected that if I was exiled from the place of my birth by their authority, they were reduced to the same situation, in respect to their native country, by their good fortune, and that if they spent their time with greater splendour, mine passed away amidst superior tranquillity. Considerations of this kind taught me at length to know, that my happiness depended entirely upon myself, and I actually spent seven months in this savage

spot, without evincing the least desire to leave it."

He was at length persuaded however, by the duke de Vendome, to follow him to Italy. On this he landed at Coutances in Normandy, and travelled by unfrequented roads to the house of his brother the Abbé, where he concealed himself during some months. After this he set out on horseback for Geneva, then repaired to Venice, and rejoined his patron at Florence; but he was received with great coolness, and after a short stay at Rome returned first to France, and then to Jersey. Thence he passed over once more into Normandy, and remained concealed at the house of a relation during the years 1646 and 1647, without any one knowing the place of his retreat, a single female servant only excepted.

At length, thinking that the plot formed by the Duke de Beaufort was entirely forgotten, he married Mademoiselle Martinville in 1648, purchased the estate of Boscarei near to Elbeuf, and was about to reside there, when he learned that his friend had escaped from Vincennes. On this he prepared to rejoin the duke de Beaufort; but was coolly requested by that nobleman to return home—and the troubles which had originated at Paris, having now extended to the Provinces, M. de Campion embraced the party of the duke de Longueville, who disputed the government of that portion of France, with the Count de Harcourt Lorraine. Having accepted a commission under him he advanced with a body of troops to succour Evreux, and having formally "abjured the service of the duke de Beaufort" he in 1652 obtained the command of a regiment of infantry from his new protector.

During the siege of Bar le Duc, our author was introduced to the cardinal Mazarin, who treated him with

great distinction; and in 1653, he was present at the sieges of Chateau Porcien and Vervins.

‘ I had time about this period, (1653 to visit my own home, says he) and spend a few days with my wife and children; and found my eldest daughter so handsome, so witty, and above all so intelligent, although only four years of age, that her reason appeared superior to my own. I then repaired to Sens on purpose to establish a garrison there, after which I returned once more to my own house, and passed two months there, with every thing around me calculated to add to my satisfaction; and yet I was at the same time overwhelmed with an unaccountable degree of melancholy, which was but a warning of that extreme affliction that I was soon unhappily destined to experience. I became greatly alarmed on this occasion knowing that God had constantly intimated to me all my misfortunes, by dreams, pre-*visions* or internal admonitions. On repairing to Italy, in quest of the Duke de Vendome, a weazel crossed my path, in the neighbourhood of Geneva, a circumstance which to me has always been the forerunner of some sinister events. On arriving at Rome, another traversed the road in the same manner, and the day before my friend Beaupuis was arrested, I was informed of the event in a dream, as I told him in the course of that very forenoon. The self same incident occurred to me at the capture of Ganseville, when a third weazel made its appearance. In fine, I experienced a similar adventure, when I went in search of the Duke of Beaufort on his escape from prison.

“ I have nothing of superstition in my constitution (he is pleased to add) but I believe God possess so much goodness, that he occasionally inclines to warn mankind of the evils

which are about to befall them, either that they should be enabled to avoid them or to let them know, after they have occurred, that they are the effects of his immutable will, resolved upon from all eternity, to that being thus obliged to submit, they may not murmur against Divine Providence.

‘ I was exactly in the situation just described, without being prevented however, from diverting myself in appearance, with my wife, my friends, and more especially with my daughter, when on returning one day after dining abroad with a neighbour, my mind still occupied with sinister prognostication respecting my dear little favourite, I found her in the crisis of a virulent fever! Soon after this, the small-pox broke out, for which disease a physician to whom I had sent administered the proper remedies; but on the morning of the fifth day the pustules disappeared, my dear and beloved child died on the 16th of May, 1633.

“ In the course of the next forenoon I ordered the last duties to be performed, in the choir of my parish church of Thuisignol, and caused a tombstone to be cut, on which I described my grief: it was so great, that from this moment I never have enjoyed a single hour of happiness. I had conceived an idea that my child would form the consolation of our declining years, and had I begun to associate her so completely in all things with myself that I thought it was bereaving my daughter of her due, to take pleasure in any event of which she could not partake.”

After this, M. de Campion repaired to the army, and proposed in vain to the Duke de Longueville, to disband his regiment: he then served in Picardy, under the orders of Marshal de Turenne, and was taken ill; notwithstanding this, he found means to be present at the siege of Mons,

when he distinguished himself. He also assisted during an engagement when the Marechal d'Aumont, having obtained the advantage over a Spanish general, caned him after he had become his prisoner, under pretence that he himself had been treated in the same manner by the enemy!

Soon after this, the regiment of Longueville was sent into winter quarters at Rheims, and twenty companies of it were disbanded. In 1636, our author retired from the service to his estate at Boscferri at the age of forty one having been born in 1613.

We shall finish this article with a quotation from the conclusion of the volume now before us.

"After this period, I attended to nothing except my own affairs, and those of my friends, when they were pleased to crave my assistance. Notwithstanding my efforts to live on good terms with my neighbours, I have had some differences with them, relative to the quartering of troops, and hunting, but without ever overstepping the bounds of reason or of justice. at the same time conducting myself with firmness in regard to those who pretended by their estates, their places or other intrinsic advantages, to affect a superiority over me, having always taken precedence of such whether counts or burgeses. and insisted that my wife should follow my example. In respect to gentlemen in general, I have considered none of that rank my superior, so I myself would never treat any such as my inferior.

"The only uneasiness experienced by me during my retirement, proceeded from the ill health of my wife, and the disproportion of my fortune to the number of my children. I could not find from my heart, however, to diminish the number of our domestics, or to change

the manner in which we lived; and the bare possibility of being one day reduced in point of circumstances, although that never has occurred, makes me pass many uneasy hours

"On the 2d of November, 1648, I was exposed to great danger, by the rashness of a servant, who wounded the commandant of a troop of cavalry, while pillaging the cottage of a neighbour. In 1659, my wife being once more pregnant, was seized with a pleurisy, and was soon after delivered of a daughter: both mother and child died upon the occasion, and I was so afflicted with my loss, that my situation became truly pitiable. Being unable to remain in a house that recalled so many losses to my memory. I repaired to Conches where I resided until the summer of 1650, when perceiving that my afflictions were every where equally great, I returned to Boscferri with my children. I lived there, sad and mournful, without any other consolation than the annual celebration of the death of my dearly beloved spouse, at Thuistignel, and in my chapel of Boscferri. I have caused two tombs to be erected, close to each other, in the choir of the parish church of Thuistignel, near to my own pew, one over the spot where reposes the remains of the best most cherished, and most regretted of wives; the other is destined for myself, and I have already caused an epitaph to be engraved, which only wants the day and year of my death to render it complete."

The afflictions of M. de Campion having rendered life insupportable, he died May 11, 1661, at the age of fifty-one years and three months.

"*Essai sur la Vie du Grand Condé, par Louis Joseph de Bourbon Condé, son quatrieme descendant.*"—
An Essay on the Life of the Great

Condé, by Louis Joseph de Bourbon Condé, the fourth in descent from him.

“ A travers mille feux, je vois Condé paraître
Tour à tour la terreur et l'appui de son maître.”

Notwithstanding the many lives that have already appeared of Condé, one of his great grandsons, about forty years since, undertook to write a new memoir concerning this celebrated man. His own archives presented the most authentic sources of information, and as to the authenticity of the manuscript itself, the Editor asserts, that he possesses two copies, one of them with marginal notes, in the hand-writing of Louis XV.

Louis de Bourbon, the second of that name, at first Duke d'Enghien, and then Prince de Condé, was born at Paris on the 7th of September, 1621. It is greatly to be regretted, that history has not been more successful, in collecting the occurrences of his infancy; as we know not whether any traits of the future hero were developed at any early period of life. He was educated under the title of the Duc d'Enghien, at Bourges, where his father at that time lived, and where the Jesuits of that city had a college.

The only distinction paid to him above that of the same class, was, that he sat in an arm chair. The facility with which he learned his task, and the quickness of his progress, discovered a mind and talents well adapted to study. At eight years of age, we are told, he was acquainted with Latin; at eleven he composed a treatise on rhetoric, and sustained his thesis in philosophy with great success.

On leaving Bourges, to pass a few weeks of the summer months at the castle of Montrond, which appertained to his father, the latter enjoined him never to write in any other language but Latin. As he seemed to have taken too great a liking at this period to the chase, the Prince of Condé, fearing least his passion should avert his mind from his studies, transmitted him orders to send away his dogs. He obeyed next morning, and, in a letter addressed to his parent frankly acknowledged that he had followed this amusement with too much ardour.

The duke d'Enghien having repaired to Burgundy, during the siege of Dole which had been undertaken under the conduct of the Prince de Condé, he on this occasion appears, for the first time, to have conceived an attachment for war.

“ How I long (says his highness) to repair to your camp, in order to attend on your person, and participate in your cares. I read with pleasure the heroic actions of our kings in history; and on beholding such admirable examples, I feel a holy ambition to imitate them: but it is at present sufficient to be a boy, and to possess no other will but your's.”

The duke d'Enghien, we are told, was introduced into the world “ at the birth of Louis XIV. and the commencement of the epoch which that monarch created.” He was received with all the distinction which an aimable young man, of a noble figure, and elevated rank, ever inspires. But he was extremely mortified from his first appearance at court, on account of the astonishing power enjoyed by Richelieu, the splendour which surrounded him, and the unexampled degree of pomp which this minister dared to affect,

even in the sight of his sovereign. It generally became necessary for his father to issue a written order before he could be prevailed on to visit the prelate, and at seventeen years of age this was the greatest proof that he could give of his obedience.

The princess his mother deemed it dangerous for her son to be unceasingly occupied with a sight of that disposition, which appeared so revolting to his youthful and haughty mind. She endeavoured, therefore, to turn his attention from what was passing at court by assembling around her the most illustrious and select society; and she also conducted him to the hotel de Rambouillet, where at that period were collected the highest orders of the nobility of both sexes, together with the most enlightened men of letters. The young prince conducted himself on these occasions with the greatest propriety, and a taste for the arts and sciences seemed to be the first step towards his glory, as it was destined, indeed, to be one day the term, and the recompence of all his labours."

In 1639, the prince of Condé sent his son to command in Burgundy, and he made his first campaign under the inspection of the Marshal de la Meilleraye. On his return (on the 11th of February, 1641,) he, at his father's express request, was married to Claire Clement de Maillé Breze, niece to the cardinal-minister, whom he so much detested.

After this he performed prodigies of valour, at the sieges of Collioure, Perpignan and Salces. On his way home, he passed through Lyons, and neglected to visit the archbishop of that city, who was the brother of Richelieu. "The imperious minister immediately complained to the Prince de Condé, and insisted that he should send his son back again,

for the sole purpose of repairing an omission which was so displeasing to him. The cardinal was at once powerful and implacable; the prince idolized his son: nature spoke on this occasion, and pride was forced to be silent.

On the demise of Richelieu, soon after the house of Condé immediately claimed its birth right, and insisted, at the same time, that the princes of the blood royal should enjoy that precedence over individuals, which had been denied them during the life of his eminence. Louis XIII. immediately declared the Prince de Condé the head of his council, and at the same time conferred on the Duke d'Enghien the command of the army which was destined to cover Champagne and Picardy. While marching to the succour of Rocroi, his highness learned that the king was no more, and there were not wanting some who advised him to abandon the defence of the frontiers, in order to march to Paris immediately with his army, that he might there regulate the regency, according to his own inclinations. Rejecting such a perfidious advice, he hastened to relieve a town besieged by the enemy. After achieving this, he obtained the Marechal de l'Hospital's consent to give battle, and the Spaniards were vanquished at Rocroi.

"On this occasion the Duke d'Enghien fell on his knees at the head of his army, in order to return thanks to the God of Battles, for the victory which he had just gained. He then embraced all his generals, paying them at the same time many compliments, and also promising recompences of a more substantial nature. During this famous action, which cost only 2000 men to France, the Spaniards lost more than 16000,

men, 21 pieces of artillery, 300 standards, and a great number of officers, among whom was the brave Count Fuentes, whose cool valour had nearly proved so fatal to France, and who expired by the side of the litter on which he had been carried."

The next exploit was the siege of Thionville, captured in 1648, and which rendered the conqueror master of the Moselle: after this, he returned to Paris, where he was received with uncommon degree of distinction.

In 1644, the duke commanded a body of troops in the country of Luxemburg, and projected the siege of Treves, but this measure was rejected by the court, from which he received orders to march to the banks of the Rhine, and join the army commanded by M. de Turenne. At Ensbourg, they attacked General Merci in conjunction, and it was on this occasion, that the Duke, dismounting from his horse, and placing himself at the head of the regiment of Conti, advanced towards the entrenchments of the enemy, into which he threw his baton or staff of office, which proved the signal of victory. A new action took place the next day and the success would have been still more complete, had it not been for the precipitation of d'Espéran, one of the generals under his command: Merci, however thought proper to retire, and was closely pursued during his retreat.

On his return to court, the duke performed actions of another kind, less brilliant indeed, but assuredly no less meritorious. The Count de Chabot loved Mademoiselle de Rohan, and was beloved by her in return; their union, however experienced some difficulties, which were entirely removed by our young hero, who obtained for him the rank of

duke and peer. The Chancellor Seignier was irritated because the Marchioness de Coislin, his daughter had espoused M. de Laval, without asking his leave: the duke took it upon himself to appease the offended parent, and succeeded.—The duke de Chatillon was enamoured with Mademoiselle de Bouteville, and wished to marry her: the young D'Enghein on this occasion, sacrificed his own passion in behalf of his friend, and not only brought about an alliance, but scrupulously respected those ties which he himself had formed.

In 1646, Cardinal Mazarin conferred on the Duke d'Enghien the command of the army of Italy; but as his father objected to such a distant expedition, Prince Thomas of Savoy was sent thither in his place. He then offered of his own accord, to serve under Gaston, Duke of Orleans, in Flanders, and make head against the Duke of Lorraine in the field, while the commander in chief laid siege to Tournay.

Soon after this, he invested Dunkirk, and the Marquis de Leede with the garrison was at length prevailed upon to surrender, on conditions that they should enjoy all the honours of war. Amidst this career of victory, he lost his father, Henry de Bourbon, third Prince of Condé on the 25th of December, and on his death succeeded to the titles of the first prince of the blood, chief of the council of regency, grand master of France, and governor of the provinces of Burgundy and Berry. Immediately he called himself, and was known by the appellation of, M. le Prince.

In 1647, he placed himself at the head of the army of Catalonia: but on his arrival at Barcelona, he found it destitute of artillery, money and magazines. On the 27th of May,

Condé opened the trenches before Lerida, "to the sound of violins," but the obstinate defence made by André Brillobert obliged him soon after to raise the siege.

On his return to court, he expressed his discontent to the cardinal, who in his turn renewed his protestation of devotion and respect, and at the same time made him an offer of the command of whatever army he might please to choose.

In 1648, commenced those disturbances which are known in history by the title of "the war of the Fronde." We are here told, "that the injustice of Cardinal Mazarin, added to the vexatious conduct of the superintendant Emeury, his creature, in a short time, produced an universal spirit of discontent. The people groaned under excesses and imposts; the parliament became agitated; the *grandeurs* murmured; intrigues of every kind augmented; the Fronde was formed; the famous *arret* of union was agreed on; the prime minister began to be afraid, he displayed his weakness and was more closely pressed than ever; the heads of all got warm; the flame extended on every side, and at length became general.

Meanwhile, the prince repaired to Picardy, at the head of an army consisting of 30,000 men, determined to commence the campaign with the siege of Ypres, which was forced to surrender notwithstanding the appearance of the arch duke. On this he engaged that general on the plains of Lens, and after reminding his soldiers of the action at Rocroi, Friderburg, and Nordlingen, obtained signal and decisive victory, with the loss of only 500 men. On the other hand, according to the account before us, the enemy lost 10,000 soldiers, 200 officers, 120 pair of colours, 38

pieces of cannon, and all their baggage.

"It would appear (says his descendant, to have been reserved for the good fortune of the Great Condé: not only to conquer, but even to destroy the most formidable enemy of France; to annihilate in less than than two hours an army; and save an empire: such was the triumph of this hero.

"His decisive and unexpected success, (adds he) seemed calculated to ensure the conquest of the Low Countries; but so great was the fermentation within the kingdom, that the queen sent orders to the prince to terminate the campaign immediately. Before he obeyed, however, it was determined to obtain possession of Furnes, and the Marshal de Rantzau was accordingly entrusted with the siege of that place. But he not acquitting himself to the satisfaction of the prince, his highness himself repaired thither, and, while in the trenches received a musket ball, which luckily, produced no more than a slight contusion in the hip. His presence, however, decided the fate of the town, for it immediately surrendered; on which he set off for court.

"Services so important deserved a distinguished return. The queen therefore by letters patent dated in December 1648, conferred in the most honourable manner, the sovereignty of Clermontois, to be enjoyed by him and his successors with all the rights and privileges appertaining thereto; a species of recompence equally worthy of the achievements of a great general, and the gratitude of a great king."

On his return to the capital, the Prince of Condé was courted by all parties; but he appeared determined from the very beginning to appertain to neither of the factions. On the

contrary, he declared himself a mediator, between the queen and the Fronde, and actually persuaded her majesty to negotiate with the parliament, and issue the famous declaration, which appeared for a moment to appease all the troubles in the state.

Notwithstanding his original intentions to remain neutral, Condé was at length prevailed on to side with the court. On this occasion he was pleased to say, "I am called Louis de Bourbon, and will not on any account allow the crown to totter." The queen, on her part, employed both prayers and tears, while the young monarch embracing him in the most flattering manner, commended to his guardianship the safety of the state and his own person."

Condé having thus been gained, proposed to march an army to the gates of the capital, to seize the arsenal, to place batteries opposite the principal streets, and in this state of affairs to summon the chiefs of the Fronde to leave the city. Le Tellier on the other hand, recommended a blockade; and the queen having adopted his plan, the prince was entrusted with the command of 7 or 8000 men, destitute of money and magazines, with whom, during the depth of winter, it was expected that he should oblige the metropolis to submit. His scheme however did not wholly succeed; for the Prince de Conti, who belonged to the opposite party, was declared *generallissimo*, and the Parisians were also supported in their revolt by the Duke de Longueville, governor of Normandy, and several other persons of distinction.

The court being at the same time greatly alarmed by the approach of the Spaniards, whose aid had been solicited by the Coadjutor Cardinal Retz, the threats of the Duke de la

Férouville, and the defection of Turenne, the mediation of Condé was invoked, and the treaty of St. Germaine signed by all parties, in consequence of which the Fronde was to the full as dangerous, and the minister as powerful as before. The prince, however seized this opportunity to re-establish his popularity with the Parisians, and he accordingly repaired to the capital for that purpose.

Meanwhile a plot was hatching against his own liberty, on the part of the queen and the cardinal, and on the 18th of January 1650, he was arrested at the Palais Royal by the captain of his majesty's guards, at the very moment he had repaired thither to take his seat at the council board. On hearing the order repeated, his highness immediately exclaimed, "What a return for all my services!" And on being conducted through a double line of troops, he observed, "This, my friends, is not the battle of Lens!" During his journey to the castle of Vincennes, the carriage broke down, and Condé would have escaped, had he not been overtaken by one of the guards, who, putting a pistol to his breast, obliged him to return.

On his arrival at the place of destination, his highness found the Prince de Conti also in confinement, who, drawing his sole resource from devotion, earnestly entreated the perusal of a very pious book entitled, "The imitation of Jesus Christ." Condé, on the other hand, being rather occupied by the present than the future, exclaimed, that he was far more anxious for "L'Imitation de M. de Beaufort*." The Duke de Enghien, his son, repaired to the parliament some time afterwards; and when his mother, with tears in her eyes, had presented a petition in favour of her husband, he looked

round and said, "Be a father to me, gentlemen, for Mazarin has bereaved me of my own." Next day an arrest was passed in favour of the prince.

The consort of Condé, not content with this, incited the inhabitants of several towns to declare in favour of him, and even placed herself at the head of a body of troops. He was informed of this by his surgeon, that while employed in watering a few pinks that he was permitted to cultivate: on which, struck with the singularity of his destiny, without desisting from his labours, he replied, "Could you ever have thought, my friend, that I should be tending my garden, while my wife was making war?"

Soon after this the Cardinal was hung in effigy by the Parisians, and the parliament passed an edict against him, by which he was commanded to leave the kingdom. Instead of obeying, the minister flew to Havre, whither the princes had been transferred for safety, and ordering the gates of the prison to be thrown open, fell on his knees and kissed the boot of the great Condé!

"M. le Prince," says his descendant, "now at the height of human grandeur, cherished by the noblesse, beloved by the parliament, supported by the Fronde, adored by the people, and dreaded by the court, felt the full extent of his authority, and yet did not abuse it. Mazarin, on the contrary, detested, banished, ridiculed, and abhorred by the nation, still preserved his power, notwithstanding his absence and from the sink of that opprobrium with which he was covered, dared to form the audacious project of elevating himself, by the force of intrigue, on the ruins of that hero who had overwhelmed him under the weight of his virtues."

Soon after this her majesty once more issued orders for his arrest but,

he had the good fortune to escape from that prison, into which, as he himself frankly avowed to the celebrated Bossuet, "he had entered the most innocent and retired from the most culpable of men." From this moment Condé seems to have considered himself at liberty to wage war against the court, and he accordingly sent Sillery to Brussels, on purpose to solicit the assistance of the Spaniards. Nearly at the same time, he was offered the throne of Naples, by the people, which he refused, as well as the crown of Poland, which also was tendered him in the sequel.

Having repaired immediately to Bourdeaux, the prince raised a body of from ten to twelve thousand troops; while M. de Conti produced a revolt in Berry and the Bourbonnois; but De Bouillon and Turenne, notwithstanding their promise, refused to declare in his favour. On this Mazarin re-entered France, and that very parliament which had set a price on his head, declared Condé his enemy, guilty of treason, although he had only taken up arms to prevent the return of this odious minister.

In 1653, his highness repaired to Brussels, for the express purpose of soliciting succours in prison. On this occasion the archduke insisted on precedence, but Condé threatened to leave the Spanish dominions unless he was treated with due respect. In the month of June he entered Picardy, at the head of 27,000 combatants, nearly at the same time that his rival Turenne penetrated into Champagne with the French army. His allies, however, whose interest it was to produce and to continue the miseries of civil war, would not join in any efficient measures; and the action at Rocroi was accordingly the only decisive victory gained by him.

(To be Continued.)

LETTER I.

To the Roman Catholic Clergy and Laity of the County of Louth.

GENTLEMEN,

Having read an anonymous notice whereby you are invited to meet in Dundalk, on the 10th of December, for the purpose of declaring your sentiments, of approbation and gratitude towards our honest Irish Bishops for their late conduct. I was led from conjecturing the probable motives of that advertisement to conjecture the possible result of such a meeting and I was finally determined to address you in this manner, upon the single ground of that interest, which every Catholic is bound to feel and to avow, in all questions of important concern and of general danger. If this duty was ever sacred, it is imperious at this particular moment, when over and above the disadvantages of our political situation we labour under the contagion of domestic treachery; when besides the evils of degradation, the threatened abandonment of ostentatious friends, and the irksomeness of perpetual abject, and disregarded supplication, a spirit at once impudent and atrocious, of contempt for the holy bonds of that religion, by which we have hitherto been saved and sheltered, has newly arisen from amongst ourselves, affecting to be impious, and convicted of being traitorous: when that spirit, which, in 1792, came forth to blast the ripe prospect of emancipation and thus prepared the way for the crimes and slaughter of 1798, reveals itself again as the harbinger of another civil war. It then addressed the Government, in the name of Catholic respectability, and protested against our freedom: it now wishes to address in the name of Catholic Irreligion, and to protest against our

Faith—Its piety, in that year, was to advocate our Chains; its loyalty, in this, is to demolish our Altars. But our chains will fall, and our altars will stand, and our traitors will perish.

The accusation is benious, I know, and therefore will be made out by evident facts. It is my intention to recapitulate those facts in the progress of this letter, but the subject immediately before me is the propriety of your meeting, according to the request of that advertiser. You must not take offence at the supposition on which I proceed. I am not possessed of the comparative state of Catholic mind or independence in your county. Were I to judge of either from an account of proceedings lately published, and consisting of a letter to, and an answer from the M. R. Dr. Reilly I must estimate them to be low in the extreme. Without advertent to the wickedness and indecency of such a trick, as practised on an aged venerable and unsuspecting Prelate, and upon a young and delicate Lord in the country, that proceeding may possibly have been droll enough, tho' shameful; but yet it gives room to suspect that the Catholics of Louth are not apt to retaliate when jested upon. It would have been dangerous to try an experiment of that sort in this city. A worthy Bishop happens to be in a minority amongst his colleagues, and the difference lay in a short compass of words—he wished to use existing circumstances, meaning thereby the want of recognition of the Catholic religious system in the State, and the impracticability of procuring, at the present a canonical arrangement with the Head of the Church. This form of speech was objected to by his colleagues, as tending to mislead, as holding out

an encouragement to impure solicitation, and as favouring the views of unprincipled nominal Catholics, who used the same form, as a designation of the present anti-popery Ministry. The good Prelate yields to higher authority, and to candid sense—he consents that his existing circumstances shall be expunged and wishes that the amended resolution should pass unanimously. Once this was done, what man of common sense would need to be informed, that the private opinion of this Prelate was either null, or that of the Assembly—that he, as a member of the Catholic Church of Ireland, was bound by the sense of the meeting, and was even controuled from returning to use those two equivocal terms, unless he explained, at least, his own meaning? But, for your incomparable Legislators of the county of Louth (while I use the phrase I am thoroughly aware that the majority were the dupes of Two,) it was enough that your Bishop was known to have cherished the words existing circumstances, and therefore after the meeting of Prelates had dissolved itself, those Gentlemen think it right to interrogate Doctor Reilly about his non-opinion, on a matter already decided against him, and about existing circumstances which they knew to be a double entendre. My respect for the Catholic Primate will not permit me to dwell upon other particulars of his much to be regretted Answer.

If then, Gentlemen, you feel neither scorn nor ridicule, in the exhibition of your county, thus held up to contempt: if you think it seditious to question the sound sense of my paper, to which a young nobleman has been entrapped to set his name: if your oracles, on the question of Catholic Freedom, are to be these alone, who are the pensioners at pleasure of an Administration, who keeps you as

you are, and who were the pensioners of another Administration, that swelled your rivers with Popish blood; if actors hooted from the Dublin stage, are to be now your Managers, on every case of State and Conscience; above all, if you heartily wish destruction to the Catholics of Ireland, or care little whether you are destroyed or not. I would advise you not to meet at Dundalk, for your shame, and servitude and guilt, will be proclaimed in the certain victory and noisy triumph of your present Catholic Rulers.

But if you are not so disposed, I beg of you to understand, from the following recital, the business on which you have been called to assemble.

A proposal was sent in 1799, from Lord Cornwallis to the Ecclesiastical Trustees of Maynooth College. This proposal required information from our Bishops on certain points, which Mr. Pitt thought essential for securing the Government, in the case of Emancipation, and of giving salaries to our Clergy. After some huddled meeting, those Ecclesiastical Trustees were so far wrought upon by threats and by artifice, as to agree or propose among other things, the following concerning the election of Bishops: that whenever a Catholic See was vacant, the diocesan chapters should return a name to a certain other body called electors, whose President should send up the name to the Government, that the person so chosen, if agreeable to Government, should have his name and recommendation transmitted to the Pope, through the office of the Secretary of State, that if the candidate was displeasing, the Government might within a reasonable time, and upon reasonable grounds return the name to the elec-

tors, who thereupon were to proceed to a new election.

This document purported to be signed by ten Prelates : it is probable that several of these signed by proxy, and it is certain that nothing further was proceeded upon, in consequence of this scheme. Some indirect offers were afterwards made to our Bishops of a salary to them, without a Catholic emancipation, but these offers were meekly, yet decisively rejected.

And here the celebrated Doctor Milner appears upon the stage ; a great man, if talent, courage, perseverance and inflexibility of principles and if opinions can make a man so : he had distinguished himself in a signal manner, in his antiquarian researches and in the controversy with Lord Petre ; and his wealthy populace of Cisalpine Clubmen ; he had defeated Sturges in his letters to a Prebendary : the place of an Apostolical Vicar in England was empty, and the Rev. John Milner was considered a worthy person, by two of the English missionary Bishops : he was opposed by the Cisalpine faction, which he had combated — By the Arch Vicar of London, who either feared the consequences of his bold temper or shrunk under the ascendancy of his genius, the interest of the English Government was borrowed against his nomination, and it was signified to Rome that the appointment of Milner, a polemical character, would be distasteful to high authority. The Bishop of Rome refused to name him. In this state of things the Catholic Archbishops of Ireland represented the merits and innocence of Doctor Milner to the Pope, and by virtue of this representation, he was nominated to the place he holds, notwithstanding the opposition of Government influence !

This is the Doctor Milner, who now professes to believe, that the most worthy ought to be set aside from a Bishopric, if the Irish viceroy, who is the best judge of loyalty should reject him a conscientious man, and a grateful return. Though Irish Bishops were fully competent to vouch for his fitness, whom they never had seen, and on a question of loyalty, which Bishop Milner now thurs, must be discussed by the Government on the spot, those Bishops are not competent to judge on the loyalty of their own Irish Priest.

To return to the scheme of 1799 : It was fortunate enough that Mr. Pitt, the proposer of this scheme, was inflexible. It was well for this country that the only object of the Minister had been to set up a new principle of division on the heart of the country, preparatory to the Union. Mr. Pitt might possibly have pensioned our Clergy, but he would have done it in the same spirit, which enlisted the Irish brigade and sent off that faithful, gallant, invincible body of men to the West Indies. He would have enlisted our Clergy, that he might order them on decisive service. As to the wording of the scheme, it appeared to me when I read it, to be a vile hobbling imitation of certain articles in the civil constitution of the Revolutionary French Clergy, and argued a draftsman, most entirely ignorant of Catholic discipline. The Maynooth College Trustees were happy enough to find, that their sketch was not favoured with acceptance. For even supposing them to have been free, in that negociation, their offer had exceeded not only their episcopal power, but all ecclesiastical authority whatsoever, as known to Roman Catholics, and of this they soon became sensible. In the first place they found that by allowing

allowing their recommendations of candidates to pass through the offices of Government to the head of the Catholic Church, they had reduced themselves to the necessity of corresponding through the same Government, on all matters, which, hereafter might be claimed by it, as fit for the State to interfere in, and thus the Communion of Ireland, with the Catholic Church through its first Bishop, was implicitly submitted to the discretion of a party, whose principles, prejudices, fancy, or malice were equally interested in abridging the freedom of spiritual communication.

In the second place, they had precluded themselves from objecting to any Candidate whom the Administration might favour; and, to suppose that Government would wish to know the secret history of every Candidate, without eventually favouring any one, is a supposition that no man of common sense will either make or stoop to answer. Will Administration pass through its own office a remonstrance of Catholic Bishops, against the man whom Administration has resolved to favour? Such a thing may happen when English Ministers will furnish proofs to Parliament upon their own impeachment.

In the third place, by means of this projected arrangement, the canonical authority of the head over the members, and the fundamental authority of the Catholic Church over all its parts, in matters of essential discipline and good morals, was completely excluded and annihilated.

The fact is plain—for the negotiation leaves nothing to the Holy See upon which to exercise canonical judgment. The Pope, at the very utmost, may grant spiritual faculties, to use the words of Bishop Milner to the person on whom the happy lot of having found favour with our Bi-

shops and our Secretary's Office had fallen.—But if the Pope, from certain knowledge, judges the Candidate very unfit, he must even keep his faculties at home. This most obvious consequence has some how or others escaped the observation of Dr. Milner in all his speeches and essays on the subject. It shews with what steady attention, and with what depth, he has examined the business, upon which he tells the Irish Catholics that their heads are wrong.

But, if the Government, says this scheme, should on proper grounds, and within a reasonable time, dissent from the nomination of the President of the Electors (here we have a new species of hierarchy, of the Secretary's ordination), the Electors may proceed to a new election.—So they may, if allowed to do so. They may take another step, as before, towards the sky. But are the Electors authorized to foreclose the Government if they should consider an unreasonable time that which the Government thinks reasonable? Who shall prescribe to the Government the limits of its defensive caution, unless the law can do it? The Government considers, in this scheme, the Catholic bishops to be dangerous: so that the very best are not to be relied upon. I do not imagine the Government will be in any great hurry to replace this order of men. If, by delay, they can wear them out, they will be too conscientious not to delay on all occasions.

Archbishop King has complained that James II. kept the Protestant Sees vacant—His object, says the Archbishop, was to destroy Protestant Episcopacy in this manner. Yes, James II. had both the right and good cause for delay, when he knew that the Episcopal body was confederated against his Throne. If a
Protestant

Protestant Administration, professing to hold our bishops a nuisance, can fairly and decently destroy them by delay, who doubts that they will do so? And the scheme of 1799 allows them to delay on proper grounds, and over and over again, on every vacancy.

But what fixes the seal of iniquity on this business of 1799, is, that the Administration held out a condition, which they full well knew they could not perform, and therefore may truly be judged to have meant never to perform. In this scheme all mention of further relaxation of the penal laws was most carefully avoided, and yet the Administration undertakes to transmit documents, authenticated by the Secretary of State, to Rome. Now, by the provisions of the Constitution, his Majesty in person can neither send or receive a letter, messenger, or message to or from the Pope, and an officer of State committing such an act would be within the penalties of a Premure, that is, loss of all his substance, sequestration of his estates, and perpetual imprisonment.

You shall hear again from me before the day of your meeting.

DETECTOR.

LETTER II.

To the Roman Catholic Clergy and Laity of the County of Louth.

GENTLEMEN,

You have heard of the scheme for capturing the Catholic Church of Ireland, as gained from the ten Maynooth Trustees in 1799. You have understood the gross deception practised upon some of our Bishops, the nullity of the compromise itself, and the important mischiefs it would have

wrought, if attempted to be enforced at that time. As an ecclesiastical transaction it was absolutely and incurably void, as a political negotiation it was utterly fraudulent, as a modification of rights it was an usurpation upon the Catholic people of Ireland, and, as it usurped what was public and sacred property, it was no less than a commerce in robbery, and that robbery not less than sacrilege; for this is the birthright of our baptism and the prerogative of our faith in the Catholic Church, that we cannot be enslaved; we cannot be transferred nor surrendered, by any spiritual authority, to any mixed jurisdiction, to which we had never submitted our conscientious and voluntary obedience. There can be no Bishops without flocks, nor Ministry without Bishops, nor Catholic church without both, inseparably united together. Whatever parts these interrupts thus far the authorities which reside in the combination of both, and unconsecrates the church from its immortal properties and highborn jurisdiction over the mind. This jurisdiction has one limit clearly defined and established immovably above all doubt: it cannot give scandal. The totality of Bishops and of priests throughout the Catholic world have not the power to enact, teach, or sanction that which shall scandalize the Catholic world, and in like manner, but with better reason the bishops of a Catholic nation ought and cannot do that which gives scandal to all their people. Such authority would be the privilege of destruction, which christianity abhors and abjures.

Bishop Milner, I know, has been kind enough to confess, that "his proposal to a member of Parliament gave scandal to the Irish Catholics; but he qualifies the acknowledgment in a way that comes with an air of

novelty from a Bishop: It gave offence, as he understood, to the clergy of the second order and to the lower orders of the Laity. Had you, Bishop Milner, turned your genius, which is formidable, to the perusal of these gospels, with which the Church entrusted you, you would have seen that the scandal to be avoided more than death; that the only scandal against which the commination of our law-giver directs itself, is the scandal that offends the weak and the simple, that very class, and unimportant class of men whom you in the grandeur of your heart and elevation of your prospects, flauntingly put aside from all interest or consideration in this argument. You were misled I suppose by the habitual ideas of your own country. You knew that those who do not contribute to the poor rates, are not allowed at vestry for the election of a Church Warden. You knew, that at the Quarter Sessions, where very probably you expect to sit of the quorum, they who have no visible means of a livelihood are usually examined, not whether they approve of the new or old doctrines, but whether they are able bodied men, and willing to be whipt or go on board. But in Ireland we have no poor rates, our rates of all descriptions travel to your country: I should suppose for improvement. In return we have the imports of civilization and illumination, though our city nights are lightless and our streets impassable. We get in return wholesome bills, elegant restrictions, clerical abuse, and imperial logic.—Good heavens! Doctor Milner, must we not be supposed to have acquired some judgment under so laborious a system of education?

But surely the learned Bishop was not serious in attempting to skip over the presumption arising from the facts he allows, though he might have for-

gotten the points of right. The lower orders of Catholics are three millions, of whom three hundred thousand are able to read and understand his best works.—The second order of clergy contain more than one thousand Priests who reprobate his project, among whom are not a few but very many not incompetent to oppose severally, their opinion and judgment to that of Doctor Milner himself. If Doctor Milner had such and so many adherents to boast of, it is hardly to be suspected that he would overlook such evidence in his favour.

The points of right he has forgotten to consider are these: First, that in all matters of innovation, beyond the ordinary or peculiar functions of a bishop, the assistance of his council is required, else the act is informal—the council is of the second order.

The second point is, that those lower orders of Catholics are they, who have supported, defended, and protected the Catholic Episcopacy for near two hundred and forty years in Ireland, always voluntarily and upon the ground of preference; which preference, possession and title have been heretofore made good against attempts of the Court of Rome, under the impression of false offers, as from the court of Charles I. to abolish our Apostolical Hierarchy, and substitute Vicars Apostolical.

The third point is, that to the lower orders, or in other words, the Catholic population of Ireland refusing to obey any revolutionary bishops, such as Doctor Milner would have us obey, the new plan would be ineffectual; as no power of Kings or Popes could rightfully subdue them to any change of this kind. If any struggle ensued, although Dr Milner himself were to enter the lists, a Pope would more easily be deposed for attempting to compel, than would the Catholics,

of Ireland be condemned for resisting the penal innovation.

The measure of a Union was carried, and no relief for the Catholics. Mr. Pitt, indeed, adverted to their emancipation, not as likely to take place, but as a thing which could be discussed with safety no where, unless in an Imperial senate; and which *would be always certain of a fair dispassionate hearing*. The No Popery men, we may recollect, accomplished this prediction of Mr. Pitt. The then Minister, (now in Heaven) moreover hinted at the propriety of pensioning our Clergy. But gentle as he was (notwithstanding his principle, that wheat and flour were *ammunition*, and that a nation might lawfully be starved, for the purpose of reducing an armed party within, that could *not* be starved) he did not urge the topic. Soon after the Union, he gave up, or lost his place. During the *interregnum* of Mr. Addington, we had *one* insurrection, and *one* Lord Redefdale, and a plentiful inundation of English Methodists, all fair youths, with nice bands, bay geldings, and searching eyes of contemplation, whenever a woman, not past the age of grace, stood to listen. It was as dangerous in those times for an Irishman to say '*Swadler*,' as for a French parrot, in the French Revolution, to whistle, '*Democrate*.' Two pamphlets were written against a Catholic Gentleman, chiefly on the score of his profaneness in that respect. Mr. Pitt returns to power, washed and purified from all his engagements to the Catholic People, or to their Bishops and Priests. He came in on the condition of abjuring these engagements, and died a Minister as he had lived.

Now, I submit to any fair man, Catholic or Protestant, whether in the supposition that the ecclesiastical scheme of 1799 had been, not as it was, the act of ten Bishops at the utmost, but of the twenty-five Irish Prelates; if it had been even acquiesced in by the colleagues of those who signed, whereas it was studiously concealed from them—if it had been notified to the first Christian Bishop, during whose captivity in France it was proposed, and to whose successor it was not communicated by either of the parties; if it had been concurred in by the Deans, Chapters, Theologians and Parish Priests of our Church, as it was held secret from them all; if it had the approbation of the people, as it was certain of meeting their detestation; I say, if in the formation of this scheme all those requisites had intervened, of which every one was wanting, of which the want of any single requisite vitiated the instrument, and the want of all rendered it superfluously void; when Mr. Pitt, who proposed this scheme did voluntarily and wantonly cast off that character, under which, and by virtue of which alone he seduced that agreement—when Mr. Pitt incapacitated himself from obtaining, by law, the possibility of a communication with Rome, which was the ground work of the new modification; I ask, whether this document did not totally fail of its motive, conditions, sense and parties, so as to have become literally waste paper?

Now, Dr. Milner, in 1808, tell us, that this document of 1799 is considered by "our friends and enemies in Parliament as obligatory upon the Bishops," and he gives us to understand that such is his own

idea. Were Dr. Milner's interest to be affected by an obligation perfected under such circumstances by one Vicar Apostolical, and made void as we have stated, and reproduced, after nine years, by a stranger, who had found the paper amongst other official rubbish, he would not, I presume, betray such forgetfulness of the elements of fair dealing.

Still let us allow, in contradiction to all the evidence lately adduced, that the paper of 1799 had been a serious, honest, and valid agreement between all the parties interested, and let us barely ask the question, whether the events which came to light since the date of that transaction, would not be more than sufficient to justify the Catholic parties to the agreement, in appealing to the immutable sense of justice from the literal obligation of such agreement.

In all the successions of Ministers have we discovered any thing like a wish to grant to us the secure possession of our Religion? Have our friends even risked their popularity in the sister island (I mean that very low share of negative approbation, to which alone an Irishman can expect to rise in England) by stepping forward in behalf of our conscientious prejudices? I do not argue merely on the denial of free worship in England to our Irish foldiers.—Let this have been the misdeed of the No Popery men—but even here I will dwell on what escaped our friends, concerning the validity of laws made in relief of Catholics. By the Irish law of Catholic Relief, in 1793, our countrymen in his Majesty's service had gained a right to worship the God of their

fathers; and, in 1806, we are informed by our great parliamentary friends, this right was understood to have been done away! that a new clause in the Mutiny Bill, or a new provision by law was necessary to give effect to this liberty of Irish conscience. You knew this fact Bishop Milner! and you laboured zealously and perseveringly to cure this mischief, for which we thank you, notwithstanding the ill success of your exertions with our friends. So then, the document of 1799, signed by trustees, though without meaning, though without parties, though without free concurrence, though signed by ten Prelates out of twenty-five, on the behalf of a Pope, a Church, a Priesthood, a Nation, never consulted, never consenting, nor likely to consent—though cancelled by the Minister, and cancelled by an official violation of its only possible sense and import—though abhorred and execrated by us all, this document is to possess an immortal binding force notwithstanding that union, which unknown to us, by the mere efficacy of legal metaphysics, explained by English special pleaders, had abrogated the rights of conscience for the Irish soldier as soon as he touched on English ground. The paper of our *ten*, was as sacred and imperishable as *Shylock's cath in Heaven*; the paper of our Statutes, the force of our rights, our legal exercise of Religion was repealed by a fiction of English law, against all right, all equity, all precedents, even that of the Spanish Inquisition! I am not surprised to think that the men who have thus expounded the operation of our union, should expound the paper of 1799 as obligatory upon

on the whole world, for iniquity is very consistent. What I fear and lament as too probable, is that our English Bishops has a little too much of that patriotic feeling, which wishing to take all, and to give nothing, considers Ireland as incapable of any negotiation unless to its own dishonour and loss, and to the profit of its sister.—In this latter case, Ireland is always competent to contract by any hand, at any time, or any terms, and all such contracts are irrevocable.

Let us travel forward—Our friends next proceeded to furnish us with a *reserve* of Martial Law. This system, said Mr. Grattan, in the Irish Parliament, when he spoke there for the last time, is to give to Ireland a Government of Military Force and Martial Law. This system was revived afterwards with the applause of Mr. Grattan himself. He must have thought it a step towards our emancipation. The next step towards our emancipation was a new penal law or *wholesale restriction* of Popish education, and to this bill Mr. Grattan gave his approbation. It has subjected all our Popish schools to the visitation of the Minister of each parish. A progressive system of this kind betrays a great tendency to use any power of intermeddling in our Church concerns, if not with partiality in our favour, at least without a bias to root out our *old superstition*. Another friend to our emancipation declared himself honestly to incline towards that redress of the Catholics, which would *emancipate them from their spiritual blindness*. The Foundling Hospital is recruited with innocents from the sister country—The Charter Schools are organized and

besomed, that the seven worse spirits of inveteracy to our mode of belief might find roomy and suitable entertainment. Our emancipation were still talked of; it would come, it would come infallibly; those preparations were the forerunners of it, though some testy and bigotted or melancholy individuals of our communion considered this gentle working like the Lilliputian tactics for fastening Gulliver when asleep, with twenty thousand pack-threads to the ground. Those unhappily suspicious men thought they could observe a great patience, on the part of our friends, with regard to our claims, and a considerable alacrity in the undertaking of *converting us* in the mean time.—Glebe-houses set out, Churches re-built from the ruin of more than a hundred years, Charter Schools put in activity, coal-ship loads of Protestant children, great suspicion of the Pope's collusion with Bonaparte, and great apprehensions of the influence of our Bishops in organizing a party for the Corsican—But *we* had nothing at all to fear from these preparations against us.—Last of all came the grand epoch of the Dissolution of Parliament, and his Majesty's appeal to the ENGLISH PROTESTANTS against Emancipation. The question was now settled for one reign, which every subject heartily prays may continue long.

The question determined finally was not that the Emancipation cannot take place during his Majesty's glorious reign; for, however improbable this may be, it is still to be allowed that notorious circumstances are tending fast to render something of the kind an imperative measure. The question determined

mined finally is this:—That the Conscience of his Majesty; that the Consciences of the English Church established, of the Teachingbodies, of the Commons, of the Rabble, is decidedly adverse to the encouragement or permanency of the Catholic System. It is to this discretion, to this conscience that our religion can be safely or rationally entrusted? Is the necessary quantum of loyalty in a Catholic Bishop to be scanned by that judgment, for which a love or zeal towards the Catholic Religion is a high matter of offence; for which an indifference to the honour of his faith, to the purity of Catholic principle, must be a material recommendation? For which to be *rather* negligent of our peculiar forms, *rather* unrestrained in practice, *rather* distasteful to the bigotted Papist—to be a muzzled watch dog, a fawning companion, a humer of levees, a stranger to the base wants of the base multitude must be something like merit, and much more than virtue? Is it to such judgment we could appeal against a Candidate known to the fox-hunting influence, on the ground of objections which, in our system, are fatal, and in that system must be none of inhuman pride, of opprobrious avarice, of spotted chastity, of sensual stupor? Must Catholics trust to Pastors who have gone through a private ordeal of this sort? They surely would never trust them, and thus the destruction of Episcopacy would follow of necessity.

With all this before his eyes, Bishop Milner, at the last hearing of the Catholic Petition, engages

that the King should hold a Veto upon the election of our Bishops. Was not this indiscreet?—Add, that it was done without authority—add, that it was done after Bishop Milner had consulted the Head of the Church whether the concession could be made, and the Head of the Church had declared in the words of Benedict XIV. that “were he to attempt to give effect to such a power, he would deserve the execration of the Catholic World.”

But it seems the words of Bishop Milner has been misrepresented, and he complains of injury.—Before we argue upon his words, we must lay hold of his deeds. He did grant a Veto, it matters not to what extent. He still insists upon the propriety of his interference; he persists in his opinion; he impeaches as seditious those who oppose it—that is, **ALL THE CATHOLIC BISHOPS AND ALL THE CATHOLIC PEOPLE OF IRELAND**—that is, he does, as far as in him lies, encourage persecution against the Christian Church, in defence of his own opinion. He smites the Pope, through the Pope's Vicar Apostolical; he arraigns the Bishops, his Creators, and the Irish Nation, whose Agent he styles himself. This is something more grievous than a dispute of words.

However we shall examine his words, as reported by the Right Hon. G. Ponsonby to the House of Commons—“That his Majesty would hold the power of rejection, which would amount to a **VIRTUAL NOMINATION**, and thus the

the King would become in fact the Head of the Church."

The good Bishop abominates the inference of giving a supremacy to the King over our Church—He disclaims these last words, and I believe with truth, he declares he would shed his blood sooner than agree to, or propose such a thing; and from my soul I believe him. But Mr. Ponsonby maintains that the Bishops did represent the proffered right of rejection as equivalent to a positive or virtual power of nomination, and it is not possible to think that Mr. Ponsonby deceived himself, as it is entirely incredible that he would deceive. That Mr. Ponsonby might have misunderstood the Ecclesiastical distinction, is granted; because he is a stranger to our systems. It cannot be imagined that he could have also mistaken the nature of a power of controul, as his professional habits must have peculiarly fitted him for collecting precise ideas on every subject of the kind. If this be so, it matters little, except as to the orthodoxy of Dr. Milner, whether he deliberately or imprudently—whether in theory, or in practice he appointed his Majesty to be the Head of our Church; for, that the proposal did carry the consequence is a matter of intuition.

Admitting, thereof, the orthodoxy of Dr. Milner, and insisting that this single point is the only fact misrepresented, a plain reflection occurs here. If Mr. Ponsonby, a friend and one of the best of our friends, saw the King's supremacy so plainly included in the new proposal, as to have confounded the virtual meaning with the

original offer, is it to be doubted that, in the event of such a controul being given, it would be exercised with a view to establish that supremacy.

Another and an equal serious matter of reflection arises on the subject. When Mr. Ponsonby assured the House of Commons that we would accede to its virtual Supremacy, was there any loud acclamation in favour of our claims? Did the offer gain us a single vote from the country gentlemen, from the patriotic Burdett, from the No-popery sticklers? Not one. Thus would it be, if we had apostatized to a man. This little fact shews the sincerity of objections taken from our faith against our claims. Yet the hypocritical No-popery scoundrels will tell the world, that, but for this, every thing might be done.

Our Bishops were called upon by the public voice to declare themselves. They were charged with the odium and scandal of what had passed in the Imperial Parliament. They met, consulted, and without either courting base popularity, or scorning the just uneasiness of the people, without condemning Dr. Milner, or flattering his plans, they wisely and bravely at once professed their loyalty and confessed their faith, by resolving "that the ancient, irreproachable and canonical method of appointing their colleagues will not be changed, and by undertaking to recommend only such candidates as shall be men of approved loyalty and peaceable demeanour."

Before the passing of these two resolutions, we were advised by Dr. Milner, in his Letter to an Irish Parish Priest, to leave the
scouring

settling of the dispute to our worthy Prelates to whom solely the discussion and judgment, as of right belonged, and we are informed that nothing was to be feared so much as division amongst the Bishops themselves. The Bishops did examine the question, and unanimously decided against Dr. Milner's plan. This unanimity has proved disastrous to our Bishops, in Dr. Milner's opinion; for he has recently addressed an English newspaper, for the purpose of informing the English public--1. that he had been induced to expect a very different result from the Irish meeting: 2, that the most respectable of the Prelates were privately in union with him. Of these two assertions the first accounts for his anxious wish that the Bishops should be unanimous; and the second shews pretty plainly that he does not scruple to make division amongst our Bishops, whenever they unluckily do not obey his directions, notwithstanding their sole competence to judge on the point in question. He is a clever man, but he uses too largely the motives of religion for carrying on his own projects.

This however is not to be endured in his late letter—that after his declarations, in the *The Evening Herald*, of scrupulous regard for confidence repoted in him, he should now pretend to divulge confidential reasons of our Bishops given in his hearing, and that those reasons so divulged should be either inadequate, or impertinent, or false, or malicious.

All his pretended reasons are inadequate, and one is remarkably ill-complexioned, The Bishops, in his hearing, are said to have

said, “ we promoted the Union to the utmost of our power.”—I believe that several of them spoke well of it, as tending to stop infinite massacre, and as represented to them, by men whose honour they knew not how to suspect, as the only hope for Catholics—but as to active interference, one only of our Bishops interfered, and that person was not within Dr. Milner's hearing, during his late visitation of this island.

For my part I did not watch the Bishops with a view to charging my portfolio. But I heard reasons very different from the profane motives which the Doctor has laid before his countrymen, and with Dr. Milner's permission I will state them as they occur to me.

1. The power of nominating Bishops is derived from the King's title as head of the church.—(I. Blackstone)—Against which it occurred—‘If any man profanes the Temple of God’ it is written that him will God exterminate’—and again it is written, ‘ and He is the Head of the Church’—and again, ‘ He who is not with Me, is against Me’—and again it is written, ‘You have been enfranchised at a great price; do not now become the slaves of men’—and again, ‘ Not you have made choice of Me, but I have chosen you’—and again, ‘ As my Father sent Me, so do I send you’—And again, ‘ The Kingdom of God is amongst yourselves’—and again, ‘ Do not tremble, my scanty flock because it hath been pleasing to my Father to bestow on you a Kingdom’—and again, ‘ And thou hast made us before our God a Kingly Power and a Priesthood’—

and

and again, 'Every Kingdom parted against itself shall be brought to desolation'—and again, 'Beware of mankind, for they will betray you'—and again, 'our struggle is not with flesh and blood, but with the rules of everlasting darkness, and with the spiritual things of malice in the highest places'—and again, 'The animal man knows not the things of God'—and again, 'But I will not be judged by you, nor by any human summons; the Lord is he who judgeth me'—and again, 'What fellowship between light and darkness?'—and again, 'It hath seemed meet with the Holy Ghost and to Us'—and again, 'The Spirit breathes where listeth, so is every man who is generated and of the Spirit'—and again, 'Hear you what the Spirit says to the Churches'—and again, 'While they fasted and performed holy function, the Holy Ghost said to them, set apart for me Paul and Barnabas.'

2. As to the loyalty of Dr. Milner, when he professes, in order to ensure approbation to his plan, that he merely gives to Cæsar the things of Cæsar, 'we have brought this man, refusing that tribute should be given to Cæsar and every man who makes himself King opposes the title of Cæsar, we have no King unless Cæsar.'

3. As to the modified grant of a Veto, it was considered, that this grant must be bounded, or must be ruinous: that it cannot be bounded, for all is against the limitation; there are no parties who can contract with the Irish Catholic Church, and without a security which may appear durable no concession can be made,

as no resumption of the grant could be attempted, without certain opposition and probable destruction.

4. That this grant would cut off the Irish Church from its communion with the rest of the Catholic world, wherein no concession of this nature had ever been heard of.

5. That it would scandalize all true Catholics, knowing as they did, the intention of those who demanded it.

6. That this scandal and consequent abandonment would extinguish the Catholic Religion.

7. That the controul was unfavourable to morals, whereas our moral code is not known to the laws or Constitution.

8. That the controul would necessarily overthrow the efficacy of the Sacramental doctrine of Penance,

9. That the control would necessarily destroy the Sacramental integrity of Marriage.

10. That it was without a precedent in the Christian Church, and without even a pretext in the country; that consequently it was demanded for reasons remaining in the knowledge of the other party, and therefore, for reasons, hostile to us and to our Religion.

These reasons may be had in the estimation of Dr. Milner; but they are very different from those he has been pleased to invent.

The shortness of time will not suffer me to proceed; but you have heard enough to apprize you of the state of the question. If you meet, may God prosper you, and may he strike your apostates either with shame or silence.

You shall hear from me again.

DETECTOR.

MEMOIRS OF COLONEL BLACKWELL.

Few occurrences at the time, having excited a stronger or more universal sensation in the political world, than the traitorous arrestation in Hamburgh, in the year 1798, of our countrymen, Messrs. Blackwell, Morris, Tandy, and Corbet; we here present our readers a biographical sketch of the first named gentleman.

JAMES BARTHOLOMEW BLACKWELL,

was born in the town of Ennis, in the County of Clare, about the year 1765; and sent by his parents at the age of ten or twelve to Paris, to enjoy the benefit of a "BOURSE" or fund, instituted by the MURRAY's, his mother's family, towards education in the College of Lombardie, in that City, those persons of their kindred, whom the impolitic restrictions on Roman Catholics incapacitated by law, from partaking of the humblest education in their native land. It was the intention of Mr. Blackwell's family, to have dedicated him to the Church; but his own inclinations taking a different direction, he preferred the study of Surgery, under the great DESLAU, in the Hospital La Bicetre, near Paris.

Mr. Blackwell distinguished himself as an early votary of liberty, closely linked with the faction of Orleans. His zeal introduced him to popular consideration; and upon the memorable 14th of July, he was chosen leader of a party of arizans, of the Faubourg St. Antoine, in the attack and demolition of the Bastille.

His ardent attachment to Jacobinism procured him the favour of Danton, Merlin, Jean-de Brie and many of the leading revolutionists, through whose means he obtained the situation of Captain in a Regiment of Chasseurs, MURAT, the ROYAL MURAT being Blackwell's Lieutenant!

In some short time his regiment was ordered to the Frontiers, and formed a part of Dumourier's army at the period of that General's defection: and if we except the business of sacking the Bastille (which cost the assailants no lives) the occurrences of that campaign, constituted nearly the whole of Blackwell's military services on the Continent.

Precisely at the above period, when the remnant of the Republican Army was on its retreat, to Paris, Blackwell first beheld the lady he afterwards espoused. This circumstance is curious, in as much, as it forms no uninteresting epoch in the biography of our hero.

It once so happened, on his arrival at a small town, where the Regiment was to have halted over night, he learned that a number of British subjects, men and women, among whom many were persons of consideration, had been arrested in consequence of the recent declaration of war against England, and were at that instant before Jean-Bon St. Andre, the most sanguinary monster of that day, undergoing one of those mock examinations called trials, which usually closed with the condemnation and speedy execution of the denounced wretch. The well-disposed humane part of the town apprehended that, having no friends to interpose in their behalf, and being moreover suspected of

possessing

possessing wealth, their doom was inevitable.

Blackwell hastened to impart to his companions the momentous intelligence he received, and followed by a numerous train, repaired to the Judgment Hall.

The sudden appearance of so many armed warriors, excited consternation in all present; but how much greater the astonishment, on hearing Blackwell interrupt the proceedings at the bar? loudly accost the prisoners in their mother tongue, and then address the Court in the French Language! In fine, he pleaded the rights of the prisoners,—reprobated the act of oppression under which they suffered, and peremptorily insisted on having them instantly liberated. Each Soldier present, seconded the remonstrance of our gallant countryman. Threats follow demands, and Jean Bon St. Andre no wife prepared to reply to the objections of so many able advocates, appeared confounded and abashed. He reflected how futile it would be in him, nay dangerous, to contend against men armed with the two edged sword of truth and power; he therefore meekly renounced his own private judgment, in humble deference to the stronger arguments of force.—He ordered the prisoners to be forthwith discharged.

In course of a few days the hand of the fairest of our captives, the daughter of a British Colonel, rewarded Captain Blackwell for his generous conduct.

Mr. Blackwell had not long tasted the sweets of wedlock, ere

his mind became a prey to those blind fancies which sometimes embitter the early marriage state; particularly whenever a disparity of acquirements exists on either side, and the husband and wife do not alike possess the advantages of polished education: our hero from one cause or other, disapproved of those common place civilities paid by Chevalier Murat to his accomplished and virtuous spouse, civilities which in France, in particular, are esteemed and offered as the peculiar attributes of the sex, and bestowed as harmlessly as received by the generality of people. Be it as it may, Blackwell's ill humour prevailed over his good sense. He gave Murat a *rendezvous*—they fought—our hero was disarmed by his antagonist—but Murat saved his life.

During the performance of the Revolutionary Drama, it was decreed by the Committee of Varieties, and enraged abettors of impracticable Equality, that is to say, all gentlemen by descent, men of wealth, and educated men, were natural enemies to Liberty, and must expiate their guilt with their lives.

Murat unluckily fell under the denomination of the first class of culprits—he was born a gentleman. An order, in consequence, issued for his apprehension; when Blackwell* assisted to screen his brother-soldier, till the present storm, like others of the kind which preceded it, had subsided, and this extraordinary son of fortune, was enabled to reappear on the theatre of great events, and prosecute his proud career.

* This account of Murat, the writer of this sketch received from the mouth of Colonel Blackwell.

Upon General Humberts being appointed to command the expedition to Ireland, in 1798, Blackwell was raised to the rank of Colonel in the Irish Revolutionary Army. He accompanied General Raye and James Napper Tandy, to the coast of Ulster; and back again to Norway: and on passing through Hamburgh, (as before mentioned) when on his journey to Paris, was there, with the gentlemen alluded to, betrayed to the British Envoy Crawford, by two pensioned spies of England, Turner and Duckett, and imprisoned upwards of three years in that City, and in Kilmainham-gail, Dublin. On the 10th of December, Colonel Black-

well was liberated from confinement, by an order of this government, and permitted to return to France, where he died we understand, not long since, leaving his widow issueless.

In his person, Colonel Blackwell was tall, slender, and well-looking; his military acquirements were very limited, having extended only to a partial knowledge of desultory field service: but he was esteemed incompetent to the conducting of any serious enterprise, which required science, or an intimate acquaintance with tactics, and the rules of regular warfare. He is said to have been a good surgeon.

STATE OF THE IRISH POOR.

ON the 1st of November, the season of misery commenced with the poor; from that period the great leasehold proprietors give the poor cotters but six pence a day, as the value of their labour. This liberal encouragement to maintain a family, and to procure the cloathing necessary in this bleak climate, and inclement season, must tend to insure the most solid attachment on the part of a grateful people.

Suppose a peasants family to consist of but six persons, each person has one penny for the days subsistence, and though it may not be adequate to the purchase of an extraordinary quantity of beef or mutton, yet it can command a profusion of potatoes, with sometimes, at least on Sunday, the luxury of a little salt.

Convey yourself to the table of the poor Cotters, even on their festival days perhaps his uncovered shod is not able to screen him from "the pelting of the pitiless storm," his shivering little things about him, who seldom know the comfort of the fire "fair blazing" or the warm hearth. On the damp floor of mud, the cast-off and worn railing of the neighbouring *gentleman's* gate, is laid for a table—the pitying mother hangs disconsolately over the wretched meal—for if she could, she would give her children better; this table, this the fire-side, for which the peasant no doubt, is ready to shed the last drop of his blood, in case any desperate invader should dare come and make his condition *worse*, or rob him of so fair a portion of domestic

domestic felicity. How truly valuable must such a profusion of happiness appear, even to the rich Catholic Landlord, who with his eight or ten thousand a year, pants for Emancipation. If this well-fed peasant applies for an additional penny a day, to buy even as much straw as will raise his body from the earth, or as much fuel as will dry the ragged frize through which the dripping shower has strained its way, or as much flax-seed as will spin a shirt for his emaciated carcase: how is he not repulsed by his PROUD PROTECTOR, HIS NATURAL REPRESENTATIVE? Is he not told scornfully, to begone, that he is the happiest peasant in Europe, that his condition requires no amelioration.

Lord Howick's plan of disposing of our superabundant population, this Whig's method of cloathing them in red worsted, clean linen and shoes, of teaching them to turn from right to left, and marching them forward to dry climates and warm graves, in the West Indies, or in Spain, this noble Englishman's encouragement if carried spiritedly into effect, uniting so much superior feeding to so much active glory,, would promise the most happy result; not one cabin would then be full either for the use, profit, or domination of NATURAL or UNNATURAL REPRESENTATIVES. The continuance of a little occasional shooting, prudently and carefully performed, must always be very praise-worthy. It would tend much to consummation of affairs. It would remove so great a dis-

proportion of the laborious class, that few would remain under the Six-penny wages, the tattered weeds and the potatoe regimen, The working order being done away, society would certainly suffer a change, and eventually some of the HIGH GENTLEMEN should take their place, and return to their original industrious obscurity, the transition from a palace to a cabin, from claret to salt, from down to straw, would be melancholy indeed. And yet transformations like these, the varying state of Europe has lately made familiar. Surely if ever an Irish GENTLEMAN becomes thus transformed, or should he choose to be the wandering and penny-less victim of his own oppression, or of popular turbulence, I trust he will display as much fortitude in adversity, as the haughty Spaniard or vapouring Frenchman. Many thousands of the latter have I seen begging with very humble submission, or labouring with very edifying industry; and indeed the recollection of the GAZELLE left in my breast very little compassion for the unfortunate ambulating NOBLESSE. I have seen french VISCOUNTESSES very laudably employed making lace and bobbin, in the City of London, and I have seen a CI-DEVANT MARQUIS mending kettles in the streets of New York. This may appear incredible to the rich and to the proud, but I assure them, that I speak not a lie—'Tis a very good lesson, and will not I hope from my heart be thrown away.

W. C.

Observations made during a Tour through the United States of America.

BY R. DISMORE.

Many an ardent mind has honestly deceived itself into believing, that among the children of nature (as the Indians have been called) would be found undeviating rectitude and simple honesty, that the formation of a settlement in their vicinity, would at once gratify all the feelings of the heart, and the necessities of life. Little acquainted are such visionaries with what is experienced by first settlers in a wilderness; their hardships are immense, and their deprivations equal their hardships. They must for the first year at least, procure salted provisions; for if the settler acquires food by hunting or fishing, his lands must be neglected; indeed he must be very industrious to procure subsistence from his own farm the second year, or a small surplus for sale in the third. When the first settler, (Mr. Williams) fixed himself in Trumbull, he was more than one hundred miles distant from any white inhabitants, from whom he had to purchase every thing necessary for the support of his family, from which no comfort or aid could be procured, and by whose assistance alone the wide road could be cut, or the trees felled, which were to enable him to pass the neighbouring rivers. To all these evils may be added, that the peace of the settlers family is every hour endangered by the cunning, persevering malice of the Indian; yet, strange as it may seem, many people, and some respectable ones, prefer this kind of

life: of this description is General Paine, an ancient warrior, who has not unfrequently seen the backs of the enemies of the United States. When I was at his house, where he had been settled about four years, he told me "he must go back, for that country became too thickly settled for him," then I believe in his sixty-eight year. A few years back, the Indian tribes on the borders of the Lake, were truly formidable, they eyed the white man with jealousy and distrust, but they turned not their heels towards him. Connected with the Canadian government, they were either the open or secret enemies of the United States. Urged by that government as it is said, and certainly aided by white men disguised as Indians; many of the tribes dared to wage open war against those States; the result was, as it ever must be; the uncultured submitted to the civilized warrior, and the victories of Wayne annihilated in those people every vestige of manly fortitude: they now feel their own impotence, and acknowledge long knife, as they call the United States, too much for them. By constant cessions of their hunting grounds to the United States, their means of Maintenance are abridged, and their numbers proportionately diminish, and in a few years these tribes will only be known as having existed; for those who remain will mix with the more western tribes, who will run exactly the same career.

The

The Indian is every thing but what the hypothesis of the enthusiast presupposes. Dirty, nay filthy, in his person, his hair matted, greasy, and daubed with vermilion, his face painted red, black, blue or yellow, as fancy dictates, his ears cut and elongated by the weight they support, his body lank and toes turned in; yet artful, cunning, malignant, and superstitious; he prowls singly, or in bands, seeking whom he may destroy; possessed of patience, fortitude, perseverance, and no small share of ingenuity, qualities, which in civilized society are virtues, but used by the Indians too frequently for purposes at which humanity shudders. Exposed to all the vicissitudes of the weather, and constantly on the alert to commit, or to avoid mischief, still he is the prey of drunkenness, and the victim of credulity and passion. A few anecdotes, the truth of which I cannot doubt, which were related to me, by men of the highest honour, will enable your readers better to appreciate the Indian character, as well as the advantages of civilization, than any thing I can say. The State of Connecticut has applied certain funds, which are employed in maintaining a certain number of Missionaries in disseminating among the tribes on the borders of Lake Erie, the religious opinions of a particular sect of Christians (the Presbyterians.) From what I could see, they do not seem to have succeeded, although from the number of crosses and other proofs of belief in the Catholic Creed, cut on the trees, I suspect the French priests had better success

when this country was considered as dependent on the Crown of France. I mean not to give an opinion as to the advantages of controuling a belief of what Indians cannot understand, but shall proceed to observe that among the Wiandots the clerical character is much despised, in consequence of the following circumstance:—One of that profession, being indebted to a Wiandot thirty dollars, which he either could or would not pay, offered a horse for the debt; this was agreed to be accepted, provided the interpreter (Mr Parish) should say the animal was worth the money. The Indian travelled more than sixty miles to Mr. P. who declared that, in his opinion, it was not worth five dollars, and moreover said, he supposed the reverend gentleman only wished to be clear of feeding him through the winter. On the return of the Indian, the person insisted that the horse was actually sold, while the former with equal pertinacity contended that he had not purchased him. Four years after this he again called, as he had frequently done through the intermediate period, for his money; the divine asked him to dinner, and as soon as the provisions were upon the table, piously displayed the whites of his eyes and commenced saying grace. The Indian misunderstanding this devotion, imagined it to be an invocation to the Deity, again to enable him to cheat a poor Indian; and as he would not suffer this to be done in his presence, left the table and the house, immediately directing his course to Judge Phelps, to whom he made his complaint, and by whose

whose means he soon recovered his property. Another Indian had a daughter sick, her disease bid defiance to their skill, and she gradually grew worse; the father dreamt that nothing could cure his daughter but the heart of a white man, and he persuaded her lover to watch with him for the first white man they could find, who proved to be an unfortunate Frenchman, whom they murdered; they tore his heart from his bosom, and carried the extraordinary remedy to the patient; but whether she recovered, or not, I cannot say. The belief of witchcraft seems impressed on all uncultivated minds, and it is very general amongst the Indians. A poor woman of the Seneka Tribe had been but lately accused and murdered: therefore, through the medium of persons who could speak their language, I attempted to prove to Captain John, in one of his intervals of sobriety, and they were but few, the absurdity of such belief and the consequent cruelty of secret punishment, but I was soon silenced. All your black-coats, said he, agree that witches once did exist, and if they did once, why not now? And if now they ought to be killed. An Indian, of the last mentioned tribe, called Big Ben, unfortunately lost his wife and soon after his daughter; another at the distance of at least two hundred miles, boasted that he had destroyed them by witchcraft. Ben heard and believed it, he quitted his home, and on Judge Huntingdon's estate, (to the East of the Cayahoga, which was the boundary between the United States and the Indians, until 1805.) met and killed the

boaster. Ben was advised to fly, otherwise he would, as being within the States line, be apprehended and hanged: in a voice of thunder he exclaimed, "If it be the fashion of Long Knife to kill an Indian, for destroying the murderer of his wife and child, Ben will submit to his fate; but if Ben regains his camp, (which was pitched west of the Cayahoga,) not all the white men, nor all the Indians, shall compel Ben to surrender." Six white men were first upon to seize Ben; they saw him lying on the ground, calmly smoking, his tomahawk, with his hand so placed as to be able instantly to use it; and by his side lay his loaded rifle ready cocked; his pursuers did not dare to attack him, and Ben is yet alive. Previous to this murder, a deadly hatred existed between his brother and himself; but as soon as the former heard of it, he praised the heroism which dictated the murder. Not content, he sought for Ben, gave him his right hand, and declared that he had often shot at the deceased, but he had ever been guarded by Chets (evil Genii) from the effects of his rifle.

From Warren to Cleveland there is a line of Indian barrows, at irregular distances from each other; they are of a circular form, and when opened are found to contain broken pipes, bones, or fantastic and indecent figures. Tradition affords no account of their formation, but they are supposed to be Indian fortifications originally. The one at Cleveland is about a quarter of a mile from the river, and about twenty feet high. The trees near the Lake are frequently fancifully, and really not inelegant-

ly cut or painted, often with representations alluding to the catholic faith, but not unfrequently with Indians, Canoes, Deer, &c. There was one tree on the west of Cayahoga very handsomely decorated. It exhibited two canoes full of men, dogs, arrows and tomahawks, and was probably intended to direct other tribes the course pursued by those who painted it.

—O—

TACITURNITY,
From the French.

At Amadan was a celebrated academy, the first statute of which ran thus:—*The Academicians agree to think much, write little, and if possible, speak less.*

This was called the silent Academy, nor was there a sage in Persia, who was not ambitious of being admitted a member. Zeb a famous sage, and author of an excellent little book, entitled *The Gag*, heard in the distant province where he lived, there was a vacancy in the silent academy. Immediately he departed for Amadan, and, arriving, presented himself at the door of the hall where the academicians were assembled, and sent in the following billet to the president.

Zeb, a lover of silence, humbly asks the vacant place.

The billet arrived too late, the vacancy was already supplied. The academicians were almost in despair; they had received, somewhat against their inclinations, a courtier, who had some wit, and whose light and trifling eloquence had become the admiration of all his court-acquaintance; and this learned body was now reduced to the necessity of refusing the sage Zeb, the scourge of babblers, the perfection of wisdom.

The president, whose duty it was to announce this disagreeable news, scarcely could resolve, nor knew in which manner best to perform his office. After a moments reflection he ordered a flaggon to be filled with water, and so full that another drop would have made the water run over. He then desires them to introduce the candidate.

The Sage appeared, with that simple and modest air which generally accompanies true merit. The president rose, and without speaking a word, pointed, with affliction in his looks, to the emblematical flaggon so exactly full.

The Sage understood from thence the vacancy was supplied, but, without relinquishing hope, he endeavoured to make them comprehend that a supernumerary member might, perhaps, be no detriment to their society. He saw on the floor a rose-leaf, picked it up, and with care and delicacy placed it on the surface of the water, so as not to make it overflow.

All the academicians immediately clapped their hands, betokening applause, when they beheld this ingenious reply. They did more, they broke through their rules in favour of the Sage Zeb. The register of the academy was presented him, and he inscribed his name.—Nothing remained but for him to pronounce, according to custom, a single phrase of thanks. But this new, and truly silent, academician, returned thanks without speaking a word.

In the margin of the register he wrote the number one hundred (that of his brethren,) then put a cypher before the figures, under which he wrote thus:

0100.

Their value is neither more nor less.

The

The President, with equal politeness and presence of mind, answered the modest Sage, by placing the figure 1, before the number 100 and by writing under them thus :

1100.

Their value is ten-fold

—O—

ON THE PRIVATE CHARACTER OF

CLADIUS.

CLADIUS is said to be a good private character, and this observation is frequently brought forward by his friends, when his public atrocities become subjects of discussion. Cladius is like any other ruffian, whose memory history has preserved, and public execration immortalized. When a monster is deprived of power, he would conciliate his fellow-citizens by acts of mean submission and affected generosity: when Dionysius fled from Syracuse, from the vengeance of a people, with whose blood he had frequently bathed the streets of that celebrated city, and took refuge in Corinth, it is said his manners became so amiable, that in his new trade of a school-

master, no remains of the tyrant appeared in the humble authority of an academy. Sylla became a good neighbour, after butchering sixty thousand of his countrymen. It is perhaps agreeable to the moral construction of such scourges of humanity, that elevated wickedness cannot descend to petty atrocities. Dionysius disdained to torture his school-boys, though he possessed a soul that could enjoy a feast in burning a city, or impaling a woman; the cries of female beauty, and the agonies of men, were objects of particular delight, while his generous vengeance could not reconcile itself to the unripe distress of suffering infancy.

Cladius never flogs or tortures his domestics, his house is the abode of peace, he has thrown away the lashes, and the picketting stave, or the return of the law has wrested them from his haggard hands. He is polite, when insolence would be returned for insolence; he pays his engagements, when plunder becomes unlawful, and honesty is policy; he builds, when houses cannot be had without buying; he chains up his Orange Blood-hounds, when game laws protect the fields; or, grants a jubilee: as the sport is over the huntsman reposes.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE following Extract from a Poem on the discovery of America, just published in Philadelphia, written by the celebrated JOEL BARLOW, we have the pleasure of laying before our readers:—The work is printed in the most finished style of the typographic art, the presses, letter, paper and ink, are all of American manufacture.

This elegant production breathes the inspiration of real genius, and the enthusiasm of the purest ideas of rational freedom, cherished in the only soil that unfortunate man can say is his own, "remote from slaves and kings."

I SING the mariner who first unfurled
An eastern banner o'er the western world,
And taught mankind where future empires lay
In these fair confines of descending day;
Who sway'd a moment, with vicarious power,
Iberia's sceptre on the new found shore.
Then saw the paths his virtuous steps had trod,
Pursued by avarice and defiled by blood,
The tribes he fostered with paternal toil,
Snatch'd from his hand, and slaughter'd for their spoil.
Slaves, kings, adventurers, envious of his name,
Enjoy'd his labours, and purloin'd his fame,
And gave the Viceroy, from his high seat hurl'd,
Chains for a crown, a prison for a world.

Long overwhelm'd in woes, and sickening there,
He met the slow still march of black despair,
Sought the last refuge from his hopeless doom,
And wish'd from thankless men a peaceful tomb:
Till vision'd ages, opening on his eyes,
Cheer'd his sad soul, and bade new nations rise;
He saw the Atlantic heaven with light o'ercast,
And freedom crown his glorious work at last.

Almighty Freedom! give my venturous song
The force, the charm that to thy voice belong;
'Tis thine to shape my course, to light my way,
To nerve my country with the patriot lay,
To teach all men where all their interest lies,
How rulers may be just and nations wise:
Strong in thy strength I bend no suppliant knee,
Invoke no miracle, no muse but thee.

Night held in Old Castile her silent reign,
 Her half orb'd-moon declining to the main;
 O'er Valladolid's regal turrets hazed
 The drizzly fogs from dull Pisuerga raised;
 Whose hovering fleets, along the welkin driven,
 Thinn'd the pale stars, and shut the eye from heaven.
 Cold-hearted Ferdinand his pillow prest,
 Nor dream'd of those his mandates rob'd of rest,
 Of him who gemm'd his crown, who stretch'd his reign
 To realms that weigh'd the tenfold poise of Spain;
 Who now beneath his tower indungeon'd lies,
 Sweats the chill sod and breaths inclement skies.

His feverish pulse, slow labouring thro' his frame,
 Feeds with scant force its fast-expiring flame;
 A far dim watch-lamp's thrice reflected beam
 Throws thro' his grates a mist-encumber'd gleam,
 Paints the dun vapours that the cell invade,
 And fills with spectred forms the midnight shade;
 When from a visionary short repose,
 That nursed new cares and temper'd keener woes,
 Columbus woke, and to the walls address
 The deep-felt sorrows bursting from his breast:

Here lies the purchase, here the wretched spoil
 Of painful years and persevering toil!
 For these damp caves, this hideous haunt of pain,
 I trac'd new regions o'er the chartless main,
 Tamed all the dangers of untraversed waves,
 Hung o'er their clefts, and topt their surging graves,
 Saw traitorous seas o'er coral mountains sweep,
 Red thunders rock the pole and scorch the deep,
 Death rear his front in every varying form,
 Cape from the shoals and ride the roaring storm,
 My struggling bark her seamy planks disjoin,
 Rake the rude rock and drink the copious brine;
 Till the tir'd elements are lull'd at last,
 And milder suns allay the billowing blast,
 Lead on the trade winds with unvarying force,
 And long and landless curve our constant course.

Our homeward heaven recoils; each night forlorn
 Call up new stars, and backwards rolls the morn;
 The boreal vault descends with Europe's shore,
 And bright Calisto shuns the wave no more,
 The Dragon dips his fiery-foaming jole,
 The affrighted magnet flies the faithless pole;
 Nature portends a general change of laws,
 My daring deeds are deemed the guilty cause;
 The desperate crew to insurrection driven,
 Devote their captain to the wrath of heaven,
 Resolve at once to end the audacious strife,
 And buy their safety with his forfeit life.

In that sad hour, this feeble frame to save,
 (Unblest reprieve) and rob the gaping wave,
 The morn broke forth, these tearful orbs descried
 The golden banks that bound the western tide.
 With full success I calm'd the clamorous race,
 Bade heaven's blue arch a second earth embrace;

And

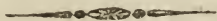
And gave the astonish'd age that bounteous shore,
Their wealth to nations and to kings their power.

Land of delights! ah, dear delusive coast,
To these sad aged eyes for ever lost!
No more thy flowery vales I travel e'er,
For me their mountains rear the head no more,
For me the rocks no sparkling gems unfold,
Nor streams luxuriant wear their paths in gold;
From realms of promised peace for ever borne,
I hail mute anguish, and in secret mourn.

But dangers past, a world explored in vain,
And foes triumphant show but half my pain,
Dissembling friends, each early joy who gave,
And fir'd my youth the storms of fate to brave,
Swarm'd in the sunshine of my happier days,
Pursued the fortune and partook the praise,
Now pass my cell with smiles of sour disdain,
Insult my woes and triumph in my pain.

One gentle guardian once could shield the brave,
But now that guardian slumbers in the grave.
Hear from above, thou dear departed shade;
At once my hopes, my present sorrows aid,
Burst my full heart, afford that last relief,
Breath back my sighs and reaspire my grief;
Still, in my sight thy royal form appears,
Reproves my silence and demands my tears.
Even on that hour no more I joy to dwell,
When thy protection bade the canvass swell;
When kings and churchmen found their factions vain,
Blind Superstition shrunk beneath her chain,
The sun's glad beam led on the circling way,
And isles rose beauteous in Atlantic day.
For on those silvery shores, that new domain,
What crowds of tyrants fix their murderous reign!
Her infant realm indignant freedom flies,
Truth leaves the world, and Isabella dies.

Ah, lend thy friendly shroud to veil my sight,
That these pain'd eyes may dread no more the light,
These welcome shades shall close my instant doom,
And this drear mansion moulder to a tomb.



The PENSIONED PRELATIC POLITICIAN Outdone;

A poor Pindaric, by Patricius.

A squat jolly MILLER just lately come over,
Was determined his tools should no longer lie still,
Whilst himself and themselves head and ears were in clover,
He intended the papists as grist for his mill.
Their prelates so true all in fancy he sops,
And depends on their aid in th' intended erection,
He determined to rob our old church of her props,
And arraigned those who'd thwart him with rank disaffection.

Delighted he dreams on the rich golden fees,
 To accrue from this mill which he names CONSTITUTION.
 Whose minions the stones are, between whose rude squeeze,
 Priest, Prelate, and Layman receive absolution.
 The time comes at length and the subject proposed,
 If this MILLER should sway the high church of the nation,
 By our bishops at once 'tis with ardour opposed,
 And the Miller's the prey of defeat and vexation.
 To England retreat (Lo! you're caught in your snare,)
 And perhaps she may prove to your artifice blinder,
 For I tell you at once, since your name is MILLNER,
 In this island by G—— you shall ne'er be a grinder.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I address you as Editor of a really independent and impartial publication, in regard to the insertion of the following lines, to the memory of a brave unfortunate, (who whatever might have been his political principles,) will ever be remembered with regret by his countrymen.

TO THE MEMORY OF R. E***TT, ESQ.

1.

To numbers sadly sweet and wild,
 Dejected Erin, strikes her lyre,
 She mourns in tears, a darling child,
 Whose bosom glow'd with freedom's fire,

2.

Neglected through the ærial breeze,
 Her snowy vestments loosely flow,
 O'er E***TT's tomb, she fondly grieves,
 And mourns him, with a mother's woe.

3.

Slow, stealing on the murmuring gale,
 Her dulcet notes, in solemn strains
 Vibrates the sad pathetic tale,
 Which weeping memory still retains.

4.

His early fall, in streaming tears,
 The forrowing maid, unceasing sings,
 Nor can the charm, of gliding years,
 Soothe to repose, the trembling strings.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

SIR,

You'LL oblige a Correspondent, by inserting the following Translation of ADRIAN'S famous Address to his Soul.

ORIGINAL.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis
Quæ nunc abibis in loca
Pallidula, frigida, undula frigidæ
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

MR. POPE'S TRANSLATION.

Oh fleeting spirit, wandering fire
That long has warm'd my tender breast,
Wilt thou no more my frame inspire,
No more a pleasing cheerful guest.
Whither, Ah whither art thou flying,
To what dark undiscovered shore?
Thou seems't all trembling, shiv'ring, dying,
And wit and humour are no more.

ANOTHER TRANSLATION,

Little fleeting, cheerful spark,
Friend and partner of Life's day,
To what regions drear and dark
Dost thou wing thy unknown way?
Unshelter'd, shiv'ring panting, wan,
Thy wit and playful humour gone.

R.

THOLSEL LAW,

—o—

COURT OF CONSCIENCE.

HUGH TREVOR, Esq. Alderman and Brewer, President.

J. STEVENSON, versus R. W. TALBOT, Esq. and E. GLASCOCK, Co. Partners
in the late OYSTER BANK, of Malahide,

A faithful and Correct Report of the pleadings in this Cause, and the Extraordinary decision made, by the Learned Alderman, being laid before Lord Manners, his Lordship, expressed so much displeasure at the manner the Plaintiff was treat-

ed, that to prevent any further investigation, Mr. Glascock has paid to Mr. Stevenson the full amount of the Notes he held, a Sum of Ten Pounds Eighteen Shillings, which has terminated this curious affair.

The

The Plaintiff stated, that at the time the city was disturbed by the inundation of base coin, as the circulating medium, the Traders at last set their face against receiving any more of it, which induced many speculators to set up what was called Silver Banks; among which were the Defendants, who issued notes to an enormous amount under 20s. at a Shed in Malahide, with a branch of said Bank at No. 10, St. Andrew-street. The public were caught by the elegant appearance of the notes, together with the name of Talbot, who was supposed to be a gentleman of extensive property in the county; that the Plaintiff was, from the necessity of the times, then obliged to apply for silver notes, and while they were open, paid them 50l. every Saturday for such notes. Until they stopped payment in Dublin. In a short time after they advertised, they would pay in Malahide, the Plaintiff sent several times for the amount of the notes, 20l. which was lying on hands at the time of the stoppage to Malahide, but could not get payment. The crowds from all parts of the country were so great, that they were informed they could only pay one note to each person (the highest amount 9s.) The last time the messenger received the amount of one note, but never after was sent, as the expense of sending him cost 14s.—In a short time the shed was shut altogether. A few days ago, Plaintiff met one of the Defendants, Glascock, and mentioned he had 20l. worth of Malahide notes, which he had issued, and requested to know if he had ever any chance of payment. G. replied, he would not give him *TEN PENCE* for them; Plaintiff being irritated at such language, told him he would make him (Mr. Glascock) pay, and accordingly summoned him for one pound's worth of them, which was the present issue.

The Defence set up by Glascock, for himself as one of the firm, was, that an Act of Parliament passed requesting him not to pay any of such notes, and that he had settled with Mr. Talbot and accounted with him for all the outstanding notes, and that it was in fact *DUE* by Mr. TALBOT, which he was ready to prove on

oath; and that he being a person of no property should not be looked to; that the NUMBER OF POOR PEOPLE who had notes of that firm would all flock to him as he lived in Dublin. The Plaintiff asked to see the comical Act, but as it was not convenient to shew it, he replied, that holding the notes of Messrs. Talbot and Glascock, each was *LIABLE* to him, and any private settlement between the partners could not have any set off with the holders of their notes, both being liable; and in as much as Mr. Glascock was the person he always paid for them. G. said due diligence was not used to get payment: it was replied, that several days after they broke, the street was crowded with people striving to get admittance, and that Agents were out in the streets buying up 3s 9½d notes at 1s. Glad even to get that, the crowds were so great the Police was obliged to interfere to prevent a riot; that he had done every thing in his power to obtain payment. Mr. Craven first heard the cause, but lest the decision might involve a law-suit, he referred to the President, who, on hearing some of the cause observed, “that Mr. Talbot living in the county, and Mr. Glascock in Dublin, *My* Talbot was the person who ought to be sued; and that Talbot and Glascock having settled, exonerated Glascock from responsibility on the notes in question.”

The Plaintiff remonstrated with the Court on such decision; that it appeared to him contrary to sense; suppose Talbot went to live to America, and Glascock still living in Dublin, is that a reason that he should follow Talbot, that two partners on a promissory note, one could not exonerate the other, against the holder of their joint notes, both equally liable to him. The Court, however, insisted on making the following decree.

“This referred to R. W. Talbot, Esq.”

Note—Mr. Talbot being one of the defendants, it certainly is curious to see such a decree—it is as much as to say, I leave it to a defendant whether he will pay his debt or not.

ON THE FOPPERY OF THE DUBLIN SHOPMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I am a plain kind of a man, a farmer in good circumstances in the Co. of Kildare, and am frequently in the Metropolis, for the purpose of purchasing Wearing Apparel and other articles of necessity and ornament used by people in my rank of life. For many years I have never ventured to pass into the town on dealing business, farther East than Francis-street or Corn-market. The good plain people who formerly resided in that part of the City affected no higher consequence in life than myself. They had a certain coarse manner of gaining a persons custom which time and practice made familiar.

Though my wife and myself, have been frequently arrested, by the strong and honest assistants, posted at every door and imprisoned at the tail of a counter, with many others, caught in the same manner, until we made such contracts as were agreeable to shopkeeper and buyer. Yet with all this old familiar manner of doing business, it had nothing in it to displease though it often prevented me from choosing a house where my imprisonment would be as short as possible. In some time I learned to avoid the regular vigilance of the PLUCKERS, by taking good care to keep the middle of the street, until I arrived opposite such house as I gave a preference; certainly in this I was often disappointed by the loose clothing which we country people wear, with so many opens and trappings for grappling, that if the Devil himself were arrested in such dress, he would not be able to extricate himself from the grasp of the herculean captors, until he made a purchase of the Camblets and Draperies exposed for sale. Experience and time teach many useful lessons—I was as apt as many to learn what might be convenient through life; instead of the large coat, which threw me into the hands of troublesome friends, I adopted a short frock closely buttoned, and a tight leather breeches, whenever I ventured to go shopping, so that I was as smooth and as slippery as a soaped pig, and as difficult to be held.

My old friends in town, being either dead, or having retired, I long have neglected to visit the old market, and now, though very cautiously, strike a bargain in Castle-street or College-green. There

is so great a change in the manners and dress of Drapers and Toy-men, so different in appearance and language from those I knew in my time, the new ones are so splendidly dressed and so musically toned, that it requires more confidence than comes to my share, to presume to approach them.

It was but a few days ago, that I entertained up an unusual resolution, and ventured into a Drapery-shop to buy an outside coat, before I had courage to ask any question, I had to pass between two counters, on each of which, at a range of Bucks, with their faces half sunk in a profusion of white drapery encircling their respective necks, their slimy legs hid in neat boots, their arms in pucker'd sleeves and shirts ornamented with diamond pins and pinched tuckers.—I had scarcely passed the upper part of the two divisions, when one of the members on the right, sprung from his seat, where he presided as judge, on a hunning dispute, and impatiently demanded the nature of my business—I answered in a very submissive tone, I wanted two yards of Bearskin. The Buck flung his whip on the counter, placed his hands in his pockets, threw himself into a graceful attitude, declaring upon his honour, he never sold coarse goods; on this I begged his honour's pardon, and attempted to retire, which I might have effected, but my embarrassment had so injured my recollection, that in passing through the files, in my awkward manner, my coat got entangled in one of the gentlemen's spurs. As they were cheering my rustic appearance by a loud laugh, I imagined the detention I felt by the spur was caused by the hands of one of the bloods, I made an hasty attempt to escape, and in my anxiety I plunged so abruptly, that I carried the spurred gentleman off the counter, and never stopped till I gained the street where my progress was interrupted by the cries of the taken hero, who I discovered on his back floating after me with his foot fastened to the tail of my great coat; in this dangerous dilemma, the remaining part of the Knights of the Yard interfered, and by collaring me with their united strength insisted on arresting me, while they disentangled us. Once more I found myself restored to liberty, but my spirits re-

ceived so serious an injury by new acquaintances, that I never expect to run the hazard of encountering so much fashion and danger, as humble people have to meet in the present rage for foppery and high manners, that infect the trading ranks of life.

Your's, RUSTICUS.

—O—

CIVIC CONFLICT.

A serious scene of Pugilistical exhibition took place a few nights since, between Captain NOSE-POWDER and Alderman SAND-BOX, in St. Andrew's Watch-House, the cause of the dispute which preceded the battle, we are imperfectly acquainted with, during eleven rounds of hard fighting, the fiercest spirit was shewn by both parties, and so much skill in the bruising art, as brought forth the applauses of the Knights of the Creak, and the Cyprian Ladies, who exclusively witnessed the contest. For the first three rounds the weight and wind of the Alderman promised him the palm of victory, by several judicious blows he put in with such effect, that the Captain seemed unable to keep the field; but, the Captain's courage and recollection, was roused into action at the very moment he was on the point of giving in, by the assistance and advice of Gaffney, the Constable, who volunteered as acting second for his friend the Ex-Sheriff: Gaffney's hints were so well understood, that the Aldermanic Stationer fell off in every succeeding round, and at length resigned the victory to his antagonist.

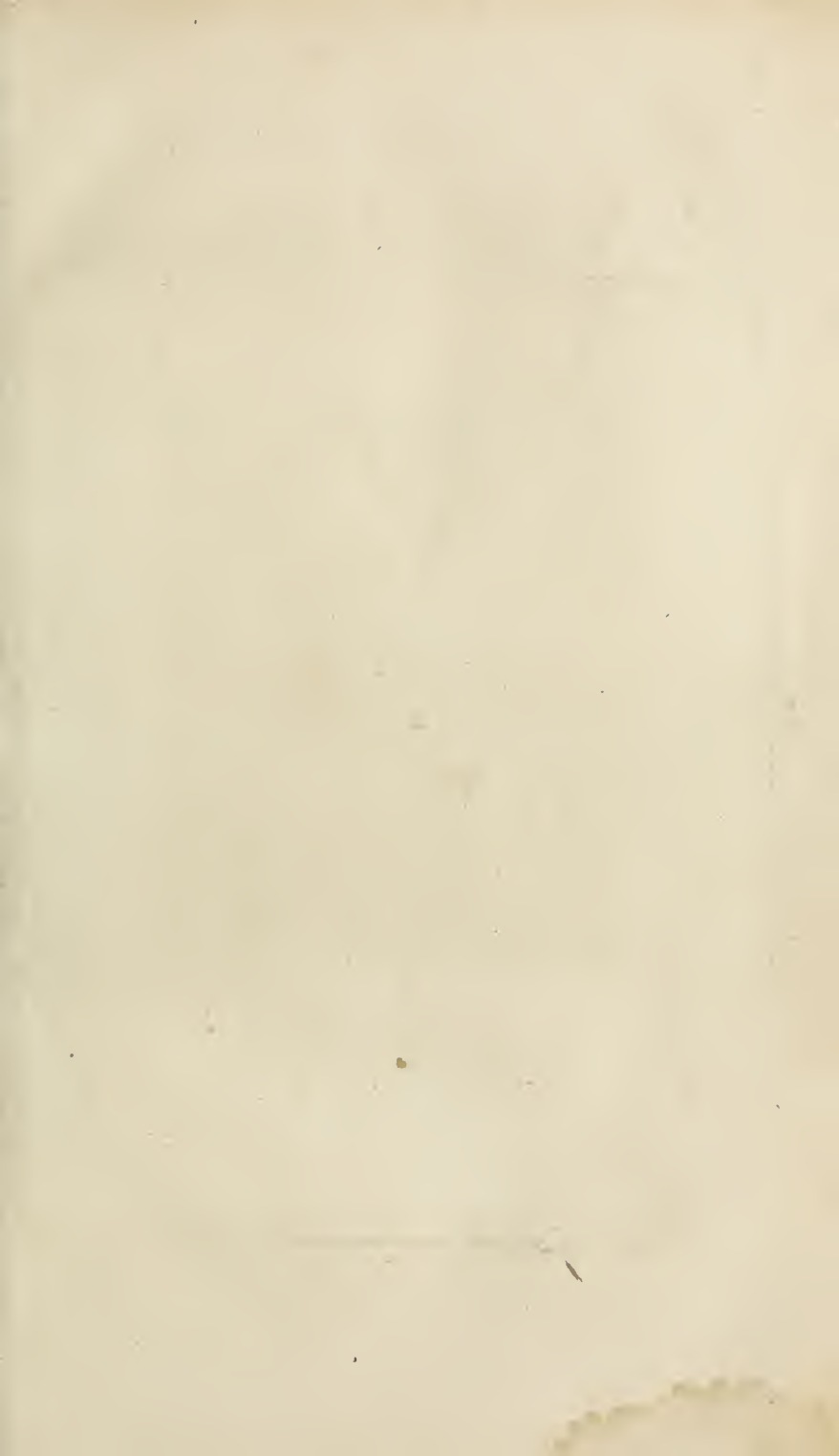
We are happy, however, to add that the Alderman sustained no personal injury of any consequence, except in the eyes, which were so hermetically sealed up by the Captains fists, that it was deemed necessary to send a Pilot with his pole, to see the Magistrate safe to his residence. The Captain suffered mostly in his Cloaths, as they were so long worn and so tender that they were literally removed from his back by the hands of Sand-box. A man losing his all is a serious evil, the Alderman might have lost his chain, wit out feeling an equal sensation with his uncovered conqueror.

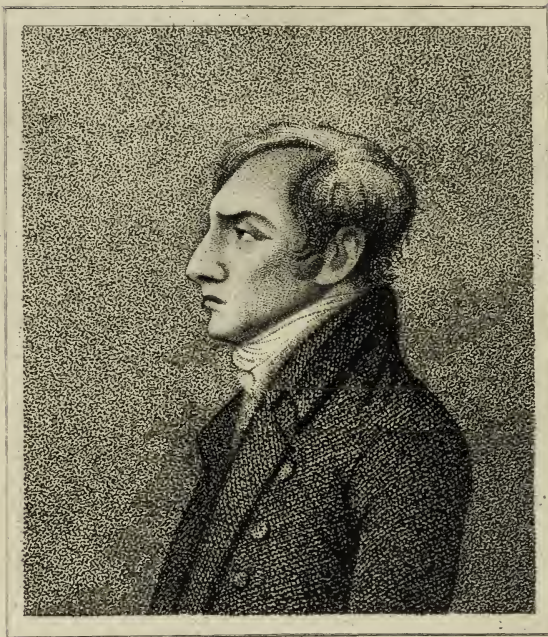
—O—

MILITARY OBITUARY.

On the 10th of December, at his house in Glasnevin Lieut. General Barber.— This gallant Officer, made a very conspi-

cuous figure in the North of Ireland, in the years 1793, 4, 5, 6 and 7, then a Captain in the late Irish Artillery, he held a distinguished Command under General Lake, (afterwards the renowned Lord Lake) Captain Barber's line of operations and services were mostly directed to the invasion of Freemason Lodges, Suppression of Newspapers, conveying and instructing Informers: among the most eminent of his victories, the following are the most remarkable—First the skilful manner he possessed himself of a Lodge, while sitting in a village near Belfast; under the direction of his superior officer, taking possession of the Types, Presses and Paper, of the Northern Star Newspaper, which he effectually destroyed, without sustaining any serious loss, on the part of his gallant companions. The manner he entered the town of Belfast, and the skilful disposition he made for conducting his detachment on that serious occasion, are still spoken of, in high terms of scientific approbation by the most eminent of our Dublin tacticians. The signposts, which bore the Portraits of Doctor Franklin and General Dumourier, were taken possession of, in seven minutes after entering the Town, cut down and carried off, with surprising celerity. A fellow of the name of Macabe, a watchmaker and Silvermith, had his windows and furniture broken very accurately, with the same success on the part of the assailants. His management of Newell the Informer, and the application of that man's talents, to the destruction of his comrades and friends, displayed much taste for criminal diplomacy, and well regulated stratagem in the Captain, who conducted Newell through the streets of Belfast, with his face concealed in a black crape, through which he could see such persons as his information destined for destruction. These are the most prominent achievements that ornament the character of the Lieutenant General. His Military Life closed with the extinction of the Irish Regiment of Artillery. From the busy field of Mars, he transferred his attachments to the worship of Fortune, whose favours he sought with unremitting attention. At the sublime game of Hazard, he was busied of the Blind Goddesses votaries, with every rank of whom he spent every succeeding night; we regret to say, not with such success as the zeal merited.





ROBERT EMMET.

Engraved for the Irish Magazine.

THE IRISH MAGAZINE,

AND
MONTHLY ASYLUM
FOR
NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1809.

ISLAND OF KINGS.

IRELAND formerly the Asylum of Holy men as it is at present of Soldiers, and taxgatherers, attained to so distinguished a reputation, for the sanctity and learning that resorted to it, from the oppression and barbarism of the Vandals and Franks, whose irruptions and conquests, were directed, not only to the subversion of ancient establishments, and venerable dynasties, but to the extinction of true Religion and letters, was very honourably denominated the Island of Saints.

Her affectionate manufacturing sister, with equal prosperity may be called the "Island of Kings," where the germ, or seed of LEGITIMATE royalty has found a retreat from the usurpation and tyranny of a Corsican adventurer, and will be preserved by due care unadulterated for the use of such kingdoms and principalities, as

time and revolution, may enable to resume their ancient and inexpressible rights, by rescuing themselves from the present dynasty, that has possessed itself of the whole of the forfeited Kingdoms, Dukedoms and Republics, of the Christian Continent.

England generous and magnanimous, is become the depository of fugitive monarchy; England the glory and admiration of the world, has lately laid in such a various and HEAVY stock of the spirit and life of royalty, that the world can never want kings or queens of the purest materials; she will be able to accommodate any country that future exigencies may put in need of, a house of real royal blood, and by the care paid to the intercourse between the male and female, it is reasonably conjectured that princes and princesses, may be manufactured to the highest polish

polish and perfection, become a kind of staple, and may be exported in bales and boxes, like old **SAFERY** and **HAND-SAWS**, to every climate, where British generality and manufactures, possess their accustomed reputation.

If ever Brunswick, Hanover, or Holland, may want a branch of their old Princes and Stadtholders, what a fortunate convenience, by writing an order to the principal agents of the Royal Infirmary, at London, or such other part of England, as it may be erected in, a prince may be had on the shortest notice; nothing to do, but fold, pack, and ship him for his destined port, as per outvoise. We hope duties ad Valorem, will be raised on each article, to be applied to the sinking fund, for paying off the national debt.

If ever we succeed in dethroning the Corsican, by **PUBLIC FASTS** and news-paper ammunition, we will have the pleasure of furnishing unfortunate, though Popish France with a real prince, properly fed and handled, of the thick headed house of Capet. Naples, Sardinia, Austria, Prussia, Sweden and even the Sublime Port, are expected to furnish a considerable addition to the British breeding cages.

—o—

Remark on a passage in Doctor Elrington's attack on Doctor Milner.

DOCTOR ELRINGTON, late of the Dublin College, has added his labours in the form of a pamphlet to those of the numerous writers of the British Religion, who have entered the lists against the Rev. Doctor Milner, and with as little

claim either to originality, erudition or variety, as any of them. The Protestant Doctor keeps a very humbledistance from any presumption to literary acquirements with a view of immortalising his name as a rival in the world of letters with the Catholic Englishman. The only remarkable passage in his trifling production is where he has the confidence to assert, that no person of the Catholic faith suffered death in the reign of the chaste and exemplary head of the Church Elizabeth for their religion, in the following words; "Now I defy him Dr. Milner, to produce a single instance of any Roman Catholic who was tried in that or any other reign, as a heretic; many I grant were condemned as traitors, and I believe Dr. Milner will not deny that many deserved to be so condemned."

To give such a fragrant perversion of truth to the world at this day, in defiance of historic facts, of numerous statutes written in Catholic blood, and extant records of judicial proceedings, is a piece of literary affrontery, and pious fraud that would not discredit any of the tales which the enemies of Catholic Christianity ascribe to the darkest ages. This Protestant Priest, is as dexterous in defending the reign and the fanaticism of his royal lady, as any casuist who preceded him. Of the unfortunate and numerous victims, which this woman immolated, we here insert the names of a few of them; Patrick Kelly, Bishop of Mayo; Dermot o'Henley, Archbishop of Cashel; The first Prelate was tortured, previous to execution, by breaking his legs with hammers, and thrusting needles under his finger nails, The Archbishop was also tortured, by
being

being obliged to wear jack-boots for many days before his death, containing quick lime and oil. With these suffered death, Richard Creagh, Archbishop of Armagh; and Edmund Magauran, his successor; Cornelius o'Duane, Bishop of Down; and Edmund Gallagher, Bishop of Derry.

After this small sample of her murdered subjects, will the learned divine or his apologists, or fanatical sollovers, persist to say they were not sufferers for their religion? Nothing surprises us more than a voluptuous woman of her character, could spare so much of her time from her lusts, and be able to attend so piously to the advancement of an infant Church, by feeding the carnivorous nursling with the blood of her innocent people. The Doctor, her admirer, perhaps excuses her, as a duty he is rendering to the name of the good old woman, for the establishment which he says gave him bread twenty six years, founded by royal and literary munificence, and dedicated to the blessed Trinity in College Green, for the propagation of Protestant piety, and other good purposes, for spreading the light of the Gospel and the forgetfulness of forfeited properties among the wild Irish.

The Doctor, we presume, rests his learned assertions, on the ingenious expedients made use of to extirpate the Catholic Faith, without appearing to murder for the sake of religion. It was enacted, that saying Mass or teaching any of the Popish superstitions, thereby denying the supremacy of the Queen, was declared Acts of High Treason. The odium of persecuting for Religion was thus clumsily avoided,

and the offenders were tried and executed for the treason only.

This device is of a piece, or rather an imitation of a *HE TYRANT* in antiquity; when some of his favourites had the courage to tell him he was breaking through an ancient law, that interdicted punishing a virgin capitally, at the same time remarking there was a young woman of this description, among a crowd of victims going to execution. His Majesty with every due respect to justice, saw the precipice he stood on, and very prudently avoided a breach of established and ancient forms, by ordering the hangman to violate the culprit. Thus he acquitted himself in the eyes of justice; it was not a virgin that suffered, nor was it a priest that was hanged, in the more modern case, as he was altered into a traitor. If mankind was afflicted by the peccadillos of a Tiberius, or an Elizabeth, they have been amply remunerated by the legal explanations of a Sejanus and an Elrington: we will leave to our readers to judge of the royal piety of Elizabeth, and of the man who at this day would acquit her of persecution and every species of cruelty, by the following concise character, taken from an eminent British writer.

Amidst the infamous calumnies which Elizabeth was solicitous to fix on the Queen of Scots, it must excite the highest indignation to consider her own contempt of chastity, and the unprincipled licentiousness of her private life. See Hayne Collect, of state papers p 99 &c. Even when pained with age, she was yet burning with unquenchable desires, and vain of her haggard and cadaverous form, sought

sought to allure to her many lovers. See Murdin p. 558, &c. and the discoveries of a writer, whose pen, elegant, poignant, inquisitive and polite, improves and embellishes every topic that it canvasses; Walpole, Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors Vol. 1. p. 126. (Stuart Vol. 11,)

—o—

MEMOIRS OF GENERAL TANDY.

(Concluded from October Magazine.)

ON his arrival to Bordeaux, The Commander in Chief of the South, notified in the most public manner in general orders, in the following words :

“ Head quarters, Bordeaux, 26 Ventose, year 10.

DUFOUR, General of Division, Commander in Chief of the 11th Military Division.

Certifies that the brave republican General Napper Tandy, landed at Bordeaux, the 20th Inst. and purposes setting out in a few days to visit the First Consul, in consequence he prays all civil and military authorities to show him every respect and attention, and to afford him every service and attention of which he may stand in need.

DUFOUR.”

This notification was recieved in Bordeaux, by every class of citizens with the most lively marks of affection towards the Venerable Irish chieftan, The military force was ordered out to receive him, the commander in chief accompanied by seven general officers, with the whole of the staff waited on him in a body, as did also the civil authorities to congratulate him on his arrival. A discharge of cannon took place, with general illuminations, public dinners and

every demonstration of joy, was testified by all ranks, shortly after Bonaparte had him promoted to the rank of general of division at that time the highest situation in the French Army.

General Tandy did not long survive the honor he received at the hands of the First Consul he contracted a dysentery which resisted all efforts of medical aid, and died the 24th of August, 1803, after an indisposition of twelve days his funeral was attended by the whole of the army in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux and an unusual concourse of the Citizens.

—o—

BRITISH ATROCITIES IN INDIA.

THE following account of the conduct of a Col. Munro, in his own statements taken from his examination by the British House of Commons, for unprecedented ferocity on his part and gallantry and heroism on the part of the brave Black men, whom he murdered, there are few greater examples in history. The expulsion of the Moreos from Spain, and the wickedness of the first invaders of America, are frequently described by British writers with unbecoming affectation of humanity, while the tyranny and atrocities exercised in India, by a mercantile company of Britons, are as carefully kept from the public eye.

“ In April 1764, I was under orders from his Majesty’s Secretaries of State and War, to return to Europe with such of his Majesty’s troops as did not choose to enlist into the Company’s service. I was accordingly to have embarked

ed with the troops the beginning of May, on board a Mocoa ship, which was to sail for Europe; but before I embarked, there were two expresses arrived from Bengal, acquainting the Governor and Council at Bombay, that Shujah Dowla and Cossim Ally Khan had marched into the province of Bengal at the head of sixty thousand men: that Major Adams, was in the utmost consternation, and the Company's affairs in the greatest danger; they therefore requested that the Governor and Council of Bombay would apply to me to go round immediately to take the command of the army, with his Majesty's troops, and as many as could be spared from the Presidency of Bombay. As his Majesty's intention in sending out troops to India, by the orders I had, was to assist and defend the Company in their different settlements, I thought it would not be answering the intention of sending them out, to return and leave the Company's affairs in that state. I therefore complied with the request, that I would immediately repair with the troops I had carried round from Bombay, to join the army which were in cantonments at Patna, and take the command of them.

"I found the army, Europeans as well as Sepoys, mutinous, deserting to the enemy, threatening to carry off their officers to the enemy, demanding an augmentation of pay, demanding large sums of money, which they said had been promised by the Nabob, and disobedient to all order: four hundred of the Europeans had gone off in a body, and joined the enemy some time before I joined the army. This

being the situation the army was in, I fully determined to endeavour to conquer that mutinous disposition in them, before I would attempt to conquer the enemy. I accordingly went with a detachment of the King and Company's Europeans from Patna, with four field-pieces of artillery, to Chippera, one of the cantonments. I think the very day or the day after I arrived, a whole battalion of Sepoys went off to join the enemy. I immediately detached an hundred Europeans and a battalion of Sepoys, to bring them back to me; the detachment came up with them in the night time, found them asleep, took them prisoners, and carried them back to Chippera, where I was ready to receive them. I immediately ordered the officers to pick me out fifty of the men of the worst characters, and who they thought might have enticed the battalion to desert to the enemy; they did pick me out fifty; I desired them to pick me four and twenty men out of the fifty of the worst characters.—I immediately ordered a field court martial to be held of their own black officers, and after representing to the officers the heinous crime the battalion had been guilty of, desired they would immediately bring me their sentence; they found them guilty of mutiny and desertion, sentenced them to suffer death, and left the manner to me; I ordered, immediately, four of the twenty-four to be tied to the guns, and the artillery officers to prepare to blow them away. There was a remarkable circumstance, four grenadiers represented, as they always had the post of honour, they thought they were

were intitled to be first blown away ; the four battalion men were untied from the guns and the four grenadiers tied, and blown away ; upon which, the European officers of the battalions of Sepoys, who were then in the field, came and told me, that the Sepoys would not suffer any more of the men to be blown away. I ordered the artillery officers to load the four field-pieces with grape shot, and draw up the Europeans with their guns in the intervals ; desired the officers to return at the heads of their battalions ; ordered them immediately to ground their arms, and if any one of them attempted to move, I would give orders to fire upon them, and treat them the same as if they were Shujah Dowla's army. They did ground their arms, and did not attempt to take them up again, upon which I ordered sixteen more of the twenty-four men to be tied to the guns by force, and blown away the same as at the first, which was done : I immediately ordered the other four to be carried to a cantonment, where there had been a desertion of the Sepoys sometime before, with positive orders to the commanding officer at that cantonment, to blow them away, in the same manner at the guns, which was accordingly done, and which put an end to the mutiny and desertion."

— o —

SWADDLING MISSIONARIES.

On Saturday 24th of December last, a pair of men with artificial countenances and black clothes, such as very frequently disturb the Public peace, under the af-

fection of piety, preaching from stools and casks, in several parts of the town of Portumna, with their illiterate enthusiasm ; some respectable Inhabitants of the village, very properly admonished the apostles of ignorance and innovation, to discontinue their stupid rhapsodies, as it was understood, the language they made use of, by deriding and insulting the towns people for their religious opinions, became so intolerable, that notwithstanding, the confidence they acted with, under the patronage of some men in military uniforms, they would exasperate so, that their chances for the palm of martyrdom, would at least be ten to one, in their favour. This notification had not the desired effect, whether they were intoxicated with the approaching glory of sealing their faith with their lives, or conscious of the power of their redallies we know not, they persisted in their work of Grace, and with considerable aggravations, by authority of the spirit they contained in the Law and the Gospels. In the midst of their labours, a torrent of men rolled to the base of the Casks, that supported them, and without hearing any of the military converts and assistants, the whole body of Grace and Sin, black and red were deeply immersed in the kennel, bayonets and bibles, swords and hymn-books, lay scattered on the hostile plain. The Saints after collecting their tools and shaking off the tempered dust from their garments departed, thanking the Lord for the honors he wisely decreed them.

By law, such as the Vandal penal laws against the Catholic faith. A Romish Clergyman dare

not

not officiate in any public place outside of his house of Worship, and any ignorant idle fanatic who prefers preaching to labour, may not only distribute his nonsense, but is protected in giving every

insult that malice or ignorance can invent to a people, whose pastors, are by law condemned to every ignominy, by being condemned to silence.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Strictures on Doctor Milner's Tour, and on Mr. Clinch's Inquiry ; with a new plan for obtaining Emancipation for the Catholics of Ireland ; humbly submitted to their friends in Parliament—A Conciliatory Tract——By the Rev. EDMOND RYAN, D. D. &c. &c. Watson, Chapel Street.

THE Irish press has within these two months, been very productive of new publications of a controversial and political nature. Like every other natural question, the VETO seems to have greatly interested the public mind—All parties speak of it, all write on it.—The people now see the immense importance of that question and the sensation which it has given will we think be almost everlasting—The enemies of the Catholics on the one side accuse them of an unfriendly feeling to their Protestant brethren and the English nation, for not quietly parting with the dearest rights of their religion ; and the friends of the Catholics on the other, endeavour to represent the concession of a negative as fraught with danger to the Irish Catholic Church, but also destructive of the little remnant of national spirit and independence of which we have not been robbed.—We have so often and in such terms of reprobation, expressed our opinion on this measure that it be mere repetition to write it here. We however determined never to suffer any writer to soil misrepresentation or malevolence on the public, and in that determination

we set down to make a few remarks on Doctor Ryan's publication—This Doctor, of unshrinkingly modesty, has here favoured us with his ideas on the VETO, on Catholic Emancipation, on Doctor Milner, and Mr. Clinch—he takes some opportunities to praise himself and exults in the foot of his ADDRESS AND HIS ANSWER TO WARD'S ERRATA, never having been replied to.—We cannot account for the silence of Catholic divines on those words, but were we to conjecture, a very simple reason would suggest itself, which we are sure never could enter the Doctor's head, namely, that the Catholic Divines did not think them worthy an answer.—Doctor Milner, however has a little more compassion on him, and has in a second edition of his Tour, spent a few sheets on his ANALYSIS OF WARD'S ERRATA—This is pleasing information for the Doctor, and soon we suppose, shall we have his REJOINDER—In the pamphlet before us, a mere FAR-RO, GO, we will not hesitate to say, of contracted misstatement, long confused doctrines, and wilful misrepresentation of Doctor Milner's motives, we recognize the old intolerant

tolerant ascendancy-man, who still yells from the grave into which he is descending, and annoys the world with one of the last and dying speeches of orangism, what must we think of the candour of that writer who accuses Doctor Milner, with coming over to Ireland for the purpose of influencing "by his arts and talents certain Bishops, who promised the negative, to retract that promise." All Ireland well knows how zealously Doctor Milner exerted himself to have the negative controul vested in the King, and the readers of the Irish Magazine, have seen how he has been treated by the Irish, for this very zealous support of the very hated measure; and yet how disgusting to any man of sense or of honour must the following passage of Doctor Ryan appear, after the certain knowledge of Doctor Milner's motives and exertions—"During the last Session of Parliament" Says Doctor Ryan, "A motion was made for granting to the Irish Romanists certain political privileges which has been withheld from them:—but the Pope's Supremacy in Ireland was the chief obstacle and to promote peace here, certain Popish Bishops acquainted their friends in parliament, that they were ready to allow the King a negative in the appointment of their prelates. Dr. Milner the Pope's Vicar in England finding his master's authority likely to suffer some diminution in Ireland, by the King's negative, employed all his talents to defeat the good purposes of certain ROMISH Bishops and of the Legislature"—"The support of the Pope's supremacy" he continues "seems to have been the

grand Tour, and the other points were introduced to amuse his readers and to keep them in the dark in respect to the main design of the performance"—Judge honest reader, if Doctor Ryan's candour and sense and fair dealing after this passage—certainly we will be excused from the nauseous task of wading thro' the mire of the doctor's publication, after this specimen of misrepresentation even in the very first page of his pamphlet.—Is it to such writing as this, dear Doctor, that you expect dignified, truth-loving Divines will reply? We cannot help admiring the baseness you betray when you plume yourself on the invincibility of your reasoning and your statements.

Through the whole of the pamphlet the author thrusts to our view his malignity and hatred for his own nation—He is angry with Doctor Milner for representing the Irish as they are and have been, a suffering and oppressed people—He piously wishes that the Catholics would renounce the doctrines of their Church, making as much as is in his poor power, those doctrines appear mischievous to the state; his peevishness appears even in his style of writing, for scarcely through the whole of his 89 pages does he call the Catholics but by their nick-names of PAPISTS and ROMANISTS, &c. The Catholic Clergy are POPISH and ROMISH priests, &c.—In fine, we think the pamphlet malevolent, mischievous, carelessly written, and tending to no possible good purpose—Alas! has ASCENDANCY no other defenders—Where are the Woodwardes?—Why is Doctor Duigenan silent?—

*(History and Biography, Continued
from p 18)*

THE title of generallissimo, conferred on Condé by his catholic majesty, appears to have given an air of feebleness to the whole of his conduct. According to some, from the moment he assumed the command, he ought not to have yielded to any one, but, on the contrary, punished whosoever dared to disobey him. Such, however, is usually the fate of a rebel, who surrenders himself to the enemies of his country: he renounced the duties of a jubeat, to impose on himself the yoke of a slave."

At this period, we are told, "Charles II. of England, dethroned by Cromwell, sought a retreat in the low countries; and Condé, who never measured his esteem by the caprices of fortune, obliged the Spaniards, by his example, to pay him the greatest respect."

While his army was encamped in the vicinity of Dunkirk, the prince fell sick, and was supposed to be in the most imminent danger. On this, the queen sent the physician Guénaut to his assistance; and even Mazarin himself thought it becoming to feign a sorrow which he did not feel. His convalescence, we are told, was equally grateful to the French and their enemies; a circumstance perhaps unexampled in history.

At length, after a civil war of considerable duration, Don Louis de Haro, the Spanish ambassador insisted, during the famous conference with Mazarin, in the *Ile des Faisans*, that M. le Prince should be re-established in all his honours, estates, employments, governments, &c. that he should receive a million of crowns from Spain, in

addition to the five millions paid under the name of subsidies, and that all his friends should be restored and indemnified.

On this he left Brussels, in 1660, re entered France, embraced Mazarin near Aix, who had advanced two leagues to receive him, and then fell at the feet of Louis XIV. who assured him that every thing was forgotten. In order, however, that he might cease to be dangerous to the state, the troops who had fought so bravely under his command were sent to the assistance of the republic of Venice.

On the death of the cardinal, which occurred not long after, Condé determined to retire from court, for the express purpose of superintending the education of his son. Nearly at the same time (1664) he received 400,000 crowns from Spain, which he caused to be distributed among his friends, although he himself at that very moment was in great need of money. In 1665, he married the Duke d'Enghien to the Princess Palatine, Anna of Bavaria, on which he repaired to Chantilly, and spent his life tranquilly, surrounded by many of the great men of the age of Louis XIV.

In 1667, he sent his son to the army, then commanded by Turenne; and he himself in 1668. was persuaded by the king to take the field also. On his appearance, Dole capitulated, and the whole of Franche Comté was obliged to submit.

In 1671, Condé separated from his consort, whom he had never loved. She was the niece of Cardinal de Richelieu, a man ever detested by him: but he ought to have recollected that she had been faithful to him amidst his misfortunes.

About the same time he was consulted by Louis XIV. on the best manner of depriving the Dutch of

their commerce, to which he replied "I know but one way, fire, and that is, to conquer Holland," War was accordingly declared, and his majesty immediately placed himself at the head of 110,000 men; being accompanied at the same time by the Prince, the Duke d'Enghien, and Turenne. On this occasion, a distinguished place was assigned in the camp to Condé; and when he complained of this to the king, Louis observed, "that he considered him the general in chief, and was anxious that all due honours should be paid to his highness.

As the prince was of opinion that his majesty had, formerly failed in his attempt to conquer Flanders by dividing his force, it was now determined to attack Holland with the whole of the French army; but there was a difference of opinion as to the mode; for Condé was inclined to proceed by the Meuse, while the king by the advice of Turenne preferred the Lower Rhine. It was on this occasion, that Louis XIV. by the advice of the prince, crossed the Rhine with his army, an event celebrated at that period by means of pictures medals, and prints but which in our day has ceased to be considered as in the least important.

The hero of France, during an action with the Dutch, received a wound in the hand, in consequence of which he repaired to Emmerick, whence he sent word to his majesty that Amsterdam was the place against which all his efforts ought to be directed. 'But the excessive prudence of another great man decided otherwise; and Louis XIV. was generally blamed on this occasion, for not having preferred the fire of Condé to the head of Turenne.

The issue of this irruption into the United Provinces is well known, and it required no small share of skill

and perseverance on the part of Luxembourg, to be able to bring back the French army in safety.

In 1673 the prince took the field; and being detained some time at Utrecht where all the learned men of Holland were then assembled, by a fit of the gout, he eagerly sought their society of which he never tired; and his genius and his knowledge produced that equality which his rank seemed to exclude. This hero was fully convinced that "the conversation of men of letters powerfully contributes to charm all ages and all ranks of life; that it forms infancy enlightens youth, diverts manhood, consoles old age and only affrights fools.

Although Condé appears at this period of his life not to have been very religious, yet he gave orders for public prayers, in which the success of his majesty's arms was invoked. The catholics in the united provinces appears to have been highly gratified with this measure; but it is frankly allowed that the Protestants were better citizens and better patriots. Their enthusiasm, we are told, "reanimated the courage of their chiefs, laid open the treasures of the rich, incited the labours of the poor, and added to the value and the industry of all. Forts were elevated on every side, the dykes were cut, the country was laid under water; in fine devastation, the usual companion of slavery and of death, became for this once the pledge of life, and the guarantee of liberty. After having exhausted every human precaution, these heretics also dared to implore the assistance and succour of the divinity; they elevated their prophane but suppliant hands towards heaven; they opposed fervour to regularity; and the least orthodox vows appeared to be the only ones attended to by the supreme being,

who in his goodness undoubtedly attends rather to the necessities than the opinions of mankind."

At length, in 1676 the health of Condé obliged him to think in earnest of retreat, and 'after thirty-five years of glory and success he besought the king to bestow the command of the army on his son who was than thirty-three years of age."

He returned, however from Chantilly, on the marriage of the Prince of Conti with Mademoiselle de Blois. Previously to this he had been very simple and even very negligent in point of dress but he now appeared in court to the astonishment of every one, with his upper lip shaved and his sword and clothes adorned with diamonds. On his return home, he began to embellish his noble residence, and at the same time kept up an acquaintance with the greatest men of his time; in short, all who were illustrious among the magistrates, generals, men of letters, and artists of that day.

"The hero corresponded or conversed with Creque Luxembourg and Chamilly; the statesman, with d'Estrade, Barillon, Polignac: the Prince, with Boucherat, and Lamoignon; the connoisseur, with Mansard, Le Notre, and Coisevor; the man of eloquence with Bossuet and Bourdaloue: the philosopher, with La Bruyere, and La Rochefaucauld; the man of letters with Poileau, Racine, Santeuil La Fare, Mademoiselle de Scudery, and Madame de la Fayette."

Condé had hitherto paid little attention to his religious duties; "but the conversion of the Princes Palatine, the edifying death of the Prince de Conti, and still more his own sister, the Duchesse de Longueville, effected greater wonders in a single moment than forty years of search and examination."

Having learned from one of his physicians that he could not expect to live longer than a few days, he occupied his whole attention with his duties as a parent and a christian. Father Deschamps acted on this occasion as his confessor, and that Jesuit required of him, that he should make a public reparation for the scandal that he had occasioned."

After taking leave of his family and domestics, the great Condé expired, on Monday December 1, 1686. at seven o'clock in the morning. On receiving intelligence of this event, Louis XIV. exclaimed I have then lost the greatest man in my whole dominions!" The corpse was carried without pomp to Valery, where it was interred with that of his ancestors; but his heart was deposited in the church belonging to the Jesuits, in the Rue St. Antoine. A funeral service was performed, at Notre Dame on which occasion Bossuet pronounced one of his most celebrated orations.

To Mr. Walter Cox, Editor of the Irish Magazine.

DEAR WATTY.

Having seen sometime since in the public papers a resolution said to be entered into at Rokeby Hall by the following gentlemen, viz.

Lord Southwell
Sir Edward Bellew,
Richard Strange,
John Byrne,
John Taafe.
Matthew O'Reilly;
Henry Chester,
William Bellew,
John Taafe junior,
Francis Bellew,
P. Coleman, junior and
Gerald Bellew,

And whereas this resolution tended in a great measure to extort from Dr. O'Reilly his sanction to the Veto—now many false copies of this said resolution having gone abroad, I am sure it will gratify you to have from an honest correspondent a pure and fair statement of this transaction. —You must know then, Sir, that the following is the original, real, concise and attested document—I have the honour to remain with the assurance of my highest consideration, your obedient servant to command.

JACK SQUIB.

Dundalk, December, 10th 1808.

RESOLUTION EXTRAORDINARY.

{ At a meeting of the undersigned *natural representatives* of the county of Louth, held by appointment at *Rogueby*—All the residence of Lord Dupe Youngfool. It was resolved that the following letter be transmitted to Dr. Weakman and his answer thereto be requested.

THE LETTER.

Rogueby All, Oct. 26, 1808.

MY LORD,

We, the undersigned, *natural representatives* of the county of Louth, beg leave to approach your lordship with mighty great respect and veneration. Hearing that your lordship assisted at a synod of Roman Catholic Bishops, where according to rumour it was determined not to make any innovation in the mode of appointing Irish Catholic Prelates—now we deeply impressed with the idea of the incalculable mischief the knowledge

of such a resolution, on the part of government, will be to our hopes—and penetrated with the conviction of the zeal which our pious and zealous sovereign will display for the good of the Catholic church, and above all, feeling grateful to the English nation and government for all the pains, penalties, disabilities and sufferings, which were at any period inflicted on us either in the persons of our ancestors or ourselves; beg leave to apply to your lordship in this our tribulation, humbly hoping that you in your good nature and equivocation, will for our sakes, be weak and disingenuous enough to make up some kind of an answer to this our letter, whereby it will appear to the people that the bishops did not really pass the resolution so destructive of our schemes., We beg leave to beg your lordship's pardon, for imposing on you this hard task, but at the same time you yourself must see the necessity for doing something in furtherance of our projects and likewise, your lordship will take notice that we are all mighty respectable men, who have it in our power to serve your lordship.—We therefore most sanguinely hope that without telling a *lie direct*, your lordship will be kind enough to strain your ingenuity for the decent penning of a *circumstantial one*. In our solicitude for the success of our present manœuvre, we after mature plotting and machination have considered that an answer to the following effect would serve our purpose:

“That you think and are certain,
“that in forming their resolution the
“prelates did not mean to decide,
“that the admission of a *Veto* or *negative* on the part of the crown,
“with the consent of the Holy See,
“in the election of Roman Bishops,
“would be contrary to the doctrine
“of the Roman catholic church, or

“to any practice or usage *essentially*
 “and indispensably connected with
 “the Roman catholic religion.”

Then, my lord, after writing this much in compliment to us, you will have it in your power to conclude it as you please glossing over as well as you can the visual falsehood, which *we know from some of the prelates* themselves is contained in what we wish you to send us back.

We trust that the nature of the business which renders delay highly prejudicial, will plead our excuse for requesting the answer as soon as possible. We have the honour to be my lord, Your lordship's very obedient humble servants,

Lord Dupe Youngfoot,
 Neddy Pinchbelly, Baronet,
 Dicky Odd Fellow,
 Viscount Naggin of Mullinahack
 Taffy Downdilly of Uxorstown,
 Matty O'Landhark,
 Chester Skinner,
 Lawyer Long belly,
 Master Taffy Downdilly,
 Frank Kitebelly,
 Jew Jalop Mancole,
 Garret Nobelly.

N. R. *The good natured Dr.*
WEAKMAN did return the answer
dictated and required.

The celebrated speeches of Mr. Curran, becoming so scarce, and now of much sought for, by the Irish public, we think we could not present more valuable articles to our numerous readers, than by inserting them, one of which we give in this month's publication, and will continue them in each succeeding number.

S P E E C H

O F

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN esq

IN DEFENCE OF

MR. JOHN HEVEY, PLAINTIFF

CHARLES HENRY SIRR,

ESQ DEFENDANT.

ON AN

ACTION FOR AN ASSAULT

AND

FALSE IMPRISONMENT.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

On Monday, May 17th, 1802.

MR. CURRAN,

THEN stated the case for the plaintiff, in substance nearly to the following effect;

He began by telling the jury, it was the most extraordinary action he had ever met with. It must have proceeded from the most unexampled impudence in the plaintiff, if he has brought it wantonly; or the most unparalleled miscreancy in the defendant, if it shall appear supported by proof. And the event must stamp the most condign and indelible disgrace on the guilty defendant, unless an unworthy verdict should shift the scandal upon another quarter. On the record the action, he said appeared short and simple; it was an action of trespass *vi et armis*, for an assault, battery and false imprisonment. But the facts that led to it, that explain its nature, and its enormity, and of course that should measure the damages, were neither short nor simple; the novelty

of them might surprise, the atrocity must shock their feelings, if they had feelings to be shocked :— but, he said, he did not mean to address himself to any of their proud feelings of liberty ; the season for that was past. There was indeed, he said, a time when, in addressing a jury upon very inferior violations of human rights, he had felt his bosom glow and swell, with the noble and elevating consciousness of being a freeman, speaking to free-men, and in a free country ; where, if he was not able to communicate the generous flame to their bosoms, he was not at least so cold as not to catch it from them. But that was a sympathy, which he was not now so foolish as to affect either to inspire, or to participate. He would not insult them by the bitter mockery of such an affectation ; buried as they were, he did not wish to conjure up the shades of departed freedom to flutter round their tombs, to haunt or to reproach them. Where freedom is no more, it is a mischievous profanation to use her language ; because it tends to deceive the man who is no longer free, upon the most important of all points, that is, the nature of the situation to which he is reduced ; and to make him confound the licentiousness of words with the real possession of freedom. He meant not therefore, he said, to call for a haughty verdict, that might humble the insolence of oppression, or assert the fancied rights of independence. Far from it ; he only asked for such a verdict, as might make some reparation for the most extreme and unmerited sufferings, and might also tend to some probable mitigation of the public and general destiny. For this purpose, he said he must carry back their attention to the melancholy period of 1798. It was at that sad crisis, that the defendant, from an obscure individual, started into

notice and consequence. It is in the hot-bed of public calamity, that such portentous and inauspicious products are accelerated without being matured. From being a town-major, a name scarcely legible in the list of public incumbrances, he became at once invested with all the real powers of the most absolute authority. The life and the liberty of every man seemed to be given up to his disposal. With this gentleman's extraordinary elevation, began the story of the sufferings and the ruin of the plaintiff. It seems, a man of the name of M'Guire was prosecuted for some offence against the state. Mr. Hevey, the plaintiff, by accident was in court ; he was then a citizen of wealth and credit, a brewer in the first line of that business. Unfortunately for him, had heretofore employed the witness for the prosecution, and found him a man of infamous character. Unfortunately for himself, he mentioned this circumstance in court. The counsel for the prisoner insisted on his being sworn ; he was so. The jury were convinced, that no credit was due to the witness for the crown ; and the prisoner was accordingly acquitted. In a day or two after, Major Sirr met the plaintiff in the street, asked how he dared to interfere in his business ? and swore by God he would teach him how to meddle with " his people." Gentlemen, said Mr. Curran, there are two sorts of prophets, one that derives its source from real or fancied inspiration, and who are sometimes mistaken. But there is another class, who prophecy what they are determined to bring about themselves. Of this second, and by far the most authentic class, was the major ; for heaven you see has no monopoly of prediction. On the following evening poor Hevey was dogged in the dark into some lonely alley ; there he was seized, he knew not by whom, nor

by what authority—and became in a moment, to his family, and his friends as if he had never been. He was carried away in equal ignorance of his crime, and of his destiny; whether to be tortured, or hanged, or transported. His crime he soon learned; it was the treason which he had committed against the majesty of major Sirr. He was immediately conducted to a new place of imprisonment in the castle yard called the provost. Of this mansion of misery, of which you have since heard so much, major Sandys was and I believe yet is, the keeper; a gentleman of whom I know how dangerous it is to speak; and of, whom every prudent man will think, and talk with all due reverence. He seemed a twin star of the defendant—equal in honor, in confidence, equal also (for who could be superior?) in probity and humanity. To this gentleman was my client assigned, and in his custody he remained about seven weeks, unthought of by the world, as if he had never existed. The oblivion of the buried is as profound as the oblivion of the dead; his family may have mourned his absence or his probable death; but why should I mention so paltry a circumstance? The fears, or the sorrows of the wretched, give no interruption to the general progress of things. The sun rose, and the sun set, as it did before—the business of the government, the business of the castle, of the feast, or the torture, went on with their usual exactness and tranquillity. At last Mr. Hevey was discovered among the sweepings of the prison; and was at last to be disposed of. He was at last honoured with the personal notice of major Sandys.—“Hevey, (said the major,) I have seen you ride I think a smart sort of mare; you can’t use her here; you

had better give me an order for her.” The plaintiff, you may well suppose by this time had a tolerable idea of his situation. He thought he might have much to fear from a refusal, and something to hope from compliance; at all events, he saw it would be a means of apprizing his family that he was not dead:—he instantly gave the order required. The major graciously accepted it, saying, your courtesy will not cost you much, you are to be sent down to-morrow to Kilkenny to be tried for your life; you will most certainly be hanged; and you can scarcely think that your journey to the other world, will be performed on horseback. The humane and honourable major was equally a prophet with his compeer. The plaintiff on the next day took leave of his prison as he supposed for the last time, and was sent under a guard to Kilkenny, then the headquarters of Sir Charles Asgill, there to be tried by court martial for such crimes as might chance to be alleged against him. In any other country the scene took place on this occasion might excite no little horror and astonishment; but with us, these sensations are extinguished by frequency of repetition. I am instructed, that a proclamation was sent forth offering a reward to any man, who would come forward, and give any evidence against the traitor Hevey. An unhappy wretch, who had been shortly before condemned to die and was then lying ready for execution, was allured by the proposal. His integrity was not firm enough to hesitate long, between the alternative proposed; pardon, favour, and reward, with perjury, on one side; the rope and the gibbet on the other. His loyalty decided the question against his soul. He was examined, and Hevey was appointed by the sentence of a mild, and, no doubt, en-

lightened court-martial, to take the place of the witness, and succeed to the vacant halter. Hevey, you may suppose (continued Mr. Curran,) now thought his labours at an end; but he was mistaken: his hour was not yet come. You are probably, gentlemen, or you, my lord, are accounting for his escape, by the fortunate recollection of some early circumstances that might have smote upon the sensibility of sir Charles Asgil, and made him believe, that he was in debt to providence for the life of one innocent though convicted victim. But it was not so; his escape was purely accidental. The proceedings upon this trial happened to meet the eye of lord Cornwallis. The freaks of fortune are not always cruel; in the bitterness of her jocularity, you see she can adorn the miscreancy of the slave, in the trappings of power, and rank, and wealth. But her playfulness is not always inhuman; she will sometimes, in her gambols, fling oil upon the wounds of the sufferer; she will sometimes save the captive from the dungeon and the grave, were it not only that she might afterwards reassign him to his destiny, by the reprisal of capricious cruelty upon fantastic commiseration. Lord Cornwallis read the transmits of Hevey's condemnation; his heart recoiled from the detail of stupidity and barbarity. He dashed his pen across the odious record, and ordered that Hevey should be forthwith liberated. I cannot but highly honour him for his conduct in this instance; nor when I recollect his peculiar situation at that disastrous period, can I much blame him for not having acted with the same vigour and indignation, which he had since shewn with respect to those abominable jurisdictions. Hevey was now a man again—he shook the dust off his feet against his prison

gate: his heart beat the response to the anticipated embrace of his family, and his friends and he returned to Dublin. On his arrival here one of the first persons he met with was his old friend, major Sandys. In the eye of poor Hevey, justice and humanity had shorn the major of his beams—he no longer regarded him with respect or terror. He demanded his mare; observing, that though he might have travelled to heaven on foot, he thought it more comfortable to perform his earthly journeys on horseback. Ungrateful villian, says the major; is this the gratitude you shew to his majesty and to me, for our clemency to you? You shan't get possession of the beast, which you have forfeited by your treason: nor can I suppose, that a noble animal, that has been honoured with conveying the weight of duty and allegiance, could condescend to load her loyal loins with the vile burden of a convicted traitor. As to the major (said Mr. Curran) I am not surprised that he spoke and acted as he did. He was no doubt astonished at the imprudence and novelty of calling the privileges of official plunder into question. Hardened by the numberless instances of that mode of unpunished acquisition, he had erected the frequency of impunity into a sort of warrant of spoil and rapine. One of these instances, I feel, I am now bringing to the memory of your lordship. A learned and respected brother barrister had a silver cup; the major heard that for many years it had borne an inscription of "*Erin go bragh*" which meant "*Ireland for ever*." The major considered this perseverance in guilt for such a length of years as a forfeiture of the delinquent vessel. My poor friend was accordingly robbed of his cup. But, upon writing to the then attorney general, that ex-

cellent officer felt the outrage, as it was his nature to feel every thing that was barbarous or base; and the major's loyal side-board was condemned to the grief of restitution. And here, (said Mr. Curran) let me say in my own defence, that this is the only occasion, upon which I have ever mentioned this circumstance, with the least appearance of lightness. I have often told the story in a way that it would not become me to tell it here. I have told it in the spirit of those feelings, which were excited at seeing, that one man could be sober and humane, at a crisis, when so many thousands were drunk and barbarous. And probably my statement was not stinted by the recollection, that I held that person in peculiar respect and regard. But little does it signify, whether acts of moderation and humanity are blazoned by gratitude, by flattery, or by friendship; they are recorded in the heart from which they sprung; and, in the hour of adverse vicissitude, if it should ever come, sweet is the odour of their memory, and precious is the balm of their consolation. But to return; Hevey brought an action for his mare. The major not choosing to come into court, and thereby suggest the probable success of a thousand actions, restored the property, and paid the costs of the suit to the attorney of Mr. Hevey. It may perhaps strike you my lord, said Mr. Curran, as if I was stating what was not relevant to the action. It is materially pertinent; I am stating a system of concerted vengeance and oppression. These two men acted in concert; they were Archer and Aimwell. You master at Litchfield, and I at Coventry. You plunderer in the goal, and I tyrant in the street. And in our respective situations we will co-operate in the common cause of robbery and vengeance. And I state this, said Mr. Curran) because I see major Sandys

in court: and because I feel I can prove the fact, beyond the possibility of denial. If he does not dare to appear, so called upon, as I have called upon him, I prove it by his not daring to appear. If he does not venture to come forward, I will prove it by his own oath, or if he ventures to deny a syllable that I have stated, I will prove by irrefragable evidence, that his denial was false and perjured. Thus far, gentlemen, (said Mr. Curran) we have traced the plaintiff through the strange vicissitudes of barbarous imprisonment, of atrocious condemnation, and of accidental deliverance. (Here Mr. Curran described the feelings of himself and his family upon his restoration; his difficulties on his return; to his struggle against the aspersions on his character; his renewed industry; his gradual success; the implacable malignity of Sirr and of Sandys; and of the immediate cause of the present action.) Three years, said Mr. Curran, had elapsed since the deliverance of my client; the public atmosphere had cleared, the private destiny of Hevey seemed to have brightened, but the malice of his enemies had not been appeased. On the 8th of September last, Mr. Hevey was sitting in a public coffee-house, major Sirr was there. Mr. Hevey was informed that the major had at that moment said, that he (Hevey) ought to have been hanged. The plaintiff was fired at the charge he fixed his eye on Sirr and asked, if he had dared to say so? Sirr declared that he had, and had said truly. Hevey answered that he was a slanderous scoundrel. At the instant Sirr rushed upon him, assisted by three or four of his satellites, who had attended him in disguise, secured him and sent him to the castle guard, desiring that a receipt might be given for the villian. He was sent thither. The officer of the guard chanced to be an English-

man, but lately arrived in Ireland : he said to the bailiffs, if this was in England, I should think this gentleman entitled to bail, but I don't know the laws of this country. However, I think you had better loosen those irons from off his wrists, or I think they may kill him.

MAJOR SIRR, the defendant, soon arrived, went into his office, and returned with an order which he had written, and by virtue of which, Mr. Hevey was conveyed to the custody of his old friend and gaoler, major Sandys. Here he was flung into a room of about thirteen feet by twelve,—it was called the hospital of the provost.—It was occupied by six beds, in which were to lie fourteen or fifteen miserable wretches, some of them sinking under contagious diseases. On his first entrance, the light that was admitted by the opening of the door, disclosed to him a view of the sad fellow-sufferers, for whose loathsome society he was once more to exchange the chearful haunts of men, the use of open air, and of his own limbs ; and where he was condemned to expiate the disloyal hatred and contempt, which he had dared to shew to the overweening and felonious arrogance of slaves in office. and minions in authority ; here he passed the first night, without bed or food. The next morning his humane keeper, the major, appeared. The plaintiff demanded why he was so imprisoned ” complained of hunger, and asked for the goal allowance. Major Sandys replied, with a torrent of abuse, which he concluded by saying, —“ Your crime is your insolence to major Sirr ; however, he disdains to trample upon you—you may appease him by proper and contrite submission ; but unless you do so, you shall rot where you are.—I tell you this, that if government will not protect us, by God we will not protect

them. You will probably, (for I know your insolent and ungrateful hardness,) attempt to get out by an habeas corpus ; but in that you will find yourself mistaken, as such a rascal deserves.” Hevey was insolent enough to issue an habeas corpus, and a return was made upon it—“ Hevey was in custody under a warrant from general Craig, on a charge of treason.” That this return was a gross falsehood, fabricated by Sirr, I am instructed to assert.—Let him prove the truth of it if he can. The judge, before whom this return was brought, felt that he had no authority to liberate the unhappy prisoner ; and thus, by a most inhuman and malicious lie, my client was again remanded to the horrid mansion of pestilence and famine. Mr. Curran proceeded to describe the feelings of Mr. Hevey,—the despair of his friends—the ruin of his affairs—the insolence of Sandys—his offer to set him at large, on condition of making an abject submission to Sirr—the indignant rejection of Hevey,—the supplication of his father and sister, rather to submit to an enemy, however base and odious, than perish in such a situation ;—the repugnance of Hevey—the repetition of kind remonstrance ; and the final submission of Hevey to their entreaties ;—his signing a submission, dictated by Sandys, and his enlargement from confinement. Thus, said Mr. Curran, was he kicked from his goal into the common mass of his fellow slaves, by yielding to the tender entreaties of the kindred that loved him, to sign, what was in fact, a release of his claim to the common rights of human creature, by humbling himself to the brutal arrogance of a pampered slave. But he did suffer the dignity of his nature to be subdued by his kindness ; he has been enlarged, and he has brought the present action. As to the facts that he had been stated, Mr Curran said, he would make a few

observations.—it might be said for the defendant, that much of what was stated may not appear in proof. To that, he said, he would not have so stated, if he had not seen major Sandys in court; he had therefore put the facts against him in a way, which he thought the most likely to rouse him to a defence of his own character, if he dared to be examined as a witness. He had, he trusted, made him feel, that he had no way of escaping universal detestation, but by denying those charges, if they were false; and if they were not denied, being thus publicly asserted, his entire case was admitted—his original oppression in the provost was admitted—his robbery of the cup was admitted—his robbery of the mare was admitted—the lie so audaciously forged on the habeas corpus was admitted.—the extortion of the infamous apology was admitted—Again, said Mr. Curran, I challenge this worthy compeer of a worthy compeer to make his election, between proving his guilt by his own corporal oath, or by the more creditable modesty of his silence. And now, said Mr. Curran, I have given you a mere sketch of this extraordinary history. No country governed by any settled laws, or treated with common humanity, could furnish any occurrences of such unparalleled atrocity; and if the author of Caleb Williams, or of the Simple Story, were to read the tale of this man's sufferings, it might, I think, humble the vanity of their talents, (if they are not too proud to be vain,) when they saw how much a more fruitful source of incident could be found in the infernal workings of the heart of a malignant slave, than in the richest copiousness of the most fertile and creative imagination. But it is the destiny of Ireland to be the scene of such horrors, and to be stung by such reptiles to madness and to death. And now, said Mr. Curran, I feel

a sort of melaucholy pleasure, in getting nearly rid of this odious and nauseous subject. It remains to me only to make a few observations as to the damages you ought to give, if you believe the case of the plaintiff to be as I have stated. I told you before, that neither pride nor spirit belongs to our situation; I should be sorry to influence you into any apostish affectation of the port or stature of freedom or independence. But my advice to you is, to give the full amount of the damages laid in the declaration; and I'll tell you why I give you that advice; I think no damages could be excessive, either as a compensation for the injury of the plaintiff or as a punishment of the savage barbarity of the defendant; but my reasons for giving you this advice lie much deeper than such considerations; they spring from a view of our present most forlorn and disastrous situation. You are now in the hands of another country; that country has no means of knowing your real condition, except by information that she may accidentally derive from transactions of a public nature. No printer would dare to publish the thousand instances of atrocity, which we have witnessed as hideous as the present, nor any one of them, unless he did it in some sort of confidence, that he could scarcely be made a public sacrifice by brutal force, for publishing what was openly proved in a court of justice. Mr. Curran here made some pointed observations on the state of the country, where the freedom of the press is extinguished, and where another nation, by whose indolent mercy, or whose instigated fury, we may be spared, or sacrificed, can know nothing of the extent of our sufferings, or our delinquency, but by casual hearsay. I know, said he, that those philosophers have been abused, who think that men are born in a state of war. I confess I go far-

ther, and firmly think they cannot be reclaimed to a state of peace. When I see the conduct of man to man, I believe it. When I see the list of offences in every criminal code of Europe—when I compare the enormity of their crimes with the still greater enormity of their punishments, I retain no doubt upon the subject. But if I could hesitate as to men in the same community, I have no doubt of the inextinguishable malignity that will for ever inflame nation against nation. Well was it said, that, a “nation has no heart;” towards each other they are uniformly envious, vindictive, oppressive and unjust. What did Spain feel for the murders or the robberies of the west? nothing. And yet, at that time, she prided herself as much as England ever did on the elevation of her sentiment, and the refinement of her morality. Yet what an odious spectacle did she exhibit?—her bosom burning with all the fury of rapine and tyranny; her mouth full of the pious praises of the living God, and her hands red with the blood of his innocent and devoted creatures. When I advise you therefore to mark your feelings of the case before you don't think I mean, that you could make any general impression on the morality, or tenderness of the country, whose property we are become. I am not so foolish as to hope any such effect; practical justice and humanity are virtues that requires labourious acts, and mortifying privations; expect not therefore to find them; appeal not to them. But there are principles and feelings substituted in their place, a stupid preference and admiration of self, an affectation of humanity, and a fondness for unmerited praise, these you may find, for they cost nothing; and upon them you may produce some effect. When outrages of this kind are held up to the world, as done under the sanction of their authority,

they must become odious to mankind, unless they let fall some reprobation on the immediate instruments and abettors of such deeds. An Irish lord lieutenant will shrink from the imputation of countenancing them. Great Britain will see, that it cannot be her interest to encourage such an infernal spirit of subaltern barbarity, that reduces man to a condition lower than that of the beast of the field. They will be ashamed of employing such instruments as the present defendant. When the government of Ireland lately gave up the celebrated O'Brien to the hands of the executioner, I have no little reason to believe that they suffered as they deserved on the occasion. I have no doubt but that your verdict of this day, if you act as you ought to do, will produce a similar effect. And as to England, I cannot too often inculcate upon you that she knows nothing of our situation. When torture was the daily and ordinary system of the executive government, it was denied in London, with a profligacy of effrontery, equal to the barbarity with which it was exhibited in Dublin; and if the facts that shall appear to-day should be stated at the other side of the water, I make no doubt, but very near one hundred worthy persons would be ready to deny their existence upon their honour, or, if necessary, upon their oaths.

I CANNOT also but observe to you, continued Mr. Curran, that the real state of one country is more forcibly impressed on the attention of another, by a verdict on such a subject as this, than it could be by any general description. When you endeavour to convey an idea of a great number of barbarians practising a great variety of cruelties upon an incalculable multitude of sufferers, nothing defined or specific finds its way to the heart nor is any sentiment excited, save that of a general erratic unappropri-

ated commiseration, If, for instance, you wished to convey to the mind of an English matron the horrors of that direful period, when, in defiance of the remonstrance of the ever to be lamented Abercrombie, our poor people were surrendered to the licentious brutality of the soldiery, by the authority of the state ; you would vainly endeavour to give her a general picture of lust, and rapine, and murder, and conflagration. By endeavouring to comprehend every thing, you would convey nothing. When the father of poetry wishes to pourtray the movements of contending armies, and an embattled field, he exemplifies only, he does not describe ; he does not venture to describe the perplexed and promiscuous conflicts of adverse hosts, but by the acts and fates of a few individuals he conveys a notion of the vicissitudes of the fight, and the fortunes of the day. So should your story to her keep clear of generalities ; instead of exhibiting the picture of an entire province, select a single object ; and even if that single object do not release the imaginations of your hearer from its task, by giving more than one outline, take a cottage ; place the affrighted mother of her orphan daughters at the door, the paleness of death upon her face, and more than its agonies in her heart ; her aching eye, her anxious ear, struggle through the mists of closing day, to catch the approaches of desolation and dishonor. The ruffian gang arrives, the feast of plunder begins, the cup of madness kindles in its circulation. The wandering glances of the ravisher become concentrated upon the shrinking and devoted victim—You need not dilate, you need not expatiate ; the unpolluted mother, to whom you tell the story of horror, beseeches you not to proceed ; she presses her infant child to her heart, she drowns it in her tears, her fancy catches more than an angel's

tongue could describe ; at a single view she takes in the whole miserable succession of force, of profanation, of despair, of death. So it is in the question before us. If any man shall hear of this day's transaction, he cannot be so foolish as to suppose that we have been confined to a single character, like those brought before you. No, gentlemen ; far from it, he will have too much common sense, not to know, that outrages like this are never solitary, that, where the public calamity generates imps like these, their number is as the sand of the sea, and their fury as insatiable as its waves. I am therefore anxious, that our masters should have one authenticated example of the treatment, which our unhappy country suffers under the sanction of their authority ; it will put a strong question to their humanity, if they have any, to their prudence, if their pride will let them listen to it ; or, at least, to that anxiety for reputation, to that pretension to the imaginary virtues of mildness and mercy, to which even those countries the most divested of them are so ready to assert their claim, and so credulously disposed to believe that claim allowed.

THERE are some considerations respecting yourselves, and the defendant, to which I should wish to say a word. You may perhaps think your persons unsafe, if you find a verdict against so considerable a person. I know his power, as well as you—I know he might send you to the provost, as he has done the plaintiff, and forge a return on any writ you might issue for your deliverance—I know there is no spot in this devoted nation, (except that on which we now are), where the story of oppression can be told or heard ; but I think you can have no well founded apprehensions. There is a time, when cruelty and oppression become satiated and fatigued : in that satiety at least you will find

yourselves secure. But there is still better security for you; the gratitude of the worthy defendant—if any thing could add to his honours, and his credit, and his claims, it would be your verdict for the plaintiff; for in what instance have you ever seen any man so effectually accredited and recommended, as by the public execration? what a man, for instance, might not O'Brien have been, if the envy of the gibbet had not arrested the career of his honours and preferments? In every point of view, therefore, I recommend to you to find, and to find liberally for the plaintiff. I have founded my advice upon the real circumstances of your situation; I have not endeavoured to stimulate you into any silly hectic of fancied liberty. I do not call upon you to expose yourselves by the affectation of vindicating the cause of freedom and humanity; much less do I wish to exhibit ourselves to those, whose property we are, as indignant or contumacious under their authority: Far from it, they are unquestionably the proprietors of us, they are entitled of right to drive us, and to work us; but we may be permitted modestly to suggest, that for their own sakes, and for their own interest, a line of moderation may be drawn. That there are excesses of infidelity, that human nature cannot bear. With respect to her western negroes, Great Britain has had the wisdom, and humanity to feel the justice of this observation, and in some degree to act upon it; and I have too high an opinion of that great, and philosophical nation, not to hope, that she might think us not deserving of equal mildness; provided it did not interfere with her just authority over us. It would I should even think, be for her credit, that having the honour of so illustrious a rider, we should be kept in some sort of condition, some what bordering upon spirit, which cannot be maintained, if she suffers us to be

utterly broken down, by the malicious wantonness of her grooms and jockeys. Mr. Curran concluded by saying that the cause was of no inconsiderable expectation; and that in whatever light the jury regarded it, whether with respect to the two countries, or to Ireland singly, or to the parties concerned, or to their own sense of character and public duty, or to the natural consequences that must flow from the event, they ought to consider it with the most profound attention, before they agreed upon their verdict.

*Verdict for the Plaintiff, 150*l*. Damages and Costs*

French Board of Longitude. Report on the Measurement of the arc of the Meridian from Barcelona to Formentera.

THIS Board having appointed a committee of its members to examine and calculate, with the greatest care, the observations relative to the continuation of the meridian in Spain, as far as the Balearic isles; they delivered in a report containing the following results of their labours.—

The new measurement reaches from Fort Montjuy at Barcelona, to the small island of Formentera, in the Mediterranean. The extent of the arc in the direction of the meridian, from the signal-post of Matas to that of Formentera, in 315,552 metres. As the whole of it is on the sea, it was measured by a series of triangles along the coast of Spain, from Barcelona to the kingdom of Valencia, and joining the coast of Valencia to the islands by an immense triangle, one of the sides of which is more than 160,000 metres (or 82,5558 toises in length. At such distances day-signals would have been invisible; they therefore had recourse to night-signals formed by reflecting lamps lighted with a current of air which were kept lighted at the different stations from sun-set to sun-

rife. The angles were measured with a large repeating circle of the workmanship of Lenoir adding every practicable kind of verification. The triangulation was begun in the winter of 1806; that being the only season of the year when the weather is sufficiently clear for the observing of large triangles. At the close of the summer of 1807 all the geodetic operations were finished.

The latitude of Formentera, the southernmost point of the arc, was ascertained that winter by means of 2,558 observations of the polar star, in which they used one of Fortin's repeating circles with a fixed level. The greatest deviation of the partial series, form the mean of the whole, is four sexagesimal seconds; and this happens only twice in a contrary direction. In all other series the extreme aberration is two seconds. These deviations are the same that Bradley found in his researches on the mutation, in making observations near the zenith with large sectors. They seem to be owing to the variety of refractions produced by the changing forms of the layers of clouds. But from their smallness we may confidently conclude, that the latitude laid down from a mean of all the observations is exact.

This latitude in decimal degrees, or in grades, is

42,96.777

That of Dunkirk observed by Delambre, and laid down only from the observations of the polar star, is

55,76552

Difference, or arc of the meridian between Dunkirk and Formentera,

13,744875

By means of this result we may verify the metre which serves as the unit of mensuration. The metre adopted by the laws of France is equal to 443 $\frac{2}{3}$ lines of the toise of

Peru, taken at $1^{\circ} \frac{1}{4}$ of the celestial thermometer. This length was determined according to the first measurement by Mechain and Delambre of the meridian between Dunkirk and Barcelona; and they supposed it equal to a quarter of the terrestrial meridian, considered as an elliptic. If the earth were exactly of a spherical form, every decimal degree, or every grade, would contain 100,000 metres; and thus, if the celestial arc measured, be multiplied by 100,000, we should obtain the distance from Dunkirk to Formentera in metres—which would be 1374487,50.

But the flattened form of the earth renders it somewhat less. To calculate the correction thence resulting we shall suppose the flattening to be $\frac{1}{318}$, which is given by the theory of the moon. This evaluation is the most probable of all because it belongs to the whole of the earth's figure, independent of its small irregularities, which disappear at the distance, where the moon is placed. We thus find that 48,37 metres must be deducted from the arc, and the result will be the real distance between Dunkirk and Formentera, on the spheroid, viz. 1374439,13. According to the measurement of the triangles the distance is,

1374438,72

Difference

041

That there should be so small an error in so large an arc is truly astonishing; as it is far less than might reasonably be attributed to unavoidable errors in the observations. It might have been forty or fifty times more considerable, without any sensible inconvenience thence resulting in the nicest operations of the arts. On calculating what would have been the length of the metre, according to these dates, we find—Length of the metre in the

sphere lines 443,27940
 Correction resulting from
 the flattened form of
 the earth 0,0156,0

443,29500

This result differs only $\frac{1}{1000}$ of a line from the legal metre founded upon the first measurement between Dunkirk and Barcelona, consequently, if the legislature had waited till the conclusion of the whole operation, the length of the metre would have been only $\frac{1}{1000}$ of a line less: but this quantity is quite imperceptible; and if we would find it to the nicest exactness by measurement, it would be necessary to make a vast number of experiments with the most perfect instruments. Neglecting this insensible difference, it is very satisfactory to see the legal metre so well confirmed by the whole operation; the influence of the flattened form of the earth being no more than equal to $\frac{1}{1000}$ of a line; and the element derived from the theory of the moon would seem to be as exact, perhaps more so, than the geodesic operations themselves.

The metre calculated from the figure of the earth is concerted with the variations of gravity, it is therefore interesting to know the relation which the metre bears to the length of a second pendulum, as it would be sufficient for recovering the standard if it should be lost. The knowledge thereof is equally useful for the theory of the earth. The pendulum was, therefore, examined with great care at Formentera; and the observations have been examined and calculated by a committee of the Board of Longitude. They are ten in number, and their deviations from the medium do not exceed $\frac{1}{1000}$ of a millimetre, or $\frac{1}{1000}$ of a line. The mean result of the whole gives us for the length of the pendulum, vibrating decimal seconds in vacuo at Formentera -

metres 0,7412,61

According to the theory of the figure of the earth calculated from very acute experiments made at Paris by Borda, we find it 0,7411445

The difference then is only $\frac{1}{1000}$ of a millimetre; or $\frac{1}{1000}$ of a line; which may be owing to the irregularities in the figure of the earth. It is intended to repeat the experiments at Dunkirk, and at the middle of the arc about the latitude of Bourdeaux.

The inclination of the angles on the meridian, and their azimuths are likewise useful elements for the theory of the earth; Mechain and Delambre had observed them on different points of the arc between Dunkirk and Montjuy. The azimuth of the last side of the last triangle was likewise determined at Formentera, by means of a great number of passages of stars observed with the meridian glass.

From the result stated in our report, it appears then, that the new measurement of the meridian in Spain confirms and gives additional certainty, to the metre, by rendering it almost independent of the flattening of the earth. This arc being joined to the meridian of France, presents an arc of nearly 14 grades, lying at an equal distance from the equator and the pole; and in the different points of which the latitudes, the azimuths, and the variations of gravity have been observed: and which, on account of its length, its situation, and the exactness of the means employed, may be justly pronounced the most perfect operation of the kind that ever was executed.

The observations for the first part, as is already known, were made by M M. Mechain and Delambre; and for the Spanish part, by M M. Biot and Arago, in conjunction with MM. Chaix, Rodriguez, the Spanish commissioners.

RECENT TRAVELS IN SPAIN.

MADRID, the capital of Spain, and, for these two centuries past, the residence of its sovereigns, although now one of the handsomest towns in Europe, was long but an inconsiderable place; and even at this day is only rated as a town of the second order, or *villa*, instead of a city, or *ciudad*; being neither a bishop's see, a university, nor a garrison. The old kings of Castile succeeded to the Moorish princes in occupying the castle (Alcazar), situated where stands the present palace. This circumstance, the purity of the air, and of the water in the fountains, and the conveniency of the chace, induced the emperor, king Charles the Fifth, to project at Madrid a suitable residence; but the execution fell to his successors, Philip the Second, Third, and Fourth.

Madrid stands on a plain, varied by gentle inequalities, and washed on the west south by the Manzanares, an inconsiderable stream, partaking so much of the torrent as at one time to overflow its banks and at another time to cover one-third of its bed. From the town to the river is an easy sloping bank of from 350 to 500 yards in breadth.

If we follow the lofty brick wall, inclosing the whole town (for there are no suburbs), and constructed not for defence, but to prevent the transit of articles of necessary consumption without the payment of certain duties:—if we follow the course of this wall, which comprehends the palace at Buen Retiro, with its gardens, the renowned public walk of the Prado, and

and some other vacant places of less extent, the circuit of Madrid will be about six English miles: but the space occupied by buildings approaches to a parallelogram, the length to south being above one mile and three-quarters, and the breadth from west to east about one mile and one-third.

The face of the country, the appearance of the villages, the state of improvement in cultivation, the travellers to and fro' on the road from the north, announce to the stranger nothing to prepare him for a view of the capital of Spain: but the entrance of the magnificent gate of Ascala in the wall already mentioned, placed on an eminence, the palace and gardens of Retiro on the left-hand, the public magazines on the right, the broad street of Alcala sloping down and crossing the Prado, then rising up, and gradually contracting as it gently ascends to the Puerto del Sol, now in the very heart of the town, and lined on both sides with palaces of the first nobles, the great custom-house, and other public buildings; all these objects more than amply indemnify the spectator for his previous disappointments.

This street continues under different names across the whole breadth of the town, and terminates near the palace, on the brink of the slope leading down to the bridge of Segovia on the Manzanares. The other principal streets are all directed from the circumference of the new, towards the centre of the old town, the bounds

of which may yet be traced in the winding circular course of the streets in the neighbourhood of the bridge of Segovia. This old part of Madrid may have been about one mile and a quarter in circuit; and upon a farther extension it reached eastward to a spot where was the gate of the Sun (*Puerta del Sol*), which in the present enlarged state of the town, is become the centre of Madrid; and as several of the principal streets unite in that spot, a long irregular, open space is formed, exhibiting the great Post-office for both letters and travelling horses, with some other public buildings, and the best hotels for strangers; so that the *Puerto del Sol*, is become the most stirring quarter of the town.

The streets are in general of a good breadth, clean, and well lighted; and, abstracting from the number of houses belonging to the great, constructed generally on the Italian model, with courts within supported on arcades, the houses are solidly built.

At the meetings of the streets are several irregular open spaces, or *plazas*, resembling our Charing cross: but the only square is that in the middle of the town, called the Great Square, or *Plaza Mayor*, a regular quadrangle surrounded with uniform houses, supported on a narrow shallow, portico; in the centre is a market for vegetables, and in it the great exhibitions are made, on the accession of a new sovereign, or other important public occasions.

The most remarkable edifice in Madrid is the new palace, so called because it is a modern building in the room of the old, as also to

distinguish it from the old palace of Buen Retiro. This majestic work stands on the top of the steepest part of the bank of the *Manzanarés*, on the west side of the town. It forms a regular square of about 450 feet each side, with a quadrangle in the centre surrounded by rows of arcades, the lower row being open, and those above glazed, to give light to the corridors which communicate with the different apartments. The height of the west, south and east fronts is 100 feet, but that of the north is more, as the ground sinks down on that side. In the columns and other decorations, the architect, an Italian, attempted to introduce certain variations in the proportions and figure of the capitals, to create a sixth order, but in general resembling the Corinthian; which to examiners has rather a capricious appearance. The interior of the building being all constructed on arches, and the walls being of unreasonable thickness, this noble palace has acquired an air of massive solidity not so accordant with the idea we attach to the residence of an European Monarch of the present times. The interior, however, is fitted up with great splendor, and contains one of the best collections of paintings, by the most eminent masters, which Europe presents.

The old palace Buen Retiro, on the opposite side of the town, is an assemblage of many buildings, constructed at different times, and in different styles; and is now chiefly visited for the masterly works of Luca Giordano, representing the institution of the Golden Fleece. The gardens are extensive,

ensive, but neglected; but the southern part has been converted into a botanic garden, rich in transmarine, particularly American, plants.

Many of the churches are well endowed and adorned; but, excepting that of the late Jesuits, called San Isidro, and one or two more, they offer little architectural beauty.

The bridge of Segovia is in length about 450 feet, and that of Toledo about 750 feet, but however disproportionate these works may at some seasons appear to the humble stream beneath, yet, when the snows melt in the Guadarama mountains, they are barely sufficient, especially that of Segovia, to give a passage to the waters, which hurry down quantities of sand and gravel, threatening soon to choke up the arches.

Near the bridge of Toledo commences a navigable canal, following the course of the Manzanares to its junction with the Henares, a dozen miles below Madrid, and opening a communication by means of that stream with the Tagus, a little below Aranjuez.

On the west side of the Manzanares, and under the windows of the new palace, is a small royal seat, called La casa del Campo (the country house), chiefly visited for the statue of Philip the Third, by the famous John of Bologna: this statue and its companion, Philip the Fourth, in the Retiro, by Bologna's pupil, Tacca, are reckoned master-pieces of modern sculpture.

Eight miles above Madrid, on the east side of the river, is another palace, or country seat, called El Pardo.

Of the public walks in and about Madrid, the most noticeable is that so often quoted in Spanish romance, under the name of the Prado (the meadow), occupying a long depression in the ground separating the town, on the west, from the gardens of the Retiro on the east. This valley is now laid out in smooth straight walks, planted with trees, accommodated with seats, enlivened and refreshed with fountains ornamented with excellent sculpture; and towards the south or lower end, being separated only by an iron railing from the botanic garden, the company may enjoy the interesting view of the curious exotics there assembled.

The royal and other public libraries; the museum of natural history; the different academies or learned societies; these present a vast fund of information and entertainment to the traveller of taste and science, far beyond what it is but too common for strangers to imagine can be found in Madrid.

Having remained some weeks in Madrid, I proceeded on the 25th of November on a tour to the celebrated convent and palace of the Escorial, the royal seat of San Ildefonso and Segovia. The road from Madrid to the Escorial is kept in excellent order, and trees have been planted on each side: great part of the country, however, is forest, and allotted for the royal hunt. It is impossible to view, without admiration, the vast extent of the Escorial, its noble simplicity in the exterior and the invaluable riches of the interior, in architecture, sculpture, and painting. The edifice covers a space of 750 feet in length, by

near

near 600 in breadth, exclusive of the projection from the middle of the east front, which is the only portion of the building appropriated for the royal residence, all the rest comprising many courts and cloisters, being the abode of the Hieronymite fathers. The library is especially valuable for the collection of Greek, Arabic, and other oriental manuscripts.

The situation has been much criticised as extremely wild and inconvenient: but for the retreat of a single hermit, or a small community of retired religious, no place could be better chosen. The edifice occupies nearly the whole of an elevated plain, seated like a shelf in the bosom of lofty rugged mountains, rearing their hoary sides and summits to a considerable height. Behind the building is a deep vale, running far into the mountains, and to that quarter is the front directed. From the opposite side, the view extends far and wide over a tract of plain country, the fore-ground being one wide forest, exhibiting a curious specimen of those forests of natures

planting, for which Spain once was, and still, in some degree, is renowned. The trees are not placed out in regular arrangement nor in contiguous shade, as in some of our English woods, but are scattered up and down, at one time single, at another in thick clumps, with bare rocks and patches of pasture interspersed. The only fault of the Escorial seems therefore to have been, that so vast an establishment should have been erected in that spot, where the monks, to the number of three hundred being assembled, and accommodated in the most splen-

did habitation which the wealth of both worlds could enable Philip the Second to provide, every idea of solitude and of religious austerity was overturned. Parallel to the north front of the convent a regular handsome little town is erected, for the convenience of the ministers and strangers who reside there, while the king makes the Escorial his abode.

The mountains on whose side this superb edifice is constructed, are part of a long range extending from east to west, and forming the limit between Old and New Castille.

A league or more to the northward of the Escorial, the road having skirted the mountains on the left to the village of Gaudarama, there winds up in a zig-zag direction, over a low neck or pass, known, as well as the adjoining mountains, by the name of Gaudarama, from the village below. The road is well constructed, and kept in good repair, and the neighbouring hills present many tracts of pine forest. This pass is considered of great importance in a military view, as besides it there is no other track practicable for a carriage, either to the right or the left for a considerable distance; the road by Guadalajara to Sigüenza and Navarre, which is a common country course, lying 40 or 50 miles to the north-east.

From the summit of the pass of Gaudarama, is a distant view of the plains extending to Madrid, on the south, and on the other side of those stretching toward Valladolid on the north: the great road continuing on by that town to Burgos, Vittoria, &c. to Bayonne. On the 27th of November, when

when I traversed these mountains, they were covered with deep snow, and it was with difficulty the mules were able to draw the light chaise, or *caleza*, up the steep, while the driver and I walked behind to prevent their recoiling. On the summit of the pass, or puerto, is a convenient little inn on a small level spot, beyond which the road descends, by a long gradual slope, towards the plain on the north, which seems to be considerably more elevated than that on the south.

An hour's journey from the mountains stands a large and commodious inn, called San Rafael, one of a number erected by government, and properly fitted up for the accommodation of travellers of all descriptions, comfortably furnished, and duly supplied with provisions. These inns, which, by adopting a term used in the Levant, and in some sea-ports of Italy, are called *Fondas*, are usually kept by Swiss, Milanese, or other foreigners acquainted with different languages: and the entertainment is regulated in price by tables, hung up in the different apartments.

Leaving this comfortable *fonda*, I followed the great road for some time, and then struck off to the right along the northern skirts of the hills, to the royal country seat of San Ildefonso, deeply embosomed in woods, on the slope of the mountains, with a boundless prospect towards the north, north-west, and west. From its generally elevated position, the vast extent of thick and lofty forest, and the prodigious abundance of excellent water stream-

ing, spouting, and cascading in all quarters, this must, in the midst of a Madrid summer, be truly a delicious retreat. The palace is a neat building of two stories, containing thirteen windows on a floor, separated by Corinthian pilastres: and the gardens, although laid out in the old French style, yet, by their longshady walks, numerous fountains and basons, ornamented with statues and flower-pots, temples, grottos, &c. give an idea of some verdant *Oasis* in the midst of a *Lybian* desert.

Besides the attractions of the palace and its paintings, and of the position and its environs, San Ildefonso presents a manufacture of mirrors formed on the model of that at St. Gobin, in the north of France. The Spanish glasses as the workmen say, exceed in magnitude those of France, some having been cast whose dimensions were 144 English inches by 70 on the other hand, strangers have been of opinion, that the Spaniards have not yet arrived at the art of giving their glasses the exquisit polish for which French mirrors have long been esteemed.

Having taken a general view of the curiosities of San Ildefonso, and in the middle of winter tried to conjecture the delights of such a spot in the heart of a parched Castille summer, I entered my *caleza*, and proceeded across a dull open plain, poorly cultivated, and thinly inhabited, to Segovia, distant a couple of leagues. On approaching the town, I observed channels formed, and covered over for collecting and conveying wa-

ter to supply the celebrated aqueduct, constructed in that town under Trajan.

Segovia, a very ancient town, and once more considerably than at the present day, is singularly situated like another Durham, on the ridge of the slope of a peninsular spot, partly surrounded by the little river Eresma, which runs northward to the Duero. The river flows in a deep narrow channel, bordered by rocky precipices, so that the town, although seeming to occupy the ridge or a hill, is, in fact, only seated on a portion of the surrounding plain, but separated from it by the chasm in which the water runs.

The town is neither very large nor well built, nor convenient, but it still enjoys a considerable share of the woollen manufacture, the cloths of Segovia being highly esteemed: for it is situated in the midst of the best wool country of Spain, and the waters of the river, and the aqueduct, are aid to possess properties peculiarly serviceable in the different processes of the manufacture.

At the west end, as a miniature of Edinburgh, on a rock inaccessible all around, excepting next the town, is seated the castle; here called, as in many other places of Spain, by the Arabic name of the same import, *Al-Castar*, presenting, its rocky foundations, and multitude of towers, turrets, spires, and pinnacles, an object singularly picturesque, impending over the rugged bed of the Eresma. This castle, once

the abode of Gothic and Moorish princes, is now chiefly employed as an academy for the education of cadets for the royal artillery.

The cathedral of Segovia is a spacious edifice, where may be traced a mixture of the northern Gothic with the southern Saracen architecture: but the grand *antique* of Segovia is the celebrated aqueduct, erected, as is generally supposed, by Trajan, himself a Spaniard. This stupendous work commences at the channels observed on the road from San Ildefonso, even with the ground: but as the ground sinks, the water-course along the upper part of the buildings is kept on a level, supported by semicircular arches, increasing gradually in height, until, in the middle of the town, where it crosses the market-place, the ground is sunk so much below the original level as to require two stories of arcades to reach the required elevation, which is so great, that houses of three stories in height do not reach above one-third of the distance from the ground to the top of the aqueduct.

This admirable and most useful work is constructed of vast blocks of stone, so well squared, and so compactly joined, that no appearance of cement can be discovered, perhaps they were united by iron bars, let into their centres above and below. Excepting some slight repairs to the water-course above, this work seems to have undergone no material alteration since its erection, now seventeen hundred years ago.

CURIOUS WAR ANECDOTES IN THE XIV. CENTURY.

(FROM FROISSARTS CHRONICLES.)

AS soon as the king of England had passed the Scheid, and had entered the kingdom of France, he called to him the lord Henry of Flanders, who was but a young esquire, and knighted him at the same time giving him two hundred pounds sterling a year, properly secured in England.

The king was lodged in the abbey of Mont. St. Martin, where he remained two days; his troops were scattered round about in the country. The duke of Brabant was quartered at the monastery of Vaucelles.

When the king of France, who was at Compiègne, heard this news, he increased his forces every where, and sent the earl of Eu and Guines, his constable, with a large body of men at arms, to St. Quentin, to guard that town and the frontiers against his enemies. He sent the lord of Coucy and of Ham to their castles, and a great number of men at arms to Guise, Ribemont, Bouchain, and the neighbouring fortresses on the borders of his kingdom, and came himself to peronne, in the Vermandois.

During the time the king of England was at the abbey of Mont St. Martin, his people overran the country as far as Bayaume, and very near to Peronne and St. Quentin: they found it rich and plentiful, for their had not been any wars in those parts.

Sir Henry of Flanders, to do credit to his newly acquired

knighthood, and to obtain honour made one of a party of knights, who were conducted by sir John de Hainault. There were among them the lords of Fauquemont, Bergues, Vaudresen, Lens, and many others, to the number of five hundred combatants: they had a design upon a town in the neighbourhood, called Hennecourt, whither the greater number of the inhabitants of the country had retired, who, confiding in the strength of this fortress, had carried with them all their moveables. Sir Arnold of Bacqueghen and sir William du Dunor had already been there, but had done nothing: upon which all these lords had collected together, and were desirous of going thither to do their utmost to conquer it.

There was an abbot at that time in Hennecourt of great courage and understanding, who ordered barriers to be made of wood-work around the town, and likewise to be placed across the streets, so that there was not more than half a foot from one post to the other, he then collected armed men, provided stones, quick-line and such like instruments of annoyance, to guard them.

As soon as the lords above mentioned came there, the abbot posted his people between the barriers and the gate, and flung the gate open: the lords dismounted and approached the barriers, which were very strong, sword in hand, and great strokes were given to those within, who defended them

selves

selves very valiantly. Sir Abbot did not spare himself; but, having a good leathern jerkin on, dealt about his blows manfully, and received as good in his turn. Many a gallant action was performed and those within the barriers flung upon the assailants stones, logs, and pots full of lime, to annoy them.

It chanced that sir Henry of Flanders, who was one of the foremost, with his sword attached to his wrist laid about him at a great rate he came too near the abbot, who caught hold of his sword, and drew him to the barriers with so much force, that his arm was dragged through the grating, for he could not quit his sword with honour. The abbot continued pulling, and, had the grating been wide enough, he would have had him through, for his shoulder had passed, and he kept his hold, to the knight's great discomfort. On the other side his brother knights were endeavouring to draw him out of his hands; and this lasted so long, that Sir Henry was sorely hurt: he was, however, at last rescued—but his sword remained with the abbot. And at the time I was writing this book, as I passed through the town, the monks shewed me this sword which was kept there, much ornamented. It was there I learnt all the truth of this assault.

Hennecourt was very vigorously attacked that day; and it lasted until vespers. Many of the assailants were killed or wounded. Sir John of Hainault lost a knight from Holland, called sir Herman, who bore for arms a fess compone gules, and in chief, three buckles azure.

When the Flemings, Hainaulters, English, and Germans, who were there, saw the courage of those within the town, and that, instead of gaining any advantage, they were beaten down and wounded, they retreated in the evening, carrying with them to their quarters the wounded and bruised.

On the next morning the king departed from Mont St. Martin, and ordered, under pain of death, that no damage should be done to the abbey, which was observed. They then entered the Vermandois, and at an early hour took up their lodgings on Mont St. Quentin. They were in a regular order of battle; and those of St. Quentin might have encountered them, had they chosen it, but they had no desire to issue out of the town.

The scouts of the army went up to the barriers, and skirmished with those who were there. The constable of France and sir Charles de Blois drew up their people in order of battle before the barriers; and when the Englishmen, among whom were the earl of Suffolk, the earl of Northampton, sir Reginald Cobham, and many others, saw the manner in which it was done, they retreated to the main army of the king, which remained encamped on the hill until four o'clock the next morning. A council was then held, to consider whether they should march straight into France, or draw towards Tiercha, keeping near the borders of Hainault. By the advice of the duke of Brabant, the latter plan was followed, as from that country they drew all their provision; and they resolved, that if king Philip should follow them

with

with his army, as they supposed he would, they would wait for him in the plains, and give him battle without fail.

They then set out for Mont St. Quentin, ranged in a regular order, in three battalions. The marshals and the Germans led the van, the king of England the centre, and the duke of Brabant the rear: they advanced not more than three or four leagues a day, halting early, but burning and pillaging all the country they passed through.

A troop of English and Germans crossed the river Somme, a little below the abbey of Vermans to which they did much damage; another troop, under the command of sir John of Hainault, and the lords of Fauquemont and Bacqueghen, went by a different road, and came to Origny, St. Benoite* a tolerable good town, but weakly enclosed; so that it was soon taken by assault, robbed, and pillaged, an abbey of nuns violated, and the whole town burnt. They then marched forward towards Guise and Ribemont.

The king of England came and lodged at Vehories, where he remained a whole day, whilst his people overran the whole country thereabouts, and laid it waste. The king then took his road to la Flamengrie, in his way to l'Eschelle, in Tierache: the marshalls, with the bishop of Lincoln, accompanied by upwards of five hundred lances, crossed the river Trifagee, entered the Laonnois, near the estate of the lord of Coucy

and burnt St. Gouvin and the town of Marle. They lay one night at Vau, below Laon, and the next day returned to the main army, as they had learnt from some of their prisoners that king Philip of France was come to St. Quentin with one hundred thousand men, and there intended to cross the river Somme. They burnt in their retreat a very good town, called Crecy sur Selle, with a great many others, as well as villages, in that neighbourhood.

We must now speak of the expedition of sir John of Hainault, who had with him full five hundred fighting men. He came first to Guise, which he burnt, and destroyed the mills. In the fortress was the lady Jane, his daughter, wife of Lewis earl of Blois: she begged of her father to spare the lands and heritage of his son-in-law; but in vain—for sir John would not depart, until he had completed the purpose of his expedition. He then returned to the king, who was lodged in the abbey of Sarnagues, while his people overran the country.

The lord of Fauquemont led six score German lances to Lonnion, in Tierache, a large level town, the inhabitants of which had almost retired with what they could carry into the woods, and there had fortified their position, by cutting down large trees. The Germans followed them, and being joined by sir Arnald Bocqueghen and his company, they attacked the people of Lonnion in the wood, who defended them-

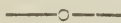
L

selves

FEBRUARY 1809.

* A small town in Picardy three leagues from St. Quentin

elves as well as they could : but they were overpowered, and obliged to flee, there were about forty killed and wounded, and all they brought there plundered, Thus was this country ruined without any hindrance ; and the English acted as they thought proper.



SIR ARTHUR THE BRAVE.

THIS gallant commander whose military skill has contributed so much to the glory of the British name, and to the interest of the Empire, by adding Portugal to the list of British provinces, which led to the conquest and subsequent union of the whole peninsula with these well governed Islands, and secured to English enterprise and industry a lasting market for the serious period of 122 days. These eminent and permanent services have not been undervalued, nor passed over in silence, by his grateful countrymen. The Corporations of Hosiers and Cooks, remarkable for sound intellect and constitutional understanding have rewarded the Cintra Hero, with their high consideration. His health has been drank with taste and enthusiasm and his appearance notified with shouts of applause at the last Sheriff's dinner. These substantial marks of respect, must excite in the hero's breast, every generous sentiment of regard, which such respectable talents and understanding merit.

The great commanders abilities, are not confined to the science of

war, he figures in the senate as an elegant speaker and a finished statesman. His plan of forming an efficient system of Police, is spoken of in high terms of approbation, by all the lawyers, aldermen, and majors, who were prevailed on to partake of part of the weight of its administration, none speak of it in terms of indecent reproach but the seditious ; it bears with it not only a character of superior efficiency but also the attributes of charity, by taking very useful men from merited obscurity, whose ease have been very humanely considered, many learned men bred to the law, have been disbarred, for want of practice. A Lawyer out of employment, carries on as poor a trade as a weaver out of business, The Police Act, not only clothes the poor, but coaches them, The learned Councillor, who wore his shoes on expeditions of the first necessity, from one ordinary to another, who was witty over porter-pints, now walks in new boots or drives a two wheeled sulky, not with his night cap in his pocket, seeking new lantadies, but to his stationary cottage and farm, where he quaffs port and translates his classic wit, into broken English, for the use of his comb making visitor the Alderman, or the Bold Major DE JEMMY O'BRIEN.



POLICE.

AN ignorant corporation is the source from whence the gallant Sir Arthur Wellesley has drawn the

the acting members of an expensive establishment, if we had the honour of consulting this great commander on his half military plan; we would have advised him to select such men as are least remarkable for least incapacity, for vulgar manners and eminent violence, such as would not call forth the merited distaste and abhorrence which the people of Dublin evince for such characters, whose names at a melancholy period had given such shocking examples of human depravity and privileged atrocity; we cannot be advocates for the school that brought into active existence the latent vices of Jemmy O'Brien, of Dutton, Newell, Reynolds, and other monsters, of their description; we regret that revolution should be impeded by such instruments, as we would, that it should be forwarded, by employing a le Bon, a Conthon, or a C. llot d'Herbois. Majors may disgrace monarchy as much as a Robespierre did democracy. it is too severe a price a people pays, when either modes of government are to be propped by such horrid materials. The word Police, since its introduction into the English language, has not yet excited one generous sentiment in its sound or practise, a comb maker, a silent lawyer, or a quondam military character, form a triumvirate, neither pleasing to the public eye, nor convenient to the public purse, If the Hero of Viemera, a convention maker in Portugal, and a rupee collector in Hindostan, who garrisons the town of an ally and a friend to protect his imported forces

from the passions of a people he avowed to save, and the capital of his native country, with praetorian guards and foreign mercenaries, were to alter his plans of defence, and appear less apprehensive of the people he serves, than the power he fights, dismiss his civic majors and vulgar magistrates, the king would have more people and the enemy more antagonists. The insults of petty tyrants, are often attributed, by superficial observers, not to the delegate, but to the employer. Though a man has no authority to satiate his temper by flogging or torturing, he may inflict deep wounds by an invidious and malignant official eloquence, he can rouse the passions by pecuniary oppressions, he may detach a subject, but his manners will neither honor, nor save a state, 'Tis not a MAJOR'S TAUNTS, nor JEMMY O'BRIEN'S KNIFE, that are fit to be applied to humour or probe the political body.

—o—

FRANCE.

The first division of the antiquities from the palace Borgnefe is arrived at Paris. They were conveyed on large carriages made on purpose, especially for those supposed to be the most liable to be broken, such as the Gladiator, the Faun, the Borghese Vases, &c. An ambulatory to get attended each smaller division, in order to repair such accidents as might happen. The carriages were two months and a half in passing the Alps.

MATHEMATICS.

MATHEMATICS.

A PRIZE QUESTION by Mr. Timothy Dillon, Teacher of Mathematics, 30, Poolbeg Street.

Whoever answers the same before the First of May, 1809, will be entitled to six successive Irish Magazines.

IN Europe there are three celebrated Cities, whose sovereigns have long since felt and acknowledged the dominative power of Napoleon, and are now wholly swayed by his preponderating influence. Now it is known that the sum of the sides of the spherical triangle constituted by those three Cities is 3034 geographical miles; it is also known that the perpendicular supposed to be demitted from the south-western angle upon the arc of the great circle connecting the other two is $554\frac{2}{3}$ miles, and said angle exceeds the most northern angle by $56^{\circ}26'$; from hence it is required to determine the latitudes and longitudes of those Cities, their distances asunder, and the exact number of Irish acres comprehended within the aforesaid globular triangle, when the sum of the two least latitudes exceeds the greatest by $31^{\circ}2'$, and the aggregate of their longitudes (each being east) is $45^{\circ}08'$.

A true Mathematical investigation is required, and the answer to be brought out in numbers.

SOLUTION to the Prize Question, proposed in our Magazine for June 1808, by the Proposer Mr. Timothy Dillon, only.

Put a , and m , = sine and cosine of $39^{\circ}10'$ the zenith distance; and let x = the sine of the suns declination, then the sine of the latitude will be truly expressed by $mx + a\sqrt{1-x^2}$, and per spherics the suns altitude at six will be expounded by $mx^2 + ax\sqrt{1-x^2}$, which per question is a maximum; in fluxions and reduced $a^2 - 4a^2x^2 + 4a^2x^4 = 4m^2 \times x^2 - x^4$; this equation solved, gives $x = 335177 =$ the natural sine of $19^{\circ}35'$ the suns declination; which added to $39^{\circ}10'$ gives $58^{\circ}45'$ the latitude of the place. Now let the sine of $19^{\circ}35' = n$ its cosine = m , that part of the axis intercepted between the six o'Clock ray, and the perpendicular (found by trigonometry to be $= 3.202$) = d ; that part of the axis intercepted between said perpendicular and the vertex of the conoid = $18 = p$, the parameter = $15 = a^2$, and let the axis of the figure be put = x^2 ; then from the property of the parabola, and the nature of the question, we have $x^2 = \frac{amx}{m}$

$$\frac{amx}{m} = d + p, \text{ solved } x = 5.384.$$

and $x^2 = 28.45$ nearly = the axis; hence the ordinate = 20.558 and the solid content = 19071.17 cubical feet, from whence the content in Irish gallons is found to be 151447.97 consequently the convex of the conoid is found to be 2846.5 square feet, which at half a guinea the foot for gilding, amounts to £1618 : 18 : 11¼ as required,

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE COLUMBIAD,

By JOEL BARLOW.

THE Description of the American Rifle men commanded by the celebrated General Morgan, the conqueror of the Partisan Tarleton, in a particular Poetical, with the interesting Story of William Tell.

“ Morgan in front of his bold riflers towers,
His host of keen-eyed marksmen, skilled to pour
Their slugs unerring from the twisted bore,
No sword, no bayonet they learn to wield,
They gall the flank, they skirt the battling field,
Cull out the distant foe in full horse speed,
Couch the long tube, and eye the silver bead
Turn as he turns, dismiss the whizzing lead,
And lodge the death ball in his heedless head.

So toiled the huntsman Tell. His quivering dart,
Prest by the bended bowstring, fears to part,
Dreads the tremendous task, to graze but shun
The tender temples of his infant son ;
As the loved youth (the tyrant's victim led)
Bears the poised apple tottering on his head,
The tullen father with reverted eye,
Now marks the satrap, now the bright-haired boy
His second shaft impatient lies, athirst
To mend the expected error of the first,
To pierce the monster, mid the insulted crowd,
And steep the pangs of nature in his blood,
Deep doubling tow'rd his breast, well poised and slow,
Curve the strain'd horns of his indignant bow ;
His left arm straightens as the dexter bends,
And his nerved knuckle with the gripe distends,
Soft slides the reed back with the stiff-drawn strand,
Till the steel point has reacht his steady hand ;
Then to his keen fixt eye the shank he brings,
‘Twangs the loud cord, the feathered arrow sings
Picks off the pippin from the smiling boy,
And Uri's rocks resound with shouts of joy,
Soon by an equal dart the tyrant bleeds,
The santon league, the work of fate proceeds ;

Till Austria's titled hordes, with their own gore,
 Fat the fair fields they lorded long before ;
 On Gothard's height while freedom first unfurl'd
 Her infant banner o'er the modern world."

The description of the sea-fight in the Chesepeake bay, and the defeat of the British fleet by De Graffe, which led to the capture of Cornwallis, is drawn in the finest and most striking passion of original genius.

" Far on the wild expanse, where ocean lies,
 And scorns all confines but incumbent skies,
 Scorns to retain the imprinted paths of men
 To guide their wanderings or direct their ken ;
 Where warring vagrants, raging as they go,
 Ask of the stars their way to find the foe ;
 Columbus saw two hovering fleets advance,
 And rival ensigns o'er their pilions dance.
 Graves, on the north, with Albion's flag unfurl'd,
 Waves proud defiance to the watery world ;
 Degraffe, from southern isles, conducts his train,
 And shades with Gallic sheets the moving main.

" Now Morn, unconscious of the coming fray
 That soon shall storm the crystal cope of day,
 Glows o'er the heavens, and with her orient breeze
 Fans, her fair face and curls the summer seas.
 The swelling sails as far as eye can sweep,
 Look through the skies and awe the shadowy deep,
 Lead their long-bending lines ; and, ere they close,
 To count, recognize, circumvent their foes,
 Each hauls his wind, the weathergage to gain
 And master all the movements of the plain ;
 Or bears before the breeze with loftier gait,
 And, beam to beam, begins the work of fate,

" As when the warling winds from each far pole,
 Their adverse storms across the concave roll,
 Thin fleecy vapours thro' the expansion run,
 Veil the blue vault and tremble o'er the sun,
 Till the dark folding wings together drive,
 And ridged with fire and rocked with thunder, strive
 So, hazing thro' the void, at first appear
 White clouds of canvas floating on the air,
 Then frown the broad black, decks the sails are stayed.
 The gaping port-holes cast a frightful shade,
 Flame, triple tier'd and tides of smoke, arise,
 And fulminations rock the seas and skies.

" From van to rear the roaring deluge runs,
 The storm disgorging from a thousand guns,
 Each like a vast volcano spouting wide
 His hissing hell dogs o'er the shuddering tide,
 Whirls high his chain-shot, cleaves the mast and strows
 The shiver'd fragments on the staggering foes,
 Whose gunwale sides with iron globes are gored,
 And a wild storm of splinters sweep the board,
 Hush'd are the winds of heaven no more the gale
 Breaks the red rolls of smoke nor flaps the sail,

A dark dead calm continuous cloaks the glare,
 And holds the clouds of sulphur on the war,
 Convolving o'er the space that yawns and shines,
 With frequent flash, between the laboring lines.
 Nor sun nor sea nor skyborn lightning gleams,
 But flaming Phlegheon's asphaltic streams
 Streak the long gaping gulph; where varying glow
 Carbonic curls above, blue flakes of fire below,

" Hither two hostile ships to contact run,
 Both grappling, board to board, and gun to gun;
 Each thro' the adverse ports their contents pour,
 Rake the low decks, the interior timbers bore,
 Drive into chinks the illumined wads unseen,
 Whose flames approach the unguarded magazine,
 Above with shrouds as foul and gunwales mann'd
 Thick halberds clash; and, closing hand to hand,
 The huddling troops, infuriate from despair,
 Tug at the toils of death, and perish there;
 Grenados, carcases their fragments spread,
 And pikes and pistols strow the decks with dead.
 Now on the Gallic board the Britons rush,
 The intrepid Gauls the rash adventures crush;
 And now, to vengeance stung, with frantic air,
 Back on the British maindeck roll the war,
 There sweeps the carnage; all the tar-beat floor
 Is clogg'd with spattered brains and plued with gore;
 And down the ship's black waist, fresh brooks of blood
 Course o'er their clots and tinge the sable flood.
 Till War, impatient of the lingering strife
 That tires and slackens with the waste of life,
 Opens with engulping gape the astonish'd wave,
 And whelms the combat whole, in one vast grave,
 For now the imprisoned powder caught the flames,
 And into atoms whirl'd the monstrous frames,
 Of both the entangled ships; the vortex wide
 Roars like an Etna thro' the belching tide,
 And blazing into heaven, and bursting high,
 Shells, carriages and guns obstruct the sky;
 Cords, timbers, trunks of men the wilkin sweep,
 And fall on distant ships, or shower along the deep

" The matcht armadas still the fight maintain,
 But cautious, distant; lest the staggering main
 Drive their whole lines asoul, and one dark day
 Glut the proud ocean with too rich a prey,
 At last, where scattering fires the cloud disclose,
 Hulls heave in fight and blood the decks o'erflows
 Here from the field test navies rise to view,
 Drive back to vengeance and the roar renew.
 There shattered ships commence their flight afar,
 Tow'd thro' the smoke, hard struggling from the war;
 And some, half seen amid the gaping wave,
 Plunge in th' whirl they make, and gorge their gave."

The siege of York affords several examples of novel description particularly the bombardment during the night, and the mining and blowing up of a citadel.

The following hymn to Peace forms the overture of the 8th book.

“ Hail holy Peace from thy sublime abode,
Mid circling saints that grace the throne of God.
Before his arm, around our embryo earth,
Stretch'd the dim void, and gave to nature birth,
Ere morning stars his glowing chambers hung,
Or songs of gladness woke an angel's tongue,
Veil'd in the splendors of his beamful mind,
In blest repose thy placid form reclined,
Lived in his life, his inward sapience caught,
And traced and toned his universe of thought,
Borne thro' the expanse with his creating voice
Thy presence bade the unfolding worlds rejoice,
Led forth the systems on their bright career,
Shaped all their curves and fashion'd every sphere,
Spaced out their suns, and round each radiant goal,
Orb over orb, compelled their train to roll,
Bade heaven's own harmony their force combine,
Taught all their host symphonious strains to join,
Gave to seraphic harps their sounding lays,
Their joys to angels, and to men their praise.
“ From scenes of blood, these verdant shores that stain,
From numerous friends in recent battles slain,
From blazing towns that scorch the purple sky,
From houseless hordes, their smoking walls that fly,
From the black prison ships, those groaning graves,
From warring fleets that vex the gory waves,
From a storm'd world, long taught thy flight to mourn
I rise, delightful Peace, and greet thy glad return.”

LICENTIATE DOCTOR AND UNLICENCED DOCTOR

A SONG,

“ Tune oh Bonny lads.”

(Argument to the Song)—The Protestant ascendancy of Physic, alias the College of Physicians, have felt sore pangs, at finding the Papists allowed to encroach upon them, and able to receive a fee from their brother Papist, formerly they openly resisted a Papist Doctor, now open resistance is not so safe, for it is only cautiously they must be opposed, lest the rich papist might not employ the doctoring orangeman—The College therefore has employ'd its Licence for the Purpose, which is laughed at in the following song.

LICENTIATE.

And its oh Doctor dear will you be in our College,
And then none can doubt of your learning and knowledge
When licenced by us you can fear no attack sir,
For an action would lie if they called you a Quack sir,

ANTI-LICENTIATE.

And its oh Doctor dear do you think us such ninnies,
That to be of your Club, we would pay Fifty Guineas,
Your College adds nothing to medical fame fir,
And half of its members stupidity shame fir.

LICENTIATE.

Oh if once a licentiate you then have licence
To insult and traduce men of learning and high sense,
The rabble astonished will hear, see and greet him
Who says he's prevented by College to meet him.

ANTI-LICENTIATE.

Oh such Corporate cants long did take and still take will,
But degrees make the Doctor and Doctors an equal,
We weep at ascendancy ruling the nation,
But laugh to see Physic a low Corporation.

THE ORANGE MAN'S APOLOGY

FOR QUITTING THE CROPPIES AND TURNING LOYALIST.

Tune " With hounds and horn each jovial morn, Bucks a hunting go."

1.

I am a loyal Orangeman, in this I take delight,
Though long before I firmly swore to those who did Unite
With my Orange boys of Ireland I drink, I sing, I prate,
The time has been I lik'd the green, but now its out of date.

2.

They now exclaim I'm much to blame for swearing to them both,
But I'm not wrong to join the throng, what signifies an oath,
With my Orange boys of Ireland, &c. &c.

3.

The ROMANS all, I Heathens call, the Pope I call a hog,
For its my rule, and I'm no fool, whos' miller I'll be dog,
With my Orange boys, &c. &c.

4.

And to confirm my loyalty, I never will refuse,
To go and swear, before the SQUARE whate'er his honour Choose,
With my Orange boys, &c. &c.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

SIR,

By allowing the following lines a place in your Excellent Magazine,
you will much oblige,

Your Obedient
Humble Servant,

Loughrea, Jan. 14th 1809.

LEANDER.

AN ELEGY

ON A YOUNG LADY SMOTHER'D IN THE SNOW.

Ah ! whence proceed that heart dissolving sigh ?
What mean those groans that load the evening gale ?
Why hangs the tear on yon sad Matron's eye ?
Why weep the Dryads of yon snow clad Vale ?

Alas ! too soon I view the weighty cause,
Why Matrons, Swains, and Woodland Dryad's mourn ;
(Her tribute paid to death's unshaken laws)
See on her bier the sweet Maria borne,

Ah ! why, thou tender sweetly blooming flow'r,
Expose thy beauties to the borcam blast ?
Opprest beneath a swift descending snow'r
Of am'rous snow, thy morning life is past !

With fond desire to fold thy lovely form,
I'd imbibe the fragrance of thy balmy breath ;
And seize, with eager haste, thy kisses warm,
It sunk the silent to the shades of death !—

“ Weep not my friends”—(The beauteous angel' cries,)
“ But praise that Lord, whose ever bounteous will
“ Gave me, unstain'd by wordly wiles to rise
“ Where nameless joys may ravish'd senses fill.

“ Oh ! censure not the glorious MAKER's ways,
“ Nor dare to Question his all-wise decrees :
“ For MAN 'tis only to adore and praise ;
“ Nor strive to Judge of what no mortal sees.”

Ye FAIR, who now in YOUTH and BEAUTY's flow'r,
In thoughtless mirth beguile the DOVE-WING'D hours ;
Who smile serene, and mock the pale-eyed pow'r,
At ease reclin'd in LOVE's luxurious bow'rs,

Who, lost in fashion's ever-whirling wheel,
The slaves of pride and Vanity remain ;
Oh ! let no fiend your beauteous bosom's steel ;
Nor specious vice your souls fair brightness stain.

Lift to yon death-bell's deep and solemn sound,
That calls Maria to her silent Tomb,
Than her no fairer in your train was found,
In flow'r of youth, and artless beauty's bloom,

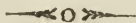
Like you, unconscious of approaching fate
A parents pride the lovely virgin shone;
While, far retir'd from all the pomp of state,
Celestial VIRTUE marked her for her own.

Alone thro' yonder snow-clad dreary waste,
To pour soft balm on yon sad widow's woes;
The fainted maid advanced, with hapless haste,
'Till o'er her head the drifted death arose,

Ye fair attend—list to yon tolling bell!
Tho' youth's hot current swells each sanguine vein!
Like you, in youth's bright bloom Maria fell—
Then learn of her to shun each sinful stain

So when grim DEATH points his unerring dart
With smiles you may the ruthless Tyrant bait;
Secure in humble HOPE from earth you'll part—
Then DEATH's sharp sting, and SATAN's wiles shall fail!

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.



S P A I N.

THE English Journalists, in the confusion, and anxiety they were in for the fate of Lord Castlereagh's Generals, neglect to make Buonaparte plunder and murder the inhabitants of Madrid, this is a great oversight, which sudden emergencies must be the cause of, however, we hope when their embarrassments are some little abated, they will not neglect this important part of political machinery, so necessary to raise a proper degree of alarm and indignation among their fat readers in the metropolis of the empire, at least as much as will keep the old women and children, in mind of the rogue who poisoned his own soldiers, burnt Vinna, Berlin, Amsterdam, and every good and peaceable city, over whose sublime monarchs he triumphed. We will expect to see a paragraph in the following form as soon as possible quite à l'Anglois.

“ As soon as the Corsican tyrant had effectually disarmed the brave but unfortunate citizens of Madrid, he ordered the principal Burghers into the great square, where they were immediately butchered in sight of their wives and children, by the artillery, from which were discharged grape shot in such quantities and effect, that in ten minutes not less than ten thousand of the wretched people were slain, after this scene, a general order for abusing the females of the town was issued from head quarters, to allow the entire army to proceed to gratify their lust and plunder; we forbear to detail the enormities of this fatal day, too atrocious and disgusting for the chastity of a British reader.” This would we think have every desired influence, and cause as well grounded a horror in the minds of Britons, as the defeat of the French in Madrid,

Madrid, by an army of knife men, and the glorious manner the soldiers of Alexander, retook their cannon on their knees from the French, the day after the battle of Austerlitz, did excite surprise and delight; we trust they will also prove the following terms of capitulation forgeries, as by neglecting to set such an instrument aside, might expose newspaper making, to the insults of our foreign and domestic enemies.

CAPITULATION OF MADRID.

From the Madrid Gazette, Dec. 7.

Capitulation proposed by the Military and Civil Junta of Madrid, to his Imperial and Royal Majesty the Emperor of the French.

Article I. The preservation of the Catholic, and Roman Religion, without any other being legally tolerated.—Answer Granted.

Art. II. The liberty and security of the lives and properties of the citizens and other persons residing in Madrid, as well as those in public employments: the preservation of their situations, or the option of their retiring from this Court, if they should prefer it. Likewise the lives, privileges, and properties of the secular and regular Ecclesiastics of both sexes, together with the respect due to the Churches, all in conformity to our laws and customs.—Ans. Granted.

Art. III. The lives and properties of all Military Officers of rank are likewise to be safe.—Ans. Granted.

Art. IV. No person shall be liable to persecution on account of their political opinions or writings, any more than those employed in a public capacity, for what they may have done hitherto in the exercise of their employments, or in obedience to the former Government; nor shall the people suffer for the efforts which they have made for their defence.—Ans. Granted.

Art. V. No other contribution shall be exacted beyond the ordinary ones that have been paid.—Answer Granted, till the Realm shall definitively be organised.

Art. VI. Our laws, customs, and courts of justice shall be preserved in the present constitution.—Ans. Granted until the kingdom undergoes its definitive organization.

Art. VII. The French troops and their Officers shall not be quartered in private houses but in military lodging houses and tents, and by no means in Convents or Monasteries; the privileges allowed to the respective classes by the laws being preserved.—Ans. Granted; it being well understood that both the Officers and privates must have quarters and tents that are furnished conformably to the military regulations, unless the said buildings be insufficient.

Art. VIII. The troops shall march out of the town with the honours of war, and be at liberty to retire whithersoever they chuse.—Ans. The troops shall march out with the honours of war, they shall march off by files to day at four o'clock in the afternoon, and leave their arms and cannon, the armed peasants shall leave their arms and artillery; after which the inhabitants shall retire to their houses, and those from without the town to their villages. All the individuals that have enlisted among the troops of the line four months ago, shall be free from their engagements, and retire to their villages. All the rest shall continue prisoners of war till exchange take place, which will commence immediately between equal numbers, and rank for rank.

Art. IX. The public debts and engagements of the State shall be faithfully and constantly discharged.—Ans. This being a political object, belongs to the cognizance of the Assembly of the Realm, and depends on the general administration.

Art. X. Those Generals who wish to continue in the Capital, shall preserve their rank; and such as are desirous of quitting it, shall be at liberty so to do.—Ans. Granted: they shall remain in their station, although their pay can only continue till the Kingdom receives its ultimate organization.

ADDITIONAL XI. ARTICLE.

A detachment of Guards shall this day, at four o'clock, take possession of the Palace Gates. The different Gates of the City shall, about the same time, be delivered up to the French Army,

The Guard-houses of the Body Guards, and the General Hospital shall be surrendered to the French army at the same time.

At the same hour the Park of Artillery, and the Arsenals, together with the Engineers shall be surrendered to the French

artillery and engineers. The Works and Entrenchments shall be levelled, and the streets repaired.

The French Officer about to take the command of Madrid, shall about mid-day repair, under a military guard, to the house of the Principal (Governor), in order to concert with Government, regulations of police, and measures for the establishment of good order and public security in all parts of the town.

We the undersigned Commissioners, authorised by full powers for settling and signing the present Capitulation, have agreed upon the faithful and entire execution of the above measure.

FERNANDO DE LA VERAS PANTOGA.

THOMAS DE MORLA.

ALESANDRO.

Imperial Camp at Madrid, the 4th of December. 1808. (A true Copy)

DEC. 30.—The following is a true copy of the address presented to his Majesty the Emperor by the Corregidor of Madrid, in the name of the Magistracy and Citizens of that capital.

"Sire, the city of Madrid, represented by its Magistrates, secular and regular Clergy, Nobility, and Deputies of the Wards, presents itself at the feet of your Imperial Majesty, to offer you its most respectful thanks for the gracious clemency with which your Majesty, in the conquest which your victorious troops have made of this city, has been pleased to think of the safety and welfare of its inhabitants, and the praise-worthy and beneficent treatment which your Majesty has been pleased to shew towards them, and which the city of Madrid considers as a pledge of forgiveness for all that has occurred in the absence of our King Joseph, your Majesty's brother.

"The several Colleges constituting this Assembly, duly deliberating on the subject of their meeting, have concluded and resolved to entreat your Imperial and Royal Majesty that it may please you to grant them the favour of seeing King Joseph in Madrid, in order that, under his laws, Madrid, with all the places under its immediate jurisdiction, and the whole of Spain, may at length enjoy that tranquillity and happiness which they expect from the benevolence of his Majesty's character.

"Finally, Madrid flatters herself that she shall find protection in the power of your Imperial and Royal Majesty, at the same time that your clemency guarantees her happiness.

"Sire!—At the feet of your Imperial and Royal Majesty.

"Madrid, Dec. 9."

To this address his Majesty returned the following answer:—

"I am pleased with the sentiments of the city of Madrid. I regret the injuries she has suffered, and particularly happy that, under existing circumstances, I have been able to effect her deliverance, and to protect her from great calamities.

"I have hastened to adopt measures calculated to tranquillize all ranks of the citizens, knowing how painful a state of uncertainty is to all men collectively and individually.

"I have preserved the spiritual Orders but with a limitation of the number of Monks. There is not a single intelligent person who is not of opinion that they were too numerous. Those of them who are influenced by a Divine call, shall remain in their cloisters. With regard to those whose call was doubtful, or influenced by temporal considerations, I have fixed their condition in the order of secular priests. Out of the surplus of the monastic property I have provided for the maintenance of the pastors, that important and useful class of the clergy. I have abolished that Court which was a subject of complaint to Europe and the present age. Priests may guide the minds of men, but must exercise no temporal or corporeal jurisdiction over the citizen.

"I have accomplished what I owed to myself and my nation. Vengeance has had its due. It has fallen upon ten of the principal culprits; all the rest have entire and absolute forgiveness.

"I have abolished those privileges which the Grandees usurped, during times of war, when Kings but too frequently are necessitated to surrender their rights, to purchase their own tranquility, and that of their people. I have abolished the feudal rights, and henceforward every one may set up inns, ovens, mills, employ themselves in fishing and rabbit-hunting, and give free scope to his industry, provided he respects the laws and regulations of the Police. The selfishness, wealth

and

and prosperity of a small number of individuals were more injurious to your agriculture than the heat of the dog-days

"As there is but one God, so should there be in a state but one judicial power. All peculiar jurisdictions were usurpations, and at variance with the rights of the nation; I have abolished them.

"I have also made known to every one what he may have to fear, and what he may have to hope. I shall expel the English army from the Peninsula. Saragossa, Valencia, Seville, shall be reduced to submission, either by persuasion, or the power of my arms.—There is no obstacle which can long resist the execution of my resolutions.

"But what transcends my power is this—to consolidate the Spaniards as one nation, under the sway of the King, should they continue to be affected by those principles of aversion and hatred to France, which the partizans of the English and the enemies of the Continent have infused into the bosom of Spain. I can establish no nation, no King, no independence of the Spaniards, if the King be not assured of their attachment and fidelity.

"The Bourbons can no longer reign in Europe.—The divisions in the Royal Family were contrived by the English. It was not the dethronement of King Charles, and the favour to the Prince of the Peace, that the Duke of Infantado, that tool of England, as is proved by the papers found in his house, had in view. The intention was to establish the predominant influence of England in Spain, a senseless project, the result of which would have been the shedding of torrents of blood. No power under the influence of England can exist on the Continent. If there be any that entertain such a wish their wish is absurd, and will sooner or later occasion their fall.

"It would be easy for me, should I be compelled to adopt that measure, to govern Spain, by re-establishing as many Viceroyalties in it as there are provinces. Nevertheless, I do not refuse to abdicate my rights of conquest in favour of the King, and to establish him in Madrid, as soon as the 30,000 citizens which this capital contains, the Clergy, Nobility,

Merchants, and Lawyers, shall have declared their sentiments and their fidelity, set an example to the provinces, enlighten the people, and made the nation sensible that their existence and prosperity essentially depend upon a King and a free constitution, favourable to the people, and hostile only to the egotism and haughty passions of the Grandees.

"If such be the sentiment of the inhabitants of the City of Madrid, let the 30,000 citizens assemble in the churches, let them, in the presence of the Holy Sacrament, take an oath, not only with their mouths, but also with their hearts, and without any jesuitical equivocation, that they promise support, attachment and fidelity to their King, let the Priests in the confessional and in the pulpit, the mercantile class in their correspondence, the men of the law in their writings and speeches, infuse these sentiments into the people; then I shall surrender my right of conquest, place the King upon the throne, and make it my pleasing task to conduct myself as a true friend of the Spaniards. The present generation may differ in their opinions; the passions have been brought into action; but your grand children will bless me as your renovator; they will reckon the day when I appeared among their memorable festivals; and from that will the happiness of Spain date.

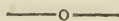
"You are thus, Monsieur le Corrigidor," added the Emperor, "informed of the whole of my determination. Consult with your fellow-citizens, and consider what part you will now choose; but whatever it may be, make your choice with sincerity, and tell me only your real sentiments."

— o —

THE Campaign in the Peninsula has most fatally terminated on the part of the British, and in the fullest completion of Bonaparte's predictions; that promised to make the British mothers weep at the horrors of war, over the graves of their gallant children. At least eighteen thousand have fallen in this disastrous affair, either by famine, unexampled fatigue, or the sword of the enemy. Nor is it the mothers of the brave privates only, who
feel

feel the poignancy of excessive affliction, for, in the humane and light language of Mr. Windham, a very heavy proportion of the higher ranks, have been "killed off." Our unfortunate mothers in Ireland, have in this calamitous instance, their full share of the French Emperors prophetic denunciation. Lord Castlereagh's martial law, which gave so many to the grave, and his subsequent act of Union, that shed so much poverty over a wretched land, have caused tears enough, but this Spanish expedition, so skilfully intended by the aid of 40,000 men, to reverse the thrones of the Corsican dynasty, has completed the climax of national degradation, and national misfortunes. The empire has received an irreparable shock, and its destiny now gallops on with unmeasured steps; nor can the most discerning, nor the most visionary, hope to see any interruption in the career of calamity, while such men as the Irish lord and his no-popery associates are allowed to sport with the resources and blood and dignity, of the two countries. Their abilities are of too petty a form, for the enlarged and energetic nature of the task they have presumed to undertake, they are unfit to wield the strength of a great empire with effect, against the common enemy: they may scourge a country, or buy, or debauch a senate, enact laws of police, or pull altars to pieces, but their genius is not of adequate powers, equal to the task of carrying even petty atrocities with impunity into the dominions of an enemy. Friends have been irritated and conquered, a sister nation has been erased from the political map of Europe, Ireland has been humbled, and France aggrandized. Another considerable part of our countrymen, the Blake's, O'Neill's, O'Daly's, O'Carroll's and Murphy's, in the Spanish armies, who have imprudently committed themselves, with the British ministers, against Bonaparte, have no refuge left them, but such as their anti catholic allies may please to allot them; if their mothers do not join in the vale of tears, their children may, when future Grattans, may deem it a measure of policy to visit them in the hour of repose, with

military executioners; or future Oranzenmen, filling the cup of slavery, will dismiss them "to Heil or Connaught." other Ponsonby's out of office, may plead their cause, or depict their sufferings, and in the office, adopt versatile whims which power often betrays in its elevation, makes even great men discover the absurdity of former opinions, declare Catholic sufferings of such trifling importance, that it scarcely existed, and if it had any solid cause of complaint, it could not have an adequate remedy without injuring the overwhelming constitutional loyalty of the country.



ON THE IRISH STAGE.

The degraded state of the Irish Stage calls forth the observations, as it does the indignation of every person acquainted with the high character, it sustained in the days of Barry and Sheridan, and regret must attend the comparison, when we are obliged to attribute the decline, to the imprudent interference of the legislature that interdicted the existence of a second Theatre in this great City, and for ever bestowed the monopoly to any adventurer who could purchase the patent. Under the present pompous petulant patentee, the public are insulted by the most absurd and disgusting mummery, substituted for that display of accurate taste and fine representation which formerly marked out national judgement, by the amplefield superior genius had for the exercise of its great powers. No Sheridans, Barrys, Mosops, or Wolfingtons, appear as candidates for public patronage, talents disdains the drudgery, and the humiliation, it should submit to, under the present mimic despot.

Any

Any poor devil who can accommodate himself to the most servile condition, poor wages, and humble demeanour, whose taste or education aspires no higher than to figure in the arduous characters of a goose or an elephant, a bouncing Harlequin or a clumsy scaramouch, may succeed to the highest degree of his humble ambition, who has no greater wish to be gratified, than to be half starved and half drunk with a life of vulgar idleness, can never feel any injury in such of the public estimation, as now frequent the Theatre. Genuine acting long discontinued and banished, people of judgment have relinquished the pursuit; the audience that admire grimace and silent buffoonery are gratified, the actor and his admirers, being of equal taste and discrimination, depart equally gratified, and a hired press, puff off the manager and players. The public and the country are gravely told, "how characteristically Mr. Such-a-one done the goose, and how Mr. Such-a-ones various acting in Valentine and Orson, excited the highest marks of approbation from a generous and polite assembly."

—O—

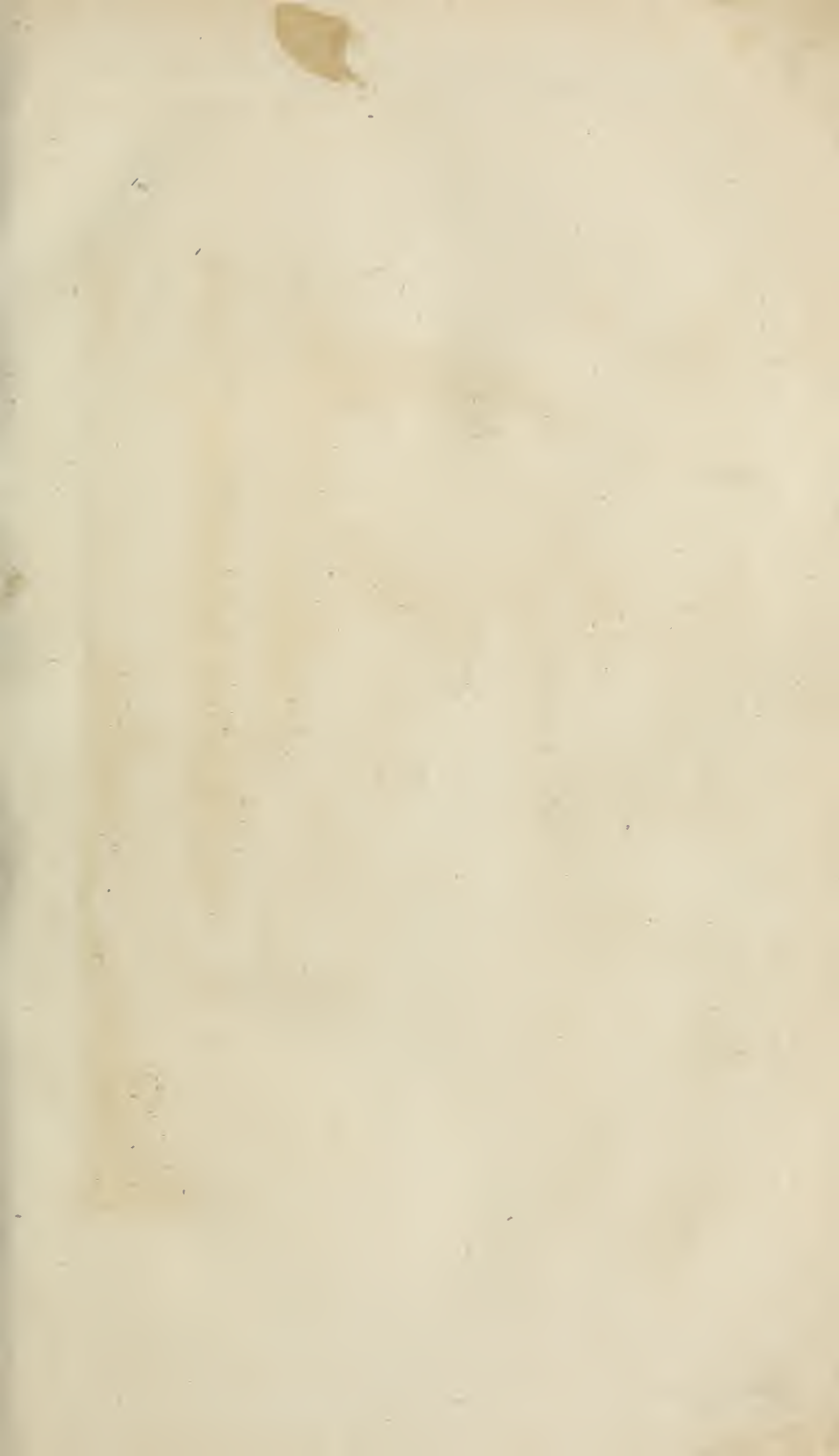
NOBLE OBITUARY.

Died, At his house in Grafton-street, London. The Marquis of Sigo, his Lordship outlived his country nine years, whose independence he laboured to extinguish, and enjoyed his new title but seven years, the wages of his political labours. A corrupt and slavish press, has varnished the name and character of the dead peer, with the most venal and disgusting perversions of truth and language, he is described as the benefactor of his country, the patron of every useful improvement, that could contribute to the distribution of social and political happiness.

The ridiculous invention of the Irish Farming Society, of which his Lordship was Vice-president, he was deeply concerned in. An institution given us in exchange for our Parliament; an expedient to keep us staring at silly experiments, and vicious men at home, to prevent us turning our eyes as well as our indignation at that monopolizing city, that has absorbed our wealth, and our independence; that has yoked our former representatives under the wages of their guilt, and by aggravating their fears has drawn to her the spoils and the plunderers, to lavish on the vices and frivolities of another country, what was extorted from the industry of their own.

His Lordship's fortune was immense and as a member of the Farming Society, he is said to have applied very handsome sums to the funds of that institution, not to the improvement of the condition of his numerous tenantry, a set of men the most wretched in the civilized world, but to the comfort of hogs and cattle, not to build cottages, but to construct pig-sties, stables and menageries, manufacture horse-cloths, instead of blankets. Under the pretext of forwarding agriculture, the noble Vice-president and Farming Society raised corn and fed cattle, not to share the produce, with their half-buried countrymen, but for the comforts of the smothered faced Brass Founders of Birmingham, and the greasy Cutlers of Sheffield. His works were applied to make "exasperated slaves, rather than peaceable subjects." So conscious was he of the ferocity, which hunger, idleness and nakedness, must inspire in a houseless peasantry, aggravated by tythe proctors and middle men, that it was deemed necessary to fortify his resistance, or seek the security which England offers to the men who reduced an independent country to the melancholy condition of an ancient Roman province, its elephants ham-strung, its galleys burnt, a prey to foreign mercenaries and ravenous Pro Consuls.

MARRIED,—The 16th ult. James Brady, of New Row. Esq. to Maria, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Kelly, of this City, Merchant;—If a good disposition and a general good character through life, on the one part, united to a person of the most amiable manners and endowments, on the other, be good omens, we may anticipate by this union, an ornament and acquisition to the married state.





*View of the White Castle and Bridge of Athy
from Woodstock*

THE
IRISH MAGAZINE,

OR
Monthly Asylum

FOR
NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR MARCH, 1809.

History of the town of ATHY, in the County of Kildare, commencing in the 13th Century, down to the present time Communicated by Mr. Michael Devoy, of Kill, near Naas, in that county,

THE borough of Athy in the county of Kildare, and barony of Narragh and Rheban; is situate on the River Barrow, lat. 52. 59. 45. north and long. 0. 32 west of the meridian of Dublin, and 6. 56. 30. west of that of Greenwich. The neighbouring country is pleasant, a limestone soil, better adapted for agriculture than pasturage. The place where the town now stands was an ancient ford leading from the principality of Leix or Lavaghfeagh in the Queen's county, to that of Ceileagh or Caellan (O Kelly) in the county Kildare (Ardscul), and called Ath-Bhiodhbha, pronounced Athy; that is, the Ford of the Adversary and Ath-trodain or the Ford of conflict, from a battle said by Keating to have been fought there in
MARCH 1809.

the second or third century, between the people of Munster, and those of Leix, under Lavaghfeagh (ean Mordha, (according to Keating); but the town owes its foundation to two monasteries erected on each side of the river, at the entrance of an extensive wood, in the 13th century. That on the west side was founded by Richard de St. Michael, lord of Rheban, under the invocation of St. John and St. Thomas, for crutched friars. The precincts of this monastery extended from the river at the foot of the bridge, containing all that part of the town called St. John's and St. John's lane; and the demesne consisted of the island in the river and the adjacent fields, as far as the present barracks. This friary with its appurtenances at its dissolution

N
tion

tion was granted in August 1575, to Anthony Power, which reverting to the crown, was granted by Act of Parliament of the 17th and 18th of Charles II. to Dame Mary Meredith. Part of the walls of the church still remain.

The monastery on the east side of the river, was founded in 1253 by the families of the Boifels, and Hogans, for Dominicans. Its precincts extended from the river along the north side of the present church, (the steeple is part of the old abbey) to the corner of the street leading to Preston's Gate, and from thence along the street under said gate, to the corner of Janeville lane, and to the rear of the Gardens of the present house called the Abbey. The demesne consisted of six messuages in Lemore (the present Newtown.) The islands in the Barrow called the islands of Ardree, and the falls adjacent containing 12A. 2R. 1P. of land, with one acre of heath in the lands of Ardree; also two fishing wiers in the Barrow, opposite Newtown, and a water mill at Tulloghmore (at present Tullygorey Tulloghgowree, that is, the Hill of Hospitality, called by the present occupier Geraldine,) all of which were granted on the 24th of January 35th King Henry VIII. A. D. 1544, to Martin Pelles in capite for ever, at the annual rent of 2s. 8d. Irish money. No remains of this Abbey now exists except the postern gate corruptly called Preston's gate, the great arch in the street, and the present steeple of the church.

From these two monasteries the place was called Ballyda Dhae or Bla Teagh, pronounced Blahai, or the town of the two houses, which name it still retains in Irish. As the monasteries were founded by the English settlers, not only the monks but the inhabitants of the town, were principally of that nation; to

whom were early granted the immunities of a merchant or market town; such as fairs and markets, with the authority to levy customs and tolls, and as such is mentioned prior to the beginning of the 15th century, but which customs by an Act of Parliament in the 25th of Henry VI. A. D. 1448, were to be charged only on goods exposed to sale in the town, and not on those carried on the road through the town or bought or sold out of it.

A. D. 1308. the town was burnt by the Irish.

1309. Lord John de Bonneville was slain near the town of Arstol, or Ascul, and was interred in the church of the abbey of St. John.

In 1315, Athy was plundered by the Scots under Robert Bruce, who gained the battle of Ascul, in which were slain Haymond Le Grace and Sir William Pendergast, and on the side of the Scotch, Sir Fergus Anderson and Sir Walter Murray, all of whom were buried in the Dominican abbey of Athy.

In 1317, Sir John Athy a native of this town, took at sea the famous pirate Thomas Dover cut off his head and brought it to Dublin.

In 1347 a dispute arose between the monasteries relative to the fishing wier of the Dominicans, when the prior of St John's was indicted for stealing fish out of it, to the amount or damage of 100 shillings and upwards. This wier was between the small islands opposite the present Newtown.

In 1408 Gerald the 5th Earl of Kildare built the castle in Leighlin-bridge or New Leighlin, known by the name of the White Castle; he died in 1410, and was buried in the Grey Friary of Kildare. About the year 1420, John the 6th Earl of Kildare called the crooked or crouch back

back, built the castles of Kilkea* and Maynooth he died October 17th, 1427, and lies buried in the monastery of All Saints, Dublin.

About the year 1424, Thomas, the 7th Earl of Kildare then Lord Offaley, married Dorothy, daughter to Anthony O Moore of Leix, and with her obtained the manors of Rheban and Woodstock, and in them erected a Court Baron and Court Leet, which are still held. Woodstock had been built about the time of the foundation of St. John's Abbey, by Richard St. Michael, Lord of Rheban, as an appendage to the palatinate of Dunnameas, granted to the Earl of Pembroke, and situated at the entrance of a great wood now no more.

Dunnameas and the castles appertaining thereunto, having been taken by the O Moores, were retained in their possession until this period. The ruins of Woodstock is at present a suburb of Athy. Dorothy dying without issue is left out in many of the pedigrees of the Fitzgerald family, whilst others make her ancestor to many branches of the Geraldines.

Athy, from the gradual contraction of the English pale, became a frontier and garrison town. Gerald the 8th Earl of Kildare therefore for the purpose of securing the pale erected the several castles of Rathvilly, Lincarrig, Castledermot, and Athy at the foot of the bridge, about the year 1506, the bridge being built about a year or two before. In 1575 this castle was repaired and enlarged by one William White, from whence it obtained the name of White's castle, as appears by an inscription on the wall, and which was originally placed at the mill, within the precincts; the remaining tower is at present used as a prison, being an ap-

pendage to the county goal of Naas. The said Earl of Kildare also the more effectually to secure the borders of the pale, and to induce the gentlemen of the county to pay attention to them, procured in the reign of Henry VII. an Act of Parliament, appointing the assizes of the county of Kildare to be held at Naas and Athy and that they should not be removed from these towns unless by a subsequent Act of Parliament.

Sir Robert Digby who married Lettice daughter to Gerald, Lord of Offaly, procured from James I. in the 13th year of his reign, A. D. 1615, a charter constituting the market town of Athy a borough, sending two members to parliament; to be chosen by the burgesses, and governed by a recorder, sovereign, two bailiffs, and a town clerk, with power to hold a municipal or sovereigns court, with all other immunities of fairs, markets, and customs, which it had enjoyed, antecedent to the date of the said charter.

In 1642, the Earl of Ormond arrived in this town with 3000 foot 500 horse, and 5 field pieces, and sent out parties to relieve the neighbouring garrisons of Carlow, Maryboro, Ballynakill, Bert, Cloghgreennan, and Ballylinan: and at Athy he received intelligence that Mountgarret, attended by the Lords Dunboyne and Ikerrin, Roger Moore, Hugh Byrne, and other rebel leaders of Leinster, at the head of 8000 foot and some troops of horse, had crossed the Barrow at Moygany ford, and were posted to advantage on the high grounds of Birdtown four miles from Athy. It was resolved by a council of war, that as their numbers were diminished by garrisons, harrassed, encumbered and ill-provided, they should by no means hazard an engagement unless the enemy should oppose their march to Dublin.

* Kilkea castle was the residence of the notorious Thomas Reynolds, the informer.

Ormond proceeded on his march with every necessary precaution along the high grounds of Russeltown, Ardscull, Funtstown, and Kilrush, whilst the rebel army moved on in the same direction along the high grounds of Ballindrum, Glassey, and Narraghmore, and drew up their troops most advantageously on the high grounds of Kilrush, and Bullhill, thus completely intercepting Ormond's further progress, and a general engagement became unavoidable. The left wing of the Irish was broken by the first charge, the right animated by their principal leaders maintained the contest for some time, and retired in good order to a neighbouring eminence, since called Battlemount, but here they broke, fled, and were pursued across the grounds they had marched over in the morning; the line of pursuit is discoverable by the number of human bones turned up at Glassey, when the earth is stirred up a foot deep. This victory was considered of so much consequence that Ormond was presented by the Commons with a jewel value £500.

In 1648 the Irish under Owen Roe O Nial, were in possession of it but being hard pressed by Michael Jones, the Parliament's general, Owen offered, by his vicar general O Reilly, to surrender Athy, Maryboro, and Rheban, and lay down their arms, if he and his confederates had the privilege they enjoyed in King James's time. But it was not obtained.

In 1650 the castle and town were taken by Colonels Hewson and Reynolds, Cromwell's generals.

Athy though a borough, is not an original parish, the present town being situated in two parishes, St John's and St. Michael's, and the church living consists of an union of six different parishes, viz St. John's

St Michael's, Ardree, Nicholastown Tankerstown, and Churchtown; during the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century, the great south road lay through this town, as it did in very early periods; but after being turned by Castledermott, the business decreased and with it the population, for from 1000 it has only now (1809) 800 houses, of which 500 are slated and built of lime and stone, and 300 cabins thatched, containing in the whole 5000 inhabitants. The public buildings are the church, erected about 1740, the county courthouse some time after, and the barracks about 1750; the old bridge was built about the same time with the castle, but was thrown down and a new bridge erected in 1793, on an extensive plan at the expence of the county, by Mr. James Delahunty, Master builder.

The ruins besides those of the monasteries before spoken of, are those of St. Michael's church, built some time in the fourteenth century, (founded as is supposed by some of the St. Michael family, then Lords of Rheban) and an old building which stood near the present big malt house, known by the name of Dodderages malt house, said to have been a nunnery, but of which no account can be obtained.

The places of worship besides the church, are a Roman Catholic chapel, the former one was burned being thatched, but was on a very extensive plan. A new chapel has been erected but not in the site of the former, being about 150 yards to the N. W. of it, no vestige of the former remains, on a plot of ground granted by His Grace William Robert late Duke of Leinster, for that purpose. The new chapel is not by any means suitable to the large congregation nor on a plan fit for

for a country chapel; £2000. and upwards has been laid out on it, £300. of which was granted by government as compensation for the loss of the former: the remainder was raised by subscription. This new chapel is 140 feet long by 40 broad and 25 in height, with a dropping eave; the altar is placed in the east end, and the gallery is constructed across the middle by which means from the noise above the people below for about 60 feet in length cannot hear the priest's voice; the men range on one side and the women on the other. Every shirehall or place of worship should be built in form of an Amphitheatre, so that it would not be necessary for any person to move from his or her place as by continual moving the noise is such, to prevent the persons speaking from being audible; wherever a loft or gallery is in such a place, the continual tramping on it prevents the people on it or underneath from hearing, and prevents people from devotion in a place of worship. There is also a Quaker's meeting house and Methodist house. There is also a public school for the classics with a subscription salary of £40. per annum, that is £20. from the Duke of Leinster who is patron of the borough and proprietor of the soil; £15. from the corporation and £5. from the church levied in the church tax.

In the year 1793 the old bridge of this town was taken down and a new one erected at a great expence on a very improper plan, it is now almost in form of a rainbow, being at least 10 feet too high, when it would be sufficient to build it level, a few feet over high water mark, which would have greatly lessened the expence, eased the passengers, and leave a view of perhaps one of the best streets in any country town

in Leinster, even in its present state perhaps it is one of the most delightful and picturesque views from any bridge in Ireland

Common decency should oblige whomsoever his business it is to look into the state of the goal of this town, as the prisoners confined here are no better than those constantly confined in a cell in other goals, there not being until the addition was built in 1802, even a privy, and as yet no yard, although no place better situated for a good yard with a stream of water through it, nor is there scarce light sufficient to read a book. The assizes by Act of Parliament is to be held here alternately with Naas, although it was not held there in 1808 as usual, also if any capital convictions take place, the prisoners are removed to Naas for execution; why such breaches of the privileges of this town take place, it is hoped will shortly be investigated, as such matters if continued, will be of a very ruinous consequence to the inhabitants, as they take away the expenditure of large sums of money, and by degrees may tend to take away the entire privilege.

There are no manufactures of any consequence here at present, some cloths, stuffs, and hats are made but not in any quantity to be called a manufacture. The town for many years surpassed the kingdom for the best and most extensive tan-yards, carried on by the late George Daker, Esq. but since his decease, about fourteen years ago, that trade has almost totally diminished. It was also the most extensive town in Ireland for distilling whiskey about thirty years back, there being fourteen stills at full work, and the entire of the malt to supply them was manufactured here. Proof spirits of the best sold at one penny per gallon

gin and much less by wholesale; but none has been worked here these twenty years. An extensive porter and ale brewery is carried on here by Mr. Robert Rawson. Many extensive flour mills are in the neighbourhood two of which are in the town. The country for many miles round being in a good state of cultivation, the corn market of Athy is not inferior to any inland town in Ireland; there are also large exports of corn, coals, flour, butter, potatoes, &c. for Dublin and Waterford, &c.

The following is an Inscription in relief, standing in the wall of the castle of Athy. It is in bad orthography and worse Latin.

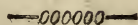
“Fabricarus Ossieu prepospe
wille Deathie posuit hanc Lapidem,

6 Gessimo Septimo menciis Junio,
Ano D. 1575, ance Regine Elizabeth decimo Septimo Moilen O Kellie.

That is,

At the repairing of the castle the governor William White placed this stone on the 16th of the month of June, A. D. 1575, and in the 17th year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth at the mill of O Kelly.

The stone remained at the mill until about two years ago, and is now placed over the goal door; over the inscription are the Fitzgerald arms cut on the same stone, encircled with the motto of the order of the Garter; which arms appertain to Gerald the 8th Earl of Kildare who originally built the castle in 1505.



The Family of EUSTACE in Ireland, taken from the Annals of said kingdom, and from the History of the Dominican Convents, of the Provinces of Ireland, composed by Thomas Burke, D. D. and Bishop of Ossery, in the Year of 1759.

THE illustrious family of *Eustace*, is lineally descended from Placidus, General of Horse in the Roman army at the siege of Jerusalem, under Titus and Vaspasian. He was of the first rank among the Roman nobility, commonly called Patricians, having been converted to the Christian faith at a stag hunt by Jesus Christ himself hanging on the cross, our Lord ordered him to take the name of *Eustachius*, at his baptism, which name signifies valiant or firm in the faith of Christ; and it is in the memory of this occurrence at the hunt that the family bears for crest in the coat of arms, a stag's

head and crucifix, with the image of our Saviour hanging on the cross. The family came from Italy to Normandy, and from thence to England in the time of the Saxon kings some of the same family came over into Ireland with Henry the second, in the year 1172. There have been many illustrious branches of the family, some of which were created peers of the realm, by the titles of Lords Viscounts of Baltinglass, and Barons of Portlester, the eldest branch of that family is now extinct, the last Viscount of the name of James *Eustace* having died in Spain without issue, being banished the kingdom

kingdom by Queen Elizabeth of England, on account of his endeavours for to maintain the Catholic religion against the will and pleasure of the said queen, who was a great promoter of the Protestant religion throughout her dominions. The history of the Rebellion Baltinglass gives an account of the whole in that queen's reign; the family was first called in this kingdom *Fitz-Eustace*, but now commonly Eustace. They possessed half the county Kildare, divided between them and the Fitzgeralds earls of Killare; the said family possessed large estates in other parts of the kingdom, many of them were deprived of the same in the memorable years of 1341 and 1392 — on those two occasions they were banished the kingdom for having fought under the banner of their lawful sovereigns. The family of Eustace of Dowdingstown in the county of Dublin subsists as yet, the heir is Maurice Eustace—his great grandfather was Colonel Richard Eustace, who first married — Hill, the aunt of the present earl of Hillsborough, by whom he had one daughter, Anne, married to Captain James Eustace, of Yeomanstown. They had two sons, Alexander and James, and four daughters, Dorothy, Margaret, Anne, and Catharine; said Colonel Eustace married secondly, Margaret Aylmer, sister of Colonel Aylmer, of Lyons, in the county of Kildare, as may be seen in Lodge's Peerage of Ireland, under the title of Baron Aylmer. This family is allied in blood to the Dukes of Ormond; There have been of the family of Eustace in Ireland, six Lords High Chancellors, one Lord High Treasurer and Viceroy for twenty-five years: this is to be seen in the annals of the kingdom, from the year 1492 to 1865. The head house of Eustace in the kingdom was that of

Castlemartin in the County of Kildare, the head of which house Maurice Eustace, was created a knight baronet by King James the second, the 23d of December in the year 1685, but he lost his whole estate and was banished the kingdom by the Prince of Orange, for having taken up arms in defence of his lawful king. In 1692, he retired into France with him, where he died in the year 1693, without male issue, Colonel of his regiment of infantry. There have been many other branches of the family subsisting in the county of Kildare, as those of Moore, Clonsgowwood, Mainham a branch of Castlemartin. The head of the house of Castlemartin as also that of Mainham, is the R. F. William John Eustace, a Dominican, and twice Prior of the Convent of Naas in the county of Kildare, founded by his ancestors of the surname in year 1350. There is mention made of this convent by Thomas Burke, a Dominican, and Bishop of Ossory, above named in his history, called "Hibernia Dominicana, published 1759, under the title of Naas John Eustace, of Mechlin is of said house of Mainham; he was heretofore captain in Dillon's regiment of foot in the Irish brigade in the French service; his mother was Bridget Gaydon, of the family of Gaydons, descended from Rollo, the first duke of Normandy, and son of a king of Denmark; she was great niece of Richard Talbot Viceroy of Ireland in 1689, her brother John Gaydon was Lieutenant General of the French King's armies, and another of her brothers Sir Richard Gaydon was Lieutenant Colonel of Dillon's regiment in France, and created a Roman senator by the Pope at Bologna in Italy in 1719, on account of his bringing together with Sir Charles Wogan, Sir John Mis-

fett. Sir John O Tool, and others the princefs Sobieski who was then married to King James the third. The said Captain John Eustace has an only son Francis Eustace, born in in the year 1754 There is also of the house of Mainham, Walter Eustace, Merchant in Ireland, and his nephew Oliver Eustace at Cadiz in Spain, the said family lost great estates on account of their maintaining the Catholic religion in Ireland. It was never known that any one of the family of Mainham changed his or her religion for temporal interest, or was allied to Jews, Moors or Heathens, since the conversion of Placidus the progenitor of the Eustace family. In the year 1400, Alexander Eustace, the son of Alexander Eustace of Castlemartin, founded the house of Mainham; he was married to Mary O Byrne, and their eldest son was James Eustace; his wife was Margaret O Tool, their eldest son was Maurice Eustace, married to Mary Kavanagh; their son

and heir was William Eustace, married first to Joan Eustace, secondly, to Elizabeth Usher, their eldest son was Maurice Eustace, married to Mary O Kavanagh; their heir was William Eustace, married to Cecilia Gaydon, they had seven sons and three daughters, James, their fourth son was married to Mary Wogan: they had a son Walter Eustace, married to Mary Broderick; their son Nicholas Eustace was married to Dorothea Tiernan, whose son Oliver Eustace is now living at Cadiz in Spain. This genealogy of Eustace of Mainham in the county of Kildare is taken out of the title deeds of the estate; said deeds may be seen in the annals of Ireland and by an inquisition taken at Naas in the county of Kildare, in the year 1519 and signed by a Jury of twelve gentlemen lords of manors in said county.

Br. VINCENT EUSTACE,
Dominican, and x-Prior of
the Convent of Naas.

—000000—

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF MAGNANIMITY.

IN England such is the severity of the laws of honour, as they are falsely called, that nothing but the death of one of the parties can expiate a blow.

Captain O Flinn, a gallant Irish officer, playing at trictrac with a very intimate friend, in a coffee house in London, amidst a circle of English officers who were looking on. some dispute arose about a cast of dice, upon which O Flinn said, in a gay, thoughtless manner, "oh!

"what a story;" there was an instant murmur amongst the by-standers; and his antagonist feeling the affront, as if the lie had been given him, in the violence of his passion snatched up the tables and hit O Flinn a blow on the head. The moment he had done it, the idea of his imprudence, and its probable consequences to himself and his friend, rushed upon his mind: he sat, stupified with shame and remorse, his eyes rivetted on the ground

ground regardless of what the others resentment might prompt him to act. O Flinn after a short pause, turned round to the spectators: "you think" said he, "that I am now ready to cut the throat of that unfortunate young man, but I know that at this moment he feels anguish a thousand times more keen than any my sword can inflict. I will embrace him thus and try to reconcile him to himself: but I will cut the throat of that man among you who shall dare to breathe a single syllable against my honour." "Bravo! Bravo!" cried an old general who stood immediately behind him. The sentiment of England overcame its habit, and Bravo! Bravo! echoed from every corner of the room. Every heart felt the magnanimity of O Flinn, nor is there a man of principle that reads this anecdote, for false honour is out of the question, that will not readily allow, that it requires infinitely less courage to fight, than to fight a duel.

HIBERNICUS.

—000000—

SPEECH

OF

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN Esq

in Defence of

MR. OLIVER BOND,

FOR

HIGH TREASON,

On Tuesday, July 24, 1798.

—

Abstract of the Indictment.

MR. OLIVER BOND, you stand indicted, for "not having the fear of God before your eyes, nor the duty of your allegiance considering, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, you

did, with other false traitors; conspire and meet together, and contriving and imagining with all your strength this kingdom to disturb, and to overturn by force of arms, &c. the government of this kingdom, on the 20th day of May, in the thirtieth year of the reign of the present king, in the parish of St. Michael the archangel, did conspire and meet together about the means of overturning the government; and his majesty of and from his royal state, power and government of this country to deprive and put: and that you, Oliver Bond, with other false traitors, did meet together and make resolutions to procure arms and ammunition for the purpose of arming men to wage war against our sovereign lord the king; and did conspire to overturn by force the lawful government of this kingdom, and to change by force the government thereof; and did assemble and meet together to raise a rebellion in this kingdom; to procure arms to aid and assist in said rebellion; and that you, Oliver Bond, did aid and cause Thomas Reynolds to be a colonel in the county of Kildare, to aid and assist in the said rebellion, and did administer unlawful oaths to said Thomas Reynolds and to certain other persons, to be united Irishmen, for the purpose of overturning by force the government of this kingdom; and you, the said Oliver Bond, did collect sums of money to furnish arms and ammunition to the persons in said rebellion, against the duty of your allegiance, contrary to his majesty's peace, his crown and dignity, and contrary to the form of the statute in that case made and provided. And whereas a public war, both by land and sea, is, and hath been carried on by persons exercising the powers of government in France; you, the said Oliver Bond, not hav-

ing

ing the fear of God before your eyes did aid and assist the French and men of France to invade this kingdom, to overturn by force the government of this kingdom, and to compass and imagine the death of the king and so forth. On this indictment you, Oliver Bond, have been this day arraigned, and have pleaded not guilty and for trial have put yourself on God and your country.

MR. CURRAN—My Lords, and Gentlemen of the Jury, I am counsel for the prisoner at the bar—it is my *duty* to lay his case before you. It is a *duty* that at any time would be a *painful* one to me, but at present peculiarly so; having, in the course of this long trial, experienced great fatigue both of mind and body, a fatigue I have felt in common with the learned judges who preside on the bench, and with my brethren of the bar: I feel as an advocate for my client the duty of the awful obligation that has devolved upon me.—I do not mean, gentlemen of the jury, to dilate on my own personal fatigues, for I am not in the habit of considering my personal ill state of health, or the anxiety of my mind, in discharging my duty to clients in such awful situations as in the present momentous crisis; I have not been in the habit. gentlemen of the jury, to expatiate to you on personal ill health; in addressing myself to juror on any common subject, I have not been in the habit of addressing myself to the interposition of the court, or to the good natured consideration of the jury on behalf of my client. I have mentioned indeed my own enfeebled worn out body, and my worn out state of mind, not out of any paltry respect to myself, nor to draw your attention to myself, but to induce you to reflect upon this; that in the weakness of the advocate, the

case of my client, the prisoner at the bar, is not implicated: for his case is so strong in support of his *innocence*, that it is not to be weakened by the imbecility or the fatigue of the advocate.

Gentlemen of the jury, I lament that this case has not been brought forward in a simple, and in the usual way, without any extraneous matter being introduced into it; as I think in justice, and as I think in humanity, it ought to have been. I lament that any little artifices should be employed upon so great and solemn a case as this, more especially in desperate times, than upon more ordinary occasions; and some allegations of criminality have been introduced as to persons and things, that ought not in my opinion to have been adverted to in a case like this. What, for instance, has this case to do with the motion made by lord Moira in the house of lords in Ireland in February last, or the accidental conversations with lord Edward Fitzgerald? If you have a feeling for virtue, I trust that lord Moira will be revered as a character that adds a dignity to the peerage. What made that noble character forego his great fortune, quit his extensive demesnes, and the tranquillity of the philosophic mind, but in the great and glorious endeavour to do service to his country? I must repeat he is an honour to the Irish peerage. Let me ask, why was the name of lord Moira, or lord Wycombe, who happened to dine at sir Duke Giffard's, introduced into this trial? what has that motion which lord Moira introduced in the house of lords to do with the trial of Mr. Oliver Bond on a charge of high treason? Gentlemen of the jury, you have been addressed as against a person, by whom a fire has been supposed to have been kindled, and this too at the period of its being
extinguished.

extinguished. (Some ignorant persons in the crowded gallery having created some noise in the court prevented the learned advocate a few minutes from proceeding—The court said they would punish any person who dared to interrupt the counsel for the prisoner, and said they hoped Mr. Curran would be able to proceed in stating the prisoner's case.) Mr. Curran, in continuation—I have very little hope to be able to discharge my *duty*, but I impute the interruption to mere accident; I cannot suppose it was levelled against me, but I am afraid it was excited by prejudice,—(The court remarked, they would maintain the peace and decorum of the court, and they would guard the prisoner from any prejudice. “Mr. Curran, you will state the facts of the prisoner's case to the jury, and shall not be interrupted,.)—Mr. Curran, in continuation. Gentlemen of the jury, I was cautioning you against being prejudiced against my unfortunate client; I fear there is much reason why I should caution you against the influence of any prejudice against the prisoner at the bar. You are to decide on your verdict, by the evidence given and the evidence that on the part of the prisoner will be laid before you, and you will see the evidence does not support the prosecution. You will banish any prejudices and let your verdict be the result of cool and deliberate investigation, and not given in the heat of the season when men's minds may be heated by the circumstances of the times. I shall lay before you the case of my client, to convert the evidence given on the part of the prosecution, and shall offer to your consideration some observations in point of law under the judicial controul of the court as to matter of law. I will strip my client's case from the extraneous matter that has been attempted to be fas-

tened on it. I feel, gentlemen, the more warm, when I speak to you in favour of my client's innocence, and to bring his innocence home to your judgments. I know the honesty and rectitude of your characters, and I know my client has nothing to fear from your understanding. It is my duty to state to you, we have evidence to prove to you, that the witness on the part of the prosecution is undeserving of credit, and it is my duty to apprise you that it is your duty to examine into the moral character of the witness that has been produced; and it is of the utmost concern you should do this, as your verdict is to decide on the life or death, the fame or dishonour of the prisoner at the bar. With respect to prosecutions brought forward by the state, I have ever been of opinion that the decision is to be by the jury, and as to any matter of law the jury do derive information from the court for jurors have by the constitution a fixed and permanent power to decide on matter of fact, and the letter of the law the sovereign leaves to be expounded by the mouth of the king's judges. Some censure upon some former occasions hath fallen on former judges, from a breach of this doctrine. Upon a former occasion I differed in my opinion from the learned judge who then presided, as to what I conceived to be the law, as to what is to be construed in the law of high treason, as to compassing or imagining the death of the king; I am not ashamed of the opinion in a point of law I entertained, I never shall be ashamed of it. I am extremely sorry I should differ from the bench in opinion on a point of law, but judges have had different opinions upon the same subject; where a overt act is laid of compassing and imagining the death of the king, it does not mean in construction of law the natural

ral dissolution of the king, but where there was not the fact acted upon, but confined merely to the *intention* a man had; the proof of such *intention* must, according to lord Coke and Sir M. Foster, be proved by *two witnesses* in England; the statute of Edward III. provides against the event of the death of the king by any person levying war whereby his life might become endangered. The proof of such overt act must in England be substantiated by two witnesses, how it comes not to be so settled and required in Ireland, is not accounted for. Before the statute of Edward III. the law relative to high treason was undefined, which tended to oppress and harass the people, for by the common law of England, it was formerly a matter of doubt, whether it was necessary to have two witnesses to prove an overt-act; it seems he was afterwards of a contrary opinion; but in the reign of William III. a statute passed, and by that statute it appears there must be two witnesses, but when that statute came to be enacted here, the clause relative to their being two witnesses to an overt-act of high treason is not made the law in Ireland but why it was not required in Ireland is not explained. By the English act of William III. in England, the overt-act must be proved by two witnesses in England, but it does not say in Ireland: but as the common law of England and the common law of Ireland is the same, the consciences of an Irish jury ought to be fully satisfied by the *testimony of two witnesses* to an overt-act; but on this point, however, some of the Irish judges are of opinion, that *two witnesses* are not in Ireland required to substantiate an overt-act, therefore their opinion must be acquiesced in. Let me suppose that Confucius, Plato, Solon or Tully, or any other great philoso-

pher, was of opinion, on any particular point, as suppose for instance that on the statute of William III. in order to have a just and equal trial there must be two witnesses to prove an overt-act: Blackstone and Montesquieu are of opinion we should have the equal protection to our liberties; why then should not a jury in Ireland require the same evidence *i. e.* two witnesses here as well as in England. The learned counsel referred to the statute of Edward III. —act of king William III. on high treason, Blackstones Commentaries, Montesquieu's spirit of laws, Coke on Littleton, and sir Michael Foster's pleas of the crown.

Gentlemen of the jury, let me state to you in the clearest point of view the defence of the prisoner at the bar, and see what has been the nature of the evidence adduced —The prisoner at the bar is accused—of compassing or imagining the death of the king, and of adhering to the king's enemies—the evidence against him is *parole and written* evidence. Now, gentlemen of the jury I will venture to observe to you, that as to the *written* evidence, if suffered to go before you by the court, it is only as evidence at large: but as to the credibility of it, that is for you to decide upon.—Mr. Reynolds in his parole testimony has sworn that he was made an United Irishman by the prisoner at the bar. — Mr. Reynolds says, he was sworn to what he considered to be the *objects* of that society—he stated them to you; but whether true or false is for you to determine, by the credit you may give to his testimony. This is the third time Mr. Reynolds has appeared in a court of justice, to prosecute the prisoners. He says, the *objects* of the United Irishmen are to overturn the present government and to establish a republican form of government.

vernment in its stead, and to comfort and abet the French on their invading this kingdom, should such an event take place.—You have heard his testimony, let me ask, do you think him incapable of being a villain? do you think him to be a villain? you observed with what kind of pride he gave his testimony—do you believe his evidence, by the solemn oath that you have taken? or do you believe it was a blasted perjury? can you give credit to any man of a blasted character?—It has been the misfortune of many former jurors to have given their verdict founded upon the evidence of a perjured witness, and on their death bed they repented of their credulity, in convicting a man upon false testimony; the history of former ages is replete with such conduct, as may be seen in the state trials, in the case of Lord Kimbolton and Titus Oates—the then jurors convicted that nobleman, but some time after his death, the jurors discovered they had given implicit credit to a witness unworthy of it; and the lawyers of those times might have said “I thank God they have done the deed.”—Does not the history of human infirmity give many instances of this kind? Gentlemen, let me bring you more immediately to the case before you; had we no evidence against Reynolds but his own solitary evidence; from the whole of his evidence, you cannot establish the guilt of the prisoner at the bar; take the whole of his evidence into your consideration, it may appear he is unworthy of credit. He told you he got information from Mc'Cann on the Sunday morning that the meeting was to be on Monday morning at ten o'clock.—Reynolds goes immediately to Mr. Cope, and gives him that information.—On Sunday afternoon he goes to lord Edward Fitzgerald, and shews him the

orders issued by captain Saurin to the lawyer's corps: then said lord Edward, I fear government intend to arrest me, I will go to France, and hasten them to invade this country.—Government has no information of the meeting of the provincial delegates at Bond's; no, no, says Reynolds, that is impossible.—Reynolds wrote to Bond he could not attend the meeting, as his wife was ill; Reynolds did not go to the meeting.—Bond was arrested on the Monday morning, on Monday evening at eight at night Reynolds goes to lord Edward in Angier street, met him, and goes again to him the next night, and lord Edward conversed with Reynolds about his lord Edward,) going to France.—Reynolds then went to Kildare, he gave the most solemn assurance to the delegates at a meeting there, that he never gave information of the meeting at Bond's—now see how many oaths Reynolds has taken; he admits he took two of the oaths of the obligations to the society of United Irishmen. He told you lord Edward advised him to accept of being a colonel of Kildare United Irishmen's army, and yet he says, he afterwards went to Bond's and Bond advised Reynolds to be a colonel. It appeared in evidence that Reynolds was treasurer; he took two more oaths, one as colonel, and one as treasurer, and he took the oath of allegiance also, and he took oath to the truth of his testimony, at the two former trials and at this; on which do you give him credit?—Gentlemen, in order to narrow the question under your consideration, as to what Reynolds said, relative to lord Edward's conversation is totally out of this case; it can have no weight at all on the trial of Mr. Bond for high treason, in the finding of your verdict.—How, or in what manner, is the prisoner at
the

the bar to be affected by it; I submit to your lordship that the declarations of lord Edward to Reynolds when Bond was not present is not attachable to the prisoner.—Mr. Reynolds has given you a long account of a conversation he had with Mr. Cope, relative to the proceedings of the society of united Irishmen, and Mr. Cope said, if such a man could be found as described by Mr. Reynolds, who would come forward and give information, he would deserve the epithet of saviour of his country: thus by Reynolds's evidence, it would seem that Mr. Cope was the little poney of repentance to drive away the gigantic crimes of the *colossus* Reynolds;—but remember, said Mr. Reynolds, though I give information I won't sacrifice my morality; I won't come forward to prosecute any united Irishman. No, no; like a bashful girl higgling about the price of her virginity, I am determind, says Reynolds, to preserve my character—I will give the communications, but do not think I will descend to be an informer—I will acquaint you of every thing against the united Irishmen, but I must preserve my credit—I tell you the design of the united Irishmen is to overturn the constitution—I will lead you to the threshold of discovery, but I won't name any price for reward—pray don't mention it at all. Says Mr. Cope, a man would deserve a thousand, or fifteen hundred a year and a seat in parliament, or any thing, if he could give the information you mention.—No such thing is required no such thing, says Reynolds—you mistake me: I will have nothing in the world but merely a compensation for losses—do you think I would take a bribe? I ask only of you to give me leave to draw a little bit of note on you for five hundred guineas only by way of indemnity, that is

all, merely for indemnity of losses I have sustained, or am liable to sustain. Gentlemen of the jury, don't you see the vast distinction between a bribe and a gratification? What says father Foigard? consider my conscience, do you think I would take a bribe? it would grieve my conscience if I was to take a bribe—to be a member of parliament and declare for the ayes or the noes—I will accept of no bribe—I will only take a little indemnity for claret that may be spilt, for a little furniture that may be destroyed; for a little wear and tear, for boots and for shoes, for plate destroyed; for defraying the expenses of some pleasurable jaunts, when out of this country; for if I become a public informer against the united Irishmen, and should continue here for some time, I may chance at some time to be killed by some of them—for I have sworn to be true to them, and I also took the oath of allegiance to be true to my sovereign—I have taken all sorts of oaths; if I frequent the company of those who are loyal to the king, they will despise the man who broke his oath of allegiance, and between the loyalist and the united Irishman, I may chance to be killed.—As I am in the habit of living in the world, says Mr. Reynolds to Mr. Cope, you will give me leave to draw a bit of paper on you, only for three hundred guineas at present; it will operate like a bandage on a sore leg, though it won't cure the sore, or the rottenness of the bone, it may hide it from the public view.—I will, says Mr. Reynolds, newly be baptized for a draft of three hundred guineas and become a public informer, and for a further bit of paper only, for another two hundred guineas, yet I trust you will excuse me, I will not positively take any more.—He might I imagine, be compared to a bashful girl

girl, and say, What shall the brutal arms of man attack a country maid, and she not stipulate for full wages? when her gown shortens, and her apron bursts asunder, and she sinks to the view of public prostitution; perhaps he practised upon her virtue, when she thought he was gaining the affections of that innocent dupe in private. Do you think that Reynolds would touch a bribe, and become an informer?—no, no, he said he would be no informer,—but did he not consent to do a little business in private? and did he not get money for it? perhaps he said, I thought to be no villain, I would not have the world think me a villain, yet as I can confide in myself, why should I mind what the world says of me, though it should call me a villain? but is it not a real fact?—Even though I should become the talk of all the porter-houses, though I should become the talk at all the tea-tables, yet perjury is not brought home to me.—No, no human being has knowledge of what is rankling within? Has it not been said, I was an honest man, to come upon the public board as a public informer they did call me an honest man, and a worthy, a respectable informer, and thus my character is at bay.—The world indeed heard of the progress of these crimes, and that I was unfortunately an united Irishman.—He told you there was a *provincial* meeting of delegates, but he has not ventured to tell you where the *provincial committee* met;—he has simply said, there was a provincial committee.—It was a question of great concern; I have doubts about it.—It is not stated to me what these important consultations were about.—From M'Cann he heard that a baronial meeting was to be at Bond's on the 12th of March, and that there was *material business to transact*, and desired Reynolds to attend—that is

all that Reynolds heard from M'Cann and M'Cann is now no more, and this part of the case is in doubt and obscurity.—For my part I am not satisfied that any thing criminal did pass at the meeting at Bond's on the 12th of March—no man can say so—on the evidence produced they do not say that—they only *suppose* there was.—Was the jury to judge of their own present view, I do not think they would come justly with their verdict of condemnation.—The question is not whether there was any meeting at Bond's, but what was the object of that meeting?—Bond was in the ware-house in the custody of the guard, afterwards he came up to the room with Mr. Swan.—At Bond's there was a meeting of the united Irishmen, and though Bond was not taken in that room, yet Bond's charge is mixed with the guilt of that meeting.—The overt-act in the indictment is, of conspiring to levy war, &c. It is material to observe, in this part of the case, it was a *bare conspiracy to levy war*; it is not as I conceive high treason; the *bare intention* does not amount to compassing or imagining the king's death—it is not adhering to the *king's enemies*; under certain circumstances, this is not high treason, of compassing the death of the king.—This is the *great hinge, as I apprehend in this case*. Gentlemen, what was the evidence given? that there was a meeting, for a *dangerous* purpose.—M'Cann said there was to be a meeting of the delegates at Bond's on the 12th of March;—he did not tell Reynolds *the purport of that meeting*—therefore, gentlemen, my objection is, was that a *provincial meeting*? it rests on that evidence of the informer, and no other witness. It was M'Cann told Reynolds, you must be at the convention on the 12th

12th of March, to compass the death of the king, and overturn the government:—but Bond did not tell him any such thing—Bond *only said* M'Cann *was able to give information of what was going forward at that meeting*; but Bond knew nothing about it—though admitting a meeting was held in Bond's house for a guilty purpose, yet Bond might be perfectly *innocent*; he was not in the room till Mr. Swan came—there was to be watch-word, *is* M'Cann *here*? from thence it would seem it was a meeting at M'Cann's suggestion—Mr. Bond probably did not know *the motive*, why he gave the use of the room; for there was not one word between Bond and Reynolds—Reynolds says, M'Cann told him the *watch-word*, M'Cann *did not get the watch word* from Bond, the prisoner at the bar,—the watch-word was, *is* M'Cann *here*; it was for the admission of no person that M'Cann *did not know*; it had no relation to Mr. Bond. Has this no weight with you, gentlemen of the jury? do you feel anxious to investigate the truth? If you believe Reynolds, the meeting was for the worst purpose, but was it with the knowledge of Bond? for Bond said to Reynolds *I can give you no information, go to M'Cann, he can inform you.*—Upon the evidence therefore of Reynolds rests this man's life, for the written evidence found in the room cannot in my apprehension affect Bond, he was *not in the room*; if you, as no doubt you will, be of opinion, Bond was *not in the room, where the papers were found.*—here is not any evidence of the conversation before Mr. Swan came, and he found on the table a paper written on and the ink not dry. “*I A B was duly elected.*” it was *not found upon the prisoner at the bar*:—the papers found might affect the

persons in the room—but, at the time of the seizure of the papers Bond was in the warehouse in custody of serjeant Dungan, and was not brought up stairs until after the arrest. The papers found upon Bond might be read in evidence against him, but I conceive not those found in the room. What was the intention of mentioning the letter from Reynolds, found on the prisoner at the bar? It was stated, but not read in evidence, merely to apologize for Reynolds's not attending the meeting on the 12th of March: Reynolds says he got it again, and burnt it.—Reynolds did not pretend to state to you, he knew from Bond what the object of the meeting was;—and it is material to observe, that Bond's name was not found entered in the *list of persons* who made *returns*, and attended the meeting: Bond has been resident in this city twenty years; in your walks of life, gentlemen of the jury, you never heard any thing to his prejudice before this charge. I know my duty to my client, and must tell you if you have had prejudices, I know you will discard them; I am not paying you any compliment, I have spoken under the feelings of an Irishman, during the course of these trials I have endeavoured to speak to your understandings, I have not ventured to entreat you on behalf of my client, because I am sure you will give your justice, and your merits free operation, in your minds and consciences at this trial. I am sure you will try the cause fairly, and admit every circumstance into your reflections; in a case between the crown and the prisoner, I have not ventured to address you on the public feelings, at this important crisis; you will preserve the subject for the sake of the law, and preserve the law for the sake of the crown. You are

to decide by your sober and deliberate understandings, and hold the balances equal between the crown and the subject, for you are called upon to pronounce your sentence of condemnation or acquittal of the prisoner at the bar.—If you should be mistaken in your verdict, it cannot shake the safety of the state; you are called upon, with the less anxiety, because which ever way your verdict may be, you are not to be told, remember the safety of your king, or your own safety; you are to have in recollection your solemn oath, to decide according to the evidence, and give such a verdict, as may always be satisfactory to your consciences, at the last moment of your existence. The court will tell you, it is your province to decide on matter of fact, and as to opinion on matter of law the court will explain that to you. Your verdict can never die. As to my opinions of the law whatever they may be, I shall never have an opportunity of uttering to you again; your verdict will stamp infamy on the prisoner, or support the throne of the law. I need not remind you that the present moment is awful.—My friends, if you suffer your consciences to be influenced, to be degraded, into opinions of the consequences of your verdict; you are bound to decide by the evidences, the glorious privilege of trial by jury!!! If martial law must cut the thread of brotherly affection, the necessity of it will cease, for verdicts of honest jurors will restore your country to peace and tranquillity; and the liberties of your country will by that means be secured; the supreme government of a nation be protected and supported, whatever the form of that government may be. Let me however ask, is there no species of law to be restored to but terror? Let me observe to you, that the

P

moral is destroyed, when it is stained with the effusion of blood, and it is much to be neglected, when the terrors of the criminal law are obliged to be resorted to, to enforce obedience to the common law of the land, by the people, for the sword may cover the land with millions of deluded men.—is it become necessary to hurl destruction round the land, till it shivers into a thousand particles, to the destruction of all moral law, and all moral obligations?—By the common law of the land, no subject is to be deprived of life, but by a trial by his fellow subjects; but in times when a rebellion prevails in any country, many suffer without the semblance of a trial by their equals. From the earliest period of history down to the present time, there have been seen in some parts of the earth instances where jurors have done little more than record the opinions given to them by the then judges, but is it the last scene of departing liberty. I have read that, in the period of the rebellion, in the last century in England, that jurors on trials, by the common law of the land, have been swayed in their determination by the unsupported evidence of an informer, and sometimes have proved their verdict was ill founded, and the innocence of the convicted persons had afterwards appeared: trials on charges of high treason are of the utmost moment to the country, not merely with respect to any individual, but of the importance it is to the public that they should know the blessings of trial by jury, and that the jurors will solely determine on their verdict by the evidences, and maturely weigh the *credit of the witnesses* against any prisoner.—Some of these trials of late date some of you have been present at, and you know that the object of the court and the jurors are to investi-

gate

gate the truth from the evidence produced, and the jurors are sworn to decide and to bring in a true verdict according to the evidences. One witness has been examined on this trial, which I think does not deserve credit, but is you who are the sole judges whom you will give credit to; but though you know this witness has given evidence on the two former trials, and though the then jury did give credit to his testimony, yet you are not to determine on your verdict on the faith or precedent of any former jurors, but you are to be solely guided by your own consciences; and you will observe we had here two more witnesses to impeach the character of Mr Reynolds, that were not produced on the former trials; and you will, no doubt, throw out of your minds whatever did not come this day before you in evidence on the part of the prosecution; and which will come before you on part of the prisoner's defence. You will find your verdict flowing from conscientious integrity, and from the feelings of honourable minds; notwithstanding the evidence of the witness, Mr. Reynolds, who has been examined upon the table, and whose testimony I need not repeat to you, perhaps you may be inclined to think he is a perjured witness, perhaps you will not believe the story he has told against the prisoner at the bar, and of his own turpitude: you will do well to consider it was through a perjured witness, that a Ruffel and a Sidney were convicted in the reign of James II. If juries are not circumspect to determine only by the evidences adduced before them, and not from any extraneous matter, not from the slightest breath of prejudice then what will become of our boasted trial by jury; then what will become of our boasted constitution of Ireland? When former jurors decided

contrary to evidence, it created great effusion of blood in former times. Let me ask, will you, gentlemen, give a verdict through infirmity of body, or through misrepresentations, or through ignorance? you by your verdict will give an answer to this, Gentlemen of the jury, you will weigh in your minds, that many inhuman executions did take place in former times; though the then accused underwent the solemnity of a trial, the verdicts of those jurors are not in a state of annihilation, for they remain on the page of history, as a beacon to future jurors; the judges before whom the then accused were tried, having long since paid the debt of nature; they cannot now be called to account, why they shrunk from their duty—I call upon you, gentlemen of the jury, to be firm in the exercise of the solemn duty you are now engaged in; should you be of opinion to bring in a verdict of condemnation against my unfortunate client; for myself I ought to care nothing, what impressions may actuate your minds to find such a verdict; it little regardeth me, but it much regardeth you, to consider what kind of men you condemn to die; and before you write the bloody sentence, consider maturely whether the charge against the prisoner is fully proved. If you should on the evidences you have heard condemn the prisoner to death, and afterwards repent it, I shall not live among you to trace any proof of your future repentance.—I said I rose to tell you what evidences we had to produce on behalf of my client, the prisoner at the bar; we shall lay evidence before you, from which you can infer, that the witness produced this day was a perjured man; we have only to shew you as honest men that the witness is not deserving of credit on his oath; we have nothing

nothing more to offer on behalf of my client, the prisoner at the bar. It is your province to deliberate in your consciences on what evidence you have heard, and whether you will believe the witnesses you have heard, on his oath or not. Let me ask will you, upon the evidence you heard, take away the life of a man of this kind, as the prisoner at the bar, from his wife and from his little children for ever? I told you, I was to state to you the evidences which we had to bring forward on behalf of my unfortunate client; I tell you it is to discredit the testimony of Mr. Reynolds; when you have heard our evidences to this point, I cannot suppose you will give your verdict to doom to death the unhappy and unfortunate prisoner at the bar, and entail infamy on his posterity. We will also produce respectable witnesses to the hither unimpeached character of the prisoner at the bar, that he was a man of fair honest character;—you, gentlemen of the jury, have yourselves known him a number of years in this city; let me ask you, do you not know that the prisoner at the bar has always borne the character of a man of integrity, and of honest fame; and gentlemen of the jury, I call upon you to answer my question by your verdict:—I feel myself impressed with the idea in my breast, that you will give your verdict of acquittal of the prisoner at the bar; and that by your verdict you will declare on your oaths, that you do not believe one syllable that Mr. Reynolds has told you. Let me entreat you to put in one scale, the base, the attainted, the unfounded, the perjured witness, and in the opposite scale, let me advise you to put the testimony of the respectable witnesses produced against

Mr. Reynolds, and the witnesses to the prisoner's hitherto unimpeached character; and you will hold the balances with justice, tempered with mercy, as your consciences in future will approve.—Let me depart from the scene of beholding human misery, should the life of my client by your verdict be forfeited; should he live by your verdict of acquittal, he would rank as the kindest father, and protector of his little children, as the best of husbands, and offriends and ever maintain that irreproachable character, he has hitherto sustained in private life.—Should our witnesses not exculpate the prisoner from the crimes charged on him, to the extent as charged in the indictment, I pray to God to give you the judgment and understanding to acquit him. Do not imagine I have made use of any arguments to mislead your consciences, or to distress your feelings: no—but if you conceive a doubt in your minds that the prisoner is innocent of the crime of high treason, I pray to God to give you firmness of mind to acquit him. I now leave you, gentlemen of the jury, to the free exercise of your judgments in the verdict you may give.—I have not, by way of supplication, addressed you in argument; I do not wish to distress your feelings from supplications; it would be most unbefitting to your candour and understanding; you are bound by your oaths to find a true verdict according to the evidence; and you do not deserve the station of jurors, the constitution has placed you in, if you do not discharge the trust the constitution has vested in you, to give your verdict freely and indifferently, according to your consciences.

Mr. Bond was found Guilty.

The Wholesale Dealers in foreign and home made Spirits.

ABOUT three months since, the men concerned in the trade came very particularly forward and by public advertisement, to put a stop to private distillation and smuggling, and to grace their resolutions and penitence for former acts of contraband trade, and to terrify with high sounding epithets their more humble adversaries because less penitent in illicit undertakings, decreed their chairman the title of *Esquire* and their committee of informers *Gentlemen*. We will leave it to the opinion of the Excise Board and to the seizing officers, to what means do these *Esquires* and *Gentlemen* owe their quondam rank and present opulence, is it to an exact compliance with the character they now assume of acting as fair traders, and an uniform resistance to smuggling, they owe their mushroom existence from recent and notorious obscurity. When the chancellor of the exchequer gave notice in the house of commons, that it was intended to take off the restriction on Irish distilleries, they caught another alarm, they convened public meetings to remonstrate against the decision of government, and shewed as much dislike to *public* distilleries, that they before did to *private* ones but the public mind disgusted at their ignorance, as well, as at their impudence approved of the proposed measures of the legislature, by leaving the interested and upstart combinators in a contemptible minority, to lament over their depreceated

stock as a punishment for their interested and impudent attempts at monopoly. We rejoice that such a set of vulgar speculators are punished whose avarice is so unbounded that neither legal nor illegal trade would they suffer, while they had a hog'shead to sell, or a customer to injure, and the public must be gratified to see the spoils, which were wrested from the fair trader at the expense of the revenue snatched from the hands of such unprincipled and rapacious adventurers.

We know that there are many who apprehend that distilling from grain by raising the price of corn, will injure the brewing trade, by which it is given in a more harmless state to the public; this apprehension is partly unfounded, as there is such an ingenious improvement made in the brewing, that with the exception of one or two houses corn is scarcely necessary in the manufacture of modern porter, and will be so until heavy duties are imposed on the importation of liquorice ball, liquorice root orange peel. Coriander seeds, copperas, mola sses, &c. or officers stationed in breweries to prevent the use of such substitutes by inspecting the coppers, tuns and vats, a measure if prudently adopted, would in a few months, give the people an wholesome and safe beverage, which was originally intended by the legislature, when it imposed such heavy duties on the manufacture of spirits.

The Examination of a Person applying for a Spirit License.

Scene——a large Room with desks, at which are seated three men, with faces on which are collected all the significant dignity of expression so characteristically necessary for magisterial solemnity.

Principal Doorkeeper and Messenger Corporal Firehatch,

A person enters, having obtained leave through the medium of the Corporal.

M. You want a license ?

A. I do sir

M. Where is your residence ?

A. Summer-Hill.

M. Were you refused already ?

A. I was

M. How dare you to trouble the office again ?

A. Because I know not why I should be deprived, when I am conscious no charge nor imputation of any description of impropriety can be adduced against me.

M. Corporal, do you know his name ?

A. I do your honor.

M. Tell what you know ?

A. I will your honor. The first time this man applied for license I went to his house, by your honors orders, to inspect the position he held, I then entered his shop, and sat down, and asked him was he not refused a License, he said he was ; while I was talking to him I observed the word "Major" written on the wall, with the tops of the letters downwards. I told him this

was no way to obtain what he wanted by abusing the army ; I told him for my own part I was an old soldier and that I felt myself offended at the sight of a *Major* hung up so disrespectfully. To this he answered, that this hanging affair must have been done by some of the children. This excuse satisfied me, as he promised to have the Major either *taken down*, or *hung properly*.

After taking a glass, I advised him, when he went to the office to say *your honor* that is whenever your honor spoke to him ; at this he got into a great passion, and swore vehemently he would sooner close his house and go to America, than use such language to such men as *Majors* and *Comb-makers*. That he knew he was as respectable as any Alderman or Major not in the army ; besides this, he told me the lowest and most infamous in society obtained licenses though refused to him ; he said also that gambling houses though contrary to law were winked at for *certain* reasons ; he mentioned one house in Crow-street, kept by Mr. Neile, who he said formerly hunted *human game* with Jimmy O'Brien, and who is frequently with your honor every evening ; that he can have his hazard table open every night at all hours, while such men, meaning himself, are deprived of bread ; he said also, that when he heard a *comb-maker* was appointed a *thief-taker*, nothing could be better thought of, as he must have *contrivances* for the

closest

closest way of catching, and under-stand *Trap*.

M. Corporal, do you remember any things he said against the state?

A. Yes, your honor, if he did not say it himself I heard his little son sing high treason at the fire.

M. Singing high treason let me hear Corporal what song it was?

Corporal. As well as I remember it was the song your honor fined the old woman in Donnybrook for,

"*I am Sir, your Jenny O'Brien.*"

Corporal. I forgot to tell your

honour he had the impudence to say there was a gambling house nextdoor to the office, under your honor's nose and that the rattling of the dice box frequently hindered your honor of hearing or examining prisoners or witnesses.

M. I'll hear no more about this impudent ruffian. turn him out, break his glasses, and spill his drink, and fine him.

A. I will your honor.

Exeunt Omnes;

—00000—

CATHOLIC MEETING.

ON Monday the 6th of February, a meeting of certain Catholics took place in a room in Mary-street; the purpose of it we could not learn but we understand when some question was put, or moved, the chairman Lord Fingal very prudently resigned his situation. We have read an account in the papers of several counsellors who spoke largely at the meeting; this expedient of convening public assemblies, and reporting the debates, and dressing up the oratory in print by the demagogues themselves, for the purpose of advertising their trade, and displaying non existing abilities, is ingenious and mechanical. When a man makes a noise, though the sound is discordant and the language harsh and unconnected, yet as a noise it is entitled to be heard. The vulgar may be captivated, and our Catholic advocates may rival an Adams or Mc'Nally at Quarter Sessions, but, the obtrusion of artifice incapacity, or effrontery, though necessary in mean hands, against the claims of necessity will have no more than their due weight

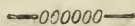
with the more intelligent part of society.

Giving the lawyers and their little circle of small admirers their dismissal to oblivion, we would ask some more respectable authorities, what are the benefits that are to be distributed among the wretched and laborious Catholic peasantry, by what is termed emancipation? The vanity of a rich Catholic we allow will be gratified and the pride of family distinctions increased, but we have no promise that the condition of industry will be amended, from any example of humanity or patriotism ever exhibited by a Catholic aristocracy, as we have with much pain observed that the tenants and cottagers who have Catholic landlords are as wretched, as badly housed, as miserably fed, and as carelessly educated as those who have Protestant landlords. A man who is a bad landlord, who is a supercilious proud tyrant in private life, can never be a good representative; he will carry on his vices enlarged into the senate and

and will earn the patronage of a minister, and acquire a reputation of severe loyalty among his legislating compeers at the expense of his ragged constituents.

Were the ease and conduct of the proud unfeeling Catholic gentry and nobility miraculously transformed, assume all the honest virtues which adorn private and public good men, we cannot promise the country or the Catholics any amelioration in the common condition of present and future misery, which the act of Union has fastened on, industry

abridged and commerce restricted, To emancipate a man in a prison, to take from his cell into the corridors though it may mitigate confinement, it is no definition of liberty, If we were restored our corrupt, our flogging and persecuting senate, bad as it was, it was, it must in time submit to progressive improvement when the mass of the people had a controul on elections. In the case things now stand, not all the wisdom or virtue of the most enlightened people can hope to apply any radical improvement on a distant legislature.



Description of the city of MADRID, by the Chevalier de Burgoanne.

MADRID has a good appearance when approached from the side of the Escorial. After having passed the Manzaneres, we proceed along a part of the fine road, planted with trees, which leads from the capital to Pardo, a royal mansion where the court resides from the 7th of January to the holy week. There is nothing remarkable in this edifice. The Manzanare, and on the opposite side we see an ancient countr residence of the kings of Spain, around which the large trees cover, to a certain degree the nakedness of the horizon. This is the *Casa del Campo*, which the last kings of the house of Austria very much frequented, but which has been neglected by those of the family of Bourbon.

The gate of St. Vincent, by which we enter, is new and tolerably elegant. We afterwards painfully ascended to the palace, which standing alone upon an eminence, without either terrace, park or garden, has rather the appearance of a citadel than that of a palace of residence for one of the most powerful monarchs in the world. But this

first impression is dissipated as we approach, and when we have entered the edifice. Its form is almost square, and there is a spacious court in the middle, around which are large piazzas. The apartments and offices of the principal persons of the court are upon the ground floor, which they wholly occupy. A fine marble stair-case, the ascent of which is perhaps too gentle, leads to the first story. The sides of the stair-case are decorated with the richest sculpture and architecture.

We afterwards pass on to the king's apartments, which are of the most magnificent dimensions. The hall, in which the throne is placed, and which is called *salon de los reyes*, may be admired even by those who have seen the gallery of Versailles. The different dresses of the vast Spanish monarchy are painted in fresco upon the ceiling by a Venetian named Tiepolo, a species of decoration which can only have place in the palace of the sovereigns of Spain. Fine vases, little statues, and antique busts are distributed upon all the tables. The rest of the orna-

ments are of Spanish production. The glasses, perhaps the largest in Europe, were manufactured at St. Ildefonso, as what is called the Bohemian glass of the window. The tapestry of which the figures were copied from good paintings, was made in a manufactory near the gates of Madrid; and the inexhaustible and variegated quarries of the peninsula furnished marble for the tables.

The apartments adjoining to the gallery are not less richly furnished. The nearest is that in which the king dines. The famous Mengs, who had painted the ceiling, the subject of which is the assembly of the gods and goddesses on Olympus, has displayed such rich and brilliant colouring, and such graceful forms, as prove him equal in execution to the greatest painters of Italy. During the summer the portraits of Philip II. Philip III. and his queen, Philip IV. and the duke d'Olivarez all on horseback, painted by Velasquez, and those of Philip V. and the queen Isabella Farnese his second wife, by Charles Vanloo, are substituted for the tapestry. It is not necessary to be a connoisseur to be struck with the astonishing superiority of the first of these. The fine form of the horse of Philip the Fourth, and the animation of his whole body, cannot be too much admired.

The next apartment is that where the king gives audience. The ceiling which represents the apotheosis of Hercules, is also painted by Mengs. This charming painter, whose women and children are models of grace and delicacy, does not equally succeed in the portraits of men. To render them nervous he somewhat exaggerates their form, and makes them appear rather heavy. His last pain-

ting, on which he was employed at Rome when the fine arts and his friends were deprived of him by death, is placed in the same apartment; it is an annunciation. The Virgin has an admirable expression of modesty and sweetness; neither Corregio nor Albano ever produced any thing more pleasing. Some of the angels about the celestial throne are equally finished. But it is to be wished the angel Gabriel had a countenance and attitude more suitable to his message. The Supreme Being has not that supernatural grandeur which Guido or Paul Veronese would have given him. However, there is in this apartment a large painting by the same master, which could not have been more highly finished by either of the two latter; this is an adoration of the shepherds, in which the men, women and children are equally beautiful and full of expression. His works compose the principal decoration of the king's bed-chamber; it seems as if the monarch wished to mark the distinguished protection he gave to this great painter, by surrounding himself by his productions. They have all undoubtedly some merit, but are eclipsed by a descent from the cross, which, according to connoisseurs, is his greatest production. The eye is never tired with contemplating the deep and tender grief of St. John, whose eyes wearied with weeping, seem to shew the source of tears to be exhausted; the sublime attitude of the Virgin, who expects no comfort for her sorrows, but from heaven: and the softer, but not more affecting affliction of the Magdalen, who preserves all her charms in the midst of the general grief she participates. I have frequently heard the colour of the dead body criticised.

(To be continued.)

TO THE REVEREND RICHARD O'DONNEL,

ROMAN CATHOLIC DEAN OF THE DIOCESE OF OSSORY.

SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING the question of the Royal Veto, has employed more able, and erudite pens than mine; yet as it is a question of such vital importance to the Catholic Body at large, (of which I am a member) I humbly offer my opinion, whether its introduction, would be beneficial or detrimental to the interest of the Roman Catholic Religion. I address you Sir, a veteran in the cause of Religion, who have lately acted to noble a part in the support of our as yet, un sullied Hierarchy. Nor were the real Catholics of Kilkenny mistaken in their choice, when they elected you chairman of their truly religious and patriotic committee. Mine indeed is not the language of flattery: that is only adapted for the servile fawning courtier, or the shameless pension hunting sycophant, who bows irreligious assent at the levee of some modern Bolingbroke. But your spirited orthodox exertions, in counteracting the insidious machinations of blindly ambitious infatuated men, who endeavoured to point the envenomed shafts of obloquy, against the glorious decision of our venerable Prelates, will be long remembered with gratitude by every sincere member of

our Holy Religion, and in offering you my meed of applause, I only faintly echo the unanimous voice, of all my Catholic Brethren. I will now proceed to the investigation of the Royal Veto, which owing, to the misguided obstinacy of the Irish Junta, still continues to agitate the public mind. But before I launch into the ocean of futurity, before I attempt to demonstrate, the benefits or evils, that would result from his Majesty possessing a negative voice, in the appointing of our Bishops, I will take a retrospective view, and endeavour to discover whether history affords any parallel instances, of Princes claiming a controul over the concerns of the Church, and what were the effects it produced. It is uncontrovertible fact, proved by the words of the Sacred Scripture,* by the general consent of the Church, by the unanimous testimony of the holy fathers,† that the succession of Peter always enjoyed the prerogative of Supremacy in spiritual matters, consequently they alone have the power of appointing, or sanctioning the nomination of Bishops. During the golden days of Christianity, the solicitation of the faithful, or the recommendation of such an orthodox pious prince

* See MATTHEW 16 Chap. 16 and 17 ver.

† See Tertullian who calls the Pope, Episcopus Episcoporum, See also St. Cyprian, Epist. ad Cor. Cap. And also to St. Stephen, on the rebaptization of Heretics. Also Eusebius Lib 5. But a Child or a Madman, would be still elected head of some Churches, regardless of these authorities.

Prince as Constantine, were always attended to by the Pope in the election of Bishops; but I am well convinced, that the Holy Father would reject, with all imaginable horror, the recommendation, of an Arrian, Nestorian or Pelagian Emperor. In after ages, when the Roman Catholic Faith, triumphing over persecution and hereby, became the national Religion, of states hitherto disgraced by the absurdities of Paganism; and when Bishops, on account of their learning and sanctity, formed one of the chief links of the chain of society, the monarchs of them days who it is needless to say were Roman Catholics, dreading that any, wicked persons, might intrude themselves into the sanctuary, entered into concordats or stipulations with the Holy See, in which the conditions were equally honorable to both parts, His Holiness still preserving that Supremacy which his predecessors always enjoyed, and the Monarch was at the same time guaranteed, that no unworthy member should profane the Episcopal character: a matter which was highly essential, for the morals and edification of the faithful. But unfortunately Princes often wish, to stretch the royal prerogative, as far in spiritual as in political affairs. Some of them even before the pure Catholic air of Europe, was tainted by Luther's poisonous doctrines, endeavoured to encroach on the liberty of the Church, which often caused discord, scandal, nay even murder and simony. Witness the case of St. Anselm. Witness also the tragical fate of St. Thomas Becket, who lost his life for opposing the wicked innovations

of Henry II. Even in them orthodox days there were found courtiers, who would not only allow the King, an unjust interference in ecclesiastical affairs, but would also on the bare hint of a haughty discontented Prince, assassinate an Archbishop, stain and pollute the Altars of the living God, with the blood; and besmear the pavement of his temple, with the brains of his anointed, in the very act of singing the divine praises. If such were the dreadful effects of the Catholic Henry's proceedings, ought not we shudder at the very idea, of placing our sacred HIERARCHY, long but vainly buffeted, by the boisterous wave of persecution, at the ruthless disposal of men long distinguished for their hatred, to the Religion of their fore-fathers: hitherto we have observed princes only monopolizing a share of the papal authority. But another Henry, blinded by pride, and hurried away by the impetuous torrent of his abominable passions, not only disclaimed all obedience to the Holy See, but impiously usurped that supremacy, which only belongs to the sovereign Pontiff. A notion that was probably borrowed from Mahomet, who was both King and Prophet of his followers. To the same source, I believe, we can refer Henry's favourite doctrine of incestuous polygamy. But arch impostor as Mahomet was, although (like our modern reformers) he propagated his new fangled tenets by the sword, he never imbrued his hands in the blood of his beloved. But did Henry ameliorate the condition of his subjects, by thus (as some term it) freeing them from the papal yoke?

Why

Why indeed, unbridled licentiousness, universal depravity, the most antisocial and blasphemous heresy, perjured apostacy more than Antiochean Sacrilege, the most rapacious robbery, the savage murder of venerable Bishops, pondrous volumes of blood statutes enacted to crush the true Religion, in fine, Sociniaism, Deism and the open avowal of Atheism, were the blessings that followed the King's monstrous usurpation of supremacy. In the reign of Edward, the bible corrupted, was sworn to be the only true rule of faith. Edward, a child, was nevertheless acknowledged supreme head of the Church of England, an absurdity that a Moslem would disdain to swallow. Behold Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, (risum teneatis amice) drunk with the blood of the Saints and Martyrs, yet this

sanguinary monster of impurity, was also acknowledged supreme head of the Church, the most flagrant outrage that was ever yet committed against reason, humanity, or Religion. In a word, has not the King's supremacy plunged a nation long eminent for piety into such a gulph of prejudice, error, and heathen ignorance, (for this last assertion I appeal to Dr. Porteus a Protestant divine) that it would require the labours of a Francis Xavier to reclaim it: nay it is doubtful whether he would succeed. This terrible example teaches posterity the awful lesson, of never separating from the chair of Peter, the seat of unity and of the true Religion. But I may be told that Supremacy and the Royal Veto are quite different, in my next I hope to prove the contrary.

BOSSEUR.

PANTHEON, REPERTORY,

IRISH LITERATURE.

THIS amusing and important branch of domestic Industry, has lately acquired a considerable portion of character and extensive circulation, by the many periodical publications, which genius or dulness have recently put into the world, the lettered and the ignorant have given their respective patronage, in proportion to their judgement and curiosity. A new competitor has lingered to the age of nine months, at the expense of public patience, and to the prejudice of the estate of the proprietor. Like other quack nostrums it has excited public curiosity, and gained a temporary advantage on

public credulity, by the learned nick names it has taken from ancient literature, "words of learned length and thundering sound," have borne it to its present maturity.

The PANTHEON the house of all the Gods, has been erected on an Irish foundation, but, in the hurry of business, the architect in his classic arrangements, though, he lodged the whole of his Divinities within his Rotunda, had not interest at Parnassus, to even borrow one of its humblest retainers, to tag a rhyme, or whistle a tune for the entertainment of the illustrious guests. It is to be regretted

gretted, that in the opinion of the LITERARY HOTEL KEEPER, the fine arts are not at hand in Ireland, or of sufficient merit, that they might lend their assistance to the decoration of the Building, the chisel of a Praxiteles, or the graver of a Bartolozzi, were only deemed worthy heretofore to grace the portal. The discerning and lively Proprietor has after much research, among the rubbish of Hibernian genius, discovered an artist, of adequate talents, who has favoured the public and immortalised the country, by a half dressed portrait, said by the title which is in legible characters, to represent the Prince of Wales. this very *novel* and interesting ornament is not sufficiently explanatory. as we cannot discover any likeness it bears to any living person, we suppose the *sober* artist intended it for his present Majesty's illustrious grand-father, when a boy, which some skilful friseur has very handsomely modernised.

However, it is a very merchantable article, quite convenient to the purse and the taste of the Pantheon-maker, by the facility which its half cloathing can be cut and altered, to make it personate any character: whose history may excite curiosity, in any succeeding month; by a very little trouble, such as adding a cap and a pelisse, it may be converted into a genteel female figure, and the accomplished head of the commissariat department Mrs. Clarke, may grace the next months publication, by which expedient the book may appear in its own due form and figure, and need not be delayed, in the unfortunate manner the present one

experienced for fifteen days, as one hour under the same graver the cap can be replaced by a helmet, and a pair of mustachoes added, to make it a good Spanish patriot, for whom the sprightly Editor may write an interesting memoir in the Dublin Evening Post, or any other paper that delights in *going to rest*. After this plan is properly adopted, quite in the style and manner of Dublin Magazine *Wrights*, we hope we will see no more whining in print, or complaints against national ingenuity.

The likeness we gave of Mr. Emmet, and the occupation of industry which we acknowledge, are maliciously and invidiously given in the heavy pages of the Pantheon, as crimes that must call forward the contempt and suspicion of men of rank, like the learned Editor. If we had the honour of knowing the unfortunate youth, and if it was his to have our confidence, our industry would have given us bread at our own expense, neither too idle to work, nor too dull to write, we would not have become his associates for the purpose of eating up his fortune, flattering his visionary notions, and when all was exhausted, like the gentlemen he dressed and made drunk, abandon him to a man, and leave him and his humbler associates, to expiate their youthful imprudence by ignominious deaths. Where was this honest indignation which an Editor now exhibits, when he talks of the youth who fell a victim to the violated laws of his country? Why was such discretion exercised in the little cabinet of *Old blow Lane*? Why was not the wisdom

wisdom of maturer years, applied in Paris, to arrest the romantic passion of inexperience? Alas! idleness, foppery, and want, have little recollection, while their claims are allowed and their cupidity gratified. The youth is dead, his fortune dissipated, his quondam friends do not write his epitaph, but demonstrate their conversion by maligning his memory.

The Pantheon-maker roundly asserts that the Proprietor of the Irish Magazine distributes poison to corrupt the public mind:—this is not a feeble attempt to procure

a place like his predecessor, another learned Editor of an Evening Paper. We may shortly expect to hear of the *Ci-devant* democrat at the tables of the *Majors*, and at corporation festivals, enjoying “the feast of reason and the flow of soul.” Hunger is a pressing advocate and “eating is a want that cannot be postponed.” He that cannot work, must seek other resources, a bad Author, may be rendered an active agent, the leaden hand that can put a newspaper to sleep, may have talents to rouse a HUE AND CRY.



THE following original observations on Parties, Ministers, and Opposition, written by a friend in London, at the period when Mr. Fox came into power, at the demise of his antagonist Pitt, we are requested to insert: it gives a very fine and accurate picture of the trade of Parliament, and shews the absurdity of spending ages in hoping for redress, diminution of public burthens, extinction of bigotry, from the zeal, spirit and patriotism, affected by opposition, they being nothing but weapons, always used as temporary materials, to drive their rivals from power.

AND now, with respect to new men and new measures,—I will give you my own opinion, I have long been in the habit of considering men in whatever costume they may put on; political, official, or titular, as still only men in masquerade, governed by the same passions, prejudices and whims, that operate with more candour perhaps, and less artful modification in a country villager and as to the political Drama of “IRELAND DUPED.” I much fear the comedy will undergo but few material alterations, though the scenery, machinery, and performers, may be different. I have been looking on for near

twenty years at political men, not very much to the improvement of my confidence in their virtue or consistency. Somewhere are, I am sure, in the new batch. honest and sincere, but when I see them mixed up in the same cabinet with old trimmers and proud oppressors, with the enemies of Ireland, and the high aristocrats who battered down the Constitution, and rendered the British Monarchy * * * * *

* * * When I see the Fox’s, the Ponsonby’s, the Grey’s, and the Crattan’s, blended with the proud Grenville’s, the Wyndham’s, the Hawksbury’s, the Minto’s, the Auckland’s, and the cold blooded Addington’s,

Addington's, with the rest of the BACK-STAIRS crew—I am to suppose one of two things—either that, at best they will but neutralize each other, and become what the chemists call a 'tertium quid,' savouring of no quality that before belonged to any of them, or that the patriots by mixing with the hacks, will operate to improve them, pretty much in the same way (as Quinn used to say of the nobility mixing with the bourgeois at Bath,) that a plate of marmelade improves a pan of surreverence.—In a word, when I recollect the outrageous advocacy of one set of men for one set of measures, and inexorable resistance of the others to such measures, with their immoderate attachment to systems of their own, I look at the change as little better than a sort of give-and-take business, a sort of arrondissement, (as Talleyrand would call it,) where a patch of opinionative territory is to be ceded in one place, as an equivalent for another patch to be received in another; but on this principal, that great and radical measures such as Catholic Emancipation, shall be held 'ad referendum', as the subject of future discussion, in compliment to the prejudices of an old gentleman, and the vows of Mother Addington who has sworn to oppose the measure with her latest breath. From such a Ministry, therefore, formed like a tessellated pavement of different coloured marbles, what can be hoped for Ireland, but the status quo, and the *uti possidetes*? I fear all the promises of a new order of things, is no more than the hurley burley of Macbeth's

witches, and the new cabinet composed of

"Black spirits and white,
"Blue spirits and grey,"

THAT WILL

"Mingle, mingle, mingle, mingle,
"While they mingle may."

The witched cauldron may boil, and the "Weird Sisters" of the new cabinet may exhaust the stores of their magic spells, in composing the "hell-broth," still I fear that

"Hubble bubble, toil and trouble,
WILL BUT "Make the danger double,"

and that ere long

"Birnam wood will come to Duns-
"sunane."

We talk of more vigorous warfare, and consequently more vigorous taxes. Mr. Pitt's last continental bargain fairly emptied Abraham Newland's budget of remainder of the change; and we have now the consolation to stand in that happy predicament, that either war or peace must be ruinous. The former must be a naval crusade against all the ports of France, and all the ships of the world that venture to trade with her: and the latter must be ruined commerce, and something else that begins with R, at home:—this at least in the opinion of the knowing ones. "DUI OMEN PROHIBENT." But as to any idea of rescinding the union with Ireland, that has occasioned so much hope in your anti-unionists, so much horror in the Castlereagh's and Alexander's, and so much spirit in the Dublin Corporation of Cutlers,

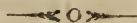
Cutlers, Painters, Stainers, and Stationers; they may all keep themselves cool, as will appear by the inclosed **TEXT** of Mr. Fox's explanatory speech upon that subject. That Gentleman well knows the adage "*est modus in rebus.*" He had not signified any very outrageous antipathy to the measure, but to the mode of obtaining it, and you see "repeal cannot purify that mode," because "there is no help for spilt milk."—but **UNION** and **REPEAL** are quite different things: Mr. Fox does not mortally hate the treason though he thinks the traitors horrible fellows. Traps, pitfalls and treachery, are villainous stratagems, you know: but now that the elephant is caught, and trammelled in the harness, we must not turn him loose again. Let the Cutlers go on, and let all the other corporations follow; the new Ministry will be very much obliged to them; it will afford a new "tub to the whale," and divide the public attention between repeal of union, and Catholic emancipation. It will afford many occasions for the new Ministers to cast out new enigmas, doubtful as the oracles of the Sybil, "*ambiguas in vulgum spargere voces*" a new viceroy will be sent you with a new and smooth tongued chancellor of exchequer: Mr. **TIERNEY'S** (I understand) new enquiries will take place about the education of the people in Ireland; Erasmus Smith's schools will be overhauled pro forma; new grand jury addresses of congratulation to the new Ministers will be procured, great promises will be made in futuro, but we shall be so

busy here about Hanover, and Russia, and the Seven Islands, and Malta, and Seringapatam, and the Mahrattas, and Lord Melville, and Lord Wellesley, and the new twisting and twirling the Public force, and overtures upon the Continent, and a new project for invading Peru and Mexico, or seizing on the Brazils from our good ally Portugal, to keep them out of the clutches of Bonaparte, not forgetting Lord Nelson's monument, and Mr. Pitt's mausoleum, that some how or another, you damned troublesome Irish, are always so unlucky, that we can but just find time to hear the titles of your petitions read, order them to lie on the table, and adjust your share of the new and old taxes, and promise you to devote candles to St. Patrick, as big as the mainmast when the storm is over, but when the calm comes like "*Erasmus's Sailor,*" we will give you "*a little farthing rushlight.*"—Pray Heaven I may be deceived, but this whole fabric has so obvious an infection of the dry rot, that I fear the new doctor's are called in too late, for the first moment that John Bull is tired of amusement and begins to reflect, and to have any serious doubt about Abraham Newland's assignats, away goes the whole building.

Grattan you find has refused the Irish Chancellorship of Exchequer.—Fitz-William also refuses the Viceregal mission, they are both old turners and smell a rat. Indeed to take office of taxing Ireland in a British Parliament, as a measure consequent to the union, would but ill comport with the character of Mr. Grattan, nor can he forget that
once

once before he was made the stalking-horse, and the very instrument under Lord Fitzwilliam, to rifle the country of three mil-

lions, upon the pawn of measures obviously never intended to be granted.



TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH my literary and political acquirements are like extremity circumscribed, and altho' my sentiments are in direct collision with an opulent and intelligent part of my fellow-catholics, yet, when I behold a noble personage to whom the body are extremely indebted, for the zeal and probity which he has invariably displayed, in many arduous commissions, with which they have honoured him, malevolently traduced, I think it a duty I owe to myself, to him, and to my country, to do away as far as in me lies, the slanderous insinuations of a counsellor without practice, under whose luminous tutelage a paragraph has appeared from the pen of an individual intimately connected with an evening print, that had hitherto preserved a great popularity and extent of circulation, from its unshaken attachment to the Catholic claims; ever steady to its principles it had invariably ensured the patronage of the body whose cause it had ably advocated. It is to be regretted, that this spirit has disappeared, under the hands that have the care of its hitherto respectable columns, that they should become such convertible materials, applied through the medium of a booby barrister,

to gratify the malicious insinuations of a handful of contemptible agitators at the expense of the character a noble Lord, to whose discreet and honest labours his brethern of the Catholic community are so much indebted. The claims of this degenerated paper on public patronage exist no more, and its virtue and popularity justly perish together; such is the case in the first paragraph, to which I allude, which disgraced even the heavy pen of the editor. A calm dispassionate yet persuasive refutation of the foul aspersions cast on the character of the noble Lord, appeared in the Evening Post of Tuesday following, this was immediately succeeded by another philippic couched in words equally insidious and false, in which he asserts, that the sentiments of the body were supposed to be spoken by TWENTY-FIVE GENTLEMEN, and seems completely to concur with a swaggering personage amongst them, who thought that he and about half-a-dozen Connaught bucks, were competent to decide on business of vital importance to the Catholic cause; and that it was highly presumptuous in the Dublin Citizens, to set their mechanic opinions at variance with
Don

Don Pomposo, and his crowd of satellites. The discerning Editor remarks that Lord Fingall put the question and then left the chair:—his Lordship did not probably proceed thus far, until he had perceived that it was a meeting convened in direct opposition to the wishes of the great majority of his Catholic fellow-subjects; even then it was not too late to retract, and I contend that having done so, at so late a period, is much more creditable to his Lordship, than if he had retired at the commencement, for he must have been well aware that his *disrespectful* conduct on that occasion, must render him extremely unpopular with those monied orators, who would not fail to hurl the *fulminations* of their eloquence against his Lordship, and that great body of his Catholic countrymen, whose cause he so manfully and maturely upheld. By this stroke of generalship, the deep laid schemes of the plotting few have been entirely discomfited, the bulwarks raised by their imprudence on the privileges of the people, have been completely overturned, and are now I understand, with the requisition in their pockets, roving through the metropolis, despised by all but the insignificant junta to whom they belong. This is indeed a pleasure which we are not churlish enough to deny them, did they content themselves with the idea that they are and ought to be the leaders of the people, without presuming to act as such, we should not trouble ourselves to undeceive them, but if once they should arrogate to themselves that privilege, we would crush the eccentric spirit at the moment of its birth, and teach them that it is not by the blustering

MARCH 1809.

of a stupid Editor, or the chink of cash, that an Irish public are to be jockeyed into silence, to prove their own imbecility and the insolent presumption of their would-be-masters. Adieu, Mr. Editor, to you the first and I hope the last effusions of my pen are humbly presented, should they find insertion, or should they not, I am equally unconcerned, a leisure half-hour committed them to paper, I will experience no mortification by exclusion from your menstural columns, but should it happen, I hope some abler hand will undertake to pourtray to the people, the arrogance of the aristocratic party, who unhappily, the privations of the Catholics have generated within these few years. Perish for ever Emancipation, if it crouch with parasitic awe before an arrogant landholder, who will not fail to consider our vassalage a fee simple attached to the pre-eminent situations to which his mammon entitles him, be one of its blessings. May the noble Earl who has suffered in the cause live long, by such brilliant examples to curb the insolence of upstart gentlefolk, and dying, receive the meed of public approbation, justly merited by his disinterested zeal for the welfare of his native isle.

GRACCHUS.

—O—

ON THE MEANS OF EMPLOYING THE POOR.

THE newspapers have lately announced a series of Concerts to be given at the Rotunda, under the patronage of their Graces, the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, where the subscribers are requested to ap-

R

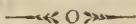
pear

pear in Irish Manufactures. This hackneyed mode of encouraging our national industry by such casual experiments, is a very old manner of contributing to reward our ingenuity, it has been played off in such glowing terms by a degraded press, as to captivate many of the ignorant though well meaning part of the country. It has one attribute of fair dealing with it, as it admits some encouragement is necessary to give a spirit of activity and partial relief; but how extensive this relief is, or how far it will diffuse its pompous aid, may be easily discerned by any reflecting mind; how six millions of people can receive any substantial benefit by the consumption which an hundred persons would cause for six or seven nights, is not very problematical, when we consider that the entire of the nation gives their regular aid to British manufacturers, which exclusively cover them. All our exhibitions, parties of pleasure, of business and misery, are so many benefit assemblies for the use and profit of English manufacturers. If law-makers either in their characters of Legislators or Musicians, were to reflect on the unequal condition of the Irish people, with that of their English competitors, they would contrive a fairer adjustment of commercial relations between the two countries, and allow us to clothe ourselves with the produce of our own looms, by discouraging the unlimited importation of that of the sister country; we admit if carried into full and honest operation, it would have serious effect on the temper and capital of the legislating island, but at this day, under the awful condition of Europe, and the decline of British power, when all the energies of the empire should be wielded

to preserve its integrity, it is imprudent to deny an entire nation of its natural means of exercising its commercial and manufacturing disposition, by excluding it from its own market. If Ireland had this market it would so feel the impulse of gratitude for such equal protection, as would render it difficult, if not impossible, for the most inveterate foreign or domestic enemy, to shake the interest of England in this country. An alteration for the better, in religious incapacities, may be an object of great solicitude with the rich, they are so captivated with the dazzle of power, and the market of parliament, where they can traffic their interests to share the dignities of the state, and their rapid fancies are so engrossed by the splendour and emoluments of senatorial intrigue, that they forget the condition of a shivering tenantry. Long reconciled to the misery they see, they either disregard its importunities, or punish its complaints, heedless or cruel, they anticipate their power, by the exercise of it in the most aggravated forms. Catholics can be tyrants history is an evidence, a Philip, a Louis, or a Charles have tyrannized through the medium of a proud nobility, counting their Ave Marias, with one hand, and scourging their subjects with the other. Our cotemporary Catholic landlords and upstart gentry, after bowing before the crucifix, in the most graceful humility, and mumbling latin invocations for the protection of the Deity, returns to their servants and tenants from the sacrifice of the Mass, with as much pride and hauteur, as if they were to have the monopoly of this life and the future; so closely do they copy the privileged classes of the state religion, that we apprehend they would
represent

represent acres not men, one would be improved in its value, and the other starved and despised. If an assembly of manufacturers and merchants could be prevailed on, to let us exercise our industry, let us eat more bread and less potatoes, and allow us some little proportion of the produce of our pastures, we would be more pleased with our sister country, and more attached to her interests, we would not envy the man who sought emancipation, for

the honour of religion. Though Heaven may be gained through the vale of tears, it is not denied to those who take a road more comfortable and equally harmless. A congregation of well fed Catholics have never yet been excluded by the church for the innocent amusements of the table, nor we trust will it be deemed necessary to starve them to disqualify them from entering into the portals of the constitution.



ON THE NECESSITY OF A NEW NOBILITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

SIR,

READING over a list in the papers, of the names and professions of the persons who attended at the late Levee at the Castle, I find it is too true that the rank and fashion of the country have deserted it, with the few exceptions of a Bishop, a Judge, or a General a kind of resident rank, which our attachments to Religion, our vices and our dangers necessarily bind to the soil, all that could be spared from those learned and gallant avocations, have gone to ornament and assist our brethren of the British Metropolis, to the great inconvenience of industry and to the prejudice of polished society. A Lord is a necessary appendage in every community that aspires to any decent eminence, it is a kind of material, a key stone that connects and graces. It bears a species of elegant incantation with it, that transforms vulgar assemblies into all the dignity which men of taste deem ornamental. We scarcely know a greater injury that pub-

lic manners has sustained than the emigration of the noble ranks, none of our public bodies feel greater inconvenience in this respect, than the Corporations of this Metropolis. "Your health my Lord," is as gratifying to one of our tradesmen, and as proudly spoken of, by the person who seizes an opportunity of attracting a visiting Peer's attention, under the exhilarating address a few glasses of Port inoculates, as the most felicitous circumstance. Other institutions which the spirit of piety or proselytism manufacture, stand in equal need of a titled personage. The Bible society that print books to make converts, or the Charter Schools that trepan children to extend loyalty, are suffering much in the common calamity. The Farming-Society that fatten hogs, in the neighbourhood of hungry men, remains in such awkward irregularity at their dinners and exhibitions, without a presiding Peer, that it is to be apprehended

hended they must apply for a stationary title to Majesty for the important purpose of dignifying such a national institution. It were to be wished that a Peerage could with convenience be patented and named, properly restrained by the condition of its creation, to remain at home, like a police, by which one Lord at least should be in every parish, to be ready on any emergency, to lead and to grace all horse races, smoking clubs, card parties, public assemblies, and corporation dinners. The Cooks and Hostlers, much distinguished in civic annals, for their attachment to good company, would always have a Peer ready to attend their annual eating matches, public deliberations and advertising resolutions. I am aware, Mr. Editor, that the great number of Peers, who would be created for domestic purposes might want the adequate qualifications of property, necessary to make an appearance equal to their rank, particularly, when a birth-day, a ball or a levee occurs, in such a case a respectable equipage should be provided to convey them to the Castle, in proper costume and adequate file and dignity. To obviate this inconvenience and keep up the lustre of rank, I would have a subscription, or tax levied from the whole body, to provide carriages and cattle, with a becoming retinue for at least twenty Lords and their Wives, such Carriages &c. to be used only on such public days, as before mentioned, and that the persons who were thus to represent the resident Peerage of the land, should be appointed to coach it to the Castle, by election or a majority of votes of the constituent body convened for that express purpose,

in the same manner and form agreeable to the statute in such cases made and provided for, the election of the travelling Peers, who are delegated to sit in the English Parliament. If this were carried into full force and effect, we would be saved in many painful reflections, and unpleasant comparisons, that arise in the minds of the seditious, as well as in the sorrows of the industrious, when they reflect on the great inconvenience we sustain by the absence of the "*Corinthian pillars of polished Society.*" This plan I submit with great deference, to the ruling powers, may fail in the extent which I propose, as some difficulty may arise in raising the subscription to defray the expense of twenty Coaches &c. from the narrow circumstances of the people from whom the new noblemen may be selected. It often occurred to me that if a small number of them were taken from any industrious community their respective trades might assist them to defray some considerable portion of the expenses, but this expedient I know is so objectionable from its parity to revolutionary innovations that it would meet every resistance, from the taste and loyalty of the Country. It would be so degrading to see a Lord making stockings, weighing tea, or retailing drams; that the end and meaning of the pure Nobility, would be rendered contemptible, for this evident reason, it is much more in character, not to deviate from the wise institutions of our Ancestors, who would never permit a Lord to work, while a loyal and brave people were ready to share the produce of their lands and labours, towards such ornaments of their Country.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL POETRY,

INTOLERANCE, A POEM.

By an Irish Man, Addressed to an English Man.

Start not, my friend, nor think the muse will stain,
Her classic fingers with the dust profane
Of Bulls decrees, and fulminating scrolls,
That took such freedom once with Royal souls.*

When

* The King-deposing doctrine, notwithstanding its many mischievous absurdities, was of no little service to the cause of Political liberty, by inculcating the right of resistance to tyrants, asserting the will of the people to be the only true fountain of power. Bellarmine, the most violent for papal authority, was one of the first to maintain (See *De Pontif* : lib. 1. cap. 7.) " That kings have not this authority or office immediately from God nor his law, but only from the law of nations."—and in King James's *DEFENCE OF THE RIGHTS OF KINGS AGAINST CARDINAL PERRON*, we find his Majesty expressing strong indignation against the Cardinal, for having asserted " that to the deposing of a King, the consent of the people must be obtained,"—for by these words (says James) " the people are exalted above the King and made the judges of the King's deposing."—P. 424.—Even in *MARIANA's* celebrated book, where the nonsense of bigotry does not interfere there are some liberal and enlightened ideas of Government, of the restraints which should be imposed on the Royal power, of the subordination of the throne to the interests of the people, &c.—(*De Rege et Regis institutione*. See particularly lib. 1. Cap. 6. 8. and 9.)—It is rather remarkable too, that England should be indebted to another Jesuit, for the earliest defence of that principle upon which the Revolution was founded, namely, the right of the people to change the succession. (See *Del-main's* " *Conferences*," written in support of the title of the Infanta of Spain, against that of James I.) When Englishmen, therefore, say that Popery is the Religion of slavery, they should not only recollect that her boasted Constitution was the work and bequest of Popish ancestors; they should not only remember the laws of Edward III. " under whom," says *Bollingbroke*, " the constitution of our Parliament, and the whole form of our Government, became reduced into better form;" but they should know that even the errors of POPERY have leaned to the cause of liberty, and that PAPISTS however mistaken their motives may have been, were the first promulgators of the doctrines that led to the Revolution. But in truth the political principles of the Roman Catholics have generally been made to suit the convenience of their oppressors and they have been represented alternately as slavish or refractory, according

When Heaven was yet the Pope's exclusive trade,
 And Kings were DAMNED, as fast as now they're MADE !
 No, no——Ct D——gen——a search the papal chair *
 For fragrant treasures long forgotten there,
 And as the witch of sunless Lapland thinks
 That little swarthy gnomes delight in stinks,
 Let fallow P——re——v——l snuff up the gale,
 Which wizard D——gen——n's gathered sweets exhale !
 Enough for me whose heart was learned to scorn,
 Bigot alike in Rome or England born.
 Who loathe the venom, whence'er it springs,
 From Popes or Lawyers, Pastry-cooks or Kings,
 Enough for me to laugh and weep by turns,
 As mirth provokes or indignation burns
 As C——nn——g vapours, or as France succeeds,
 As H——wk——sbery profess, or as Ireland bleeds !
 And thou, my friend, if in these head-long days
 When bigot zeal her drunken antics plays,
 So near a precipice, that men the while
 Look breathless on, and shudder while they smile—
 If, in such fearful days, thou'lt dare to look,
 To hapless Ireland, to this rankling nook,
 Which Heav'n has freed from poisonous things in vain
 While C——ff——d's tongue and M——sg——ve's pen remain,
 If thou, ha'lt yet no golden blinkers got,
 To chase thine eyes from the devoted spot,
 Whose wrongs tho' blazon'd o'er the world they be,
 Place men alone are privileged not to see—
 Oh ! turn awhile, and tho' the shamrock wreathes,
 My homely harp, yet shall the song it breathes,
 Of Ireland's Jovity and of Ireland's woes
 Live, when the memory of her tyrant foes
 Shall but exist, all future knaves to warn,
 Embalm'd in hate and canoniz'd by scorn
 When C——stler——ght in sleep still more profound,
 Than his own epiate tongue now deals around,

as a pretext for tormenting them was wanting. The same inconsistency has marked every other imputation against them. They are charged with laxity in the observance of oaths tho' an oath has been found sufficient to shut them from all worldly advantage. If they reject some decisions of their Church they are said to be sceptics and bad Christians ; if they admit those very decisions, they are branded as bigots and bad subjects. We are told that confidence and kindness will make them enemies to the Government tho' we know that exclusion and injuries have with difficulty prevented them from being its friends. In short nothing can better illustrate the misery of those shifts and evasions by which a long course of cowardly injustice must be supported than the history of (Great Britain's conduct to Catholic Ireland.)

* The " sella SIERCORARIA" of the Popes—the Right Hon. and Learned Doctor, will find an engraving of the chair in Spanheim's " DISCURSUS HISTORICA de Papa Fomina (P. 118.)" and I recommend it a model for the fashion of that SEAT which the Doctor is about to take in the PRIVY-Council of Dublin.

† The breach of faith which the managers of the Irish Union have been guilty of, in disappointing the hopes of Emancipation, which they erected in the bosoms of the Catholics, is no new trait in the annals of English policy. A similar deceit was practised to facilitate the Union with Scotland, and hopes were held out of Emancipation from the corporation and test acts, in order to divert the Parliament of that country from encumbering the measure with any stipulation to that effect.

Shall wait th' impeachment of that awful day
 Which ev'n his practised hand can't bribe away !
 And oh ! my Friend, wert thou but near me now,
 To see the spring diffuse o'er Erin's brows,
 Smiles that shine out unconquerably fair,
 Ev'n 'thro' the blood-marks left by C—md—n there,
 Could'st thou but see what verdure paints the sod,
 Which none but Tyrants and their slaves have trod,
 And didst thou know the spirit, kind and brave
 That warms the soul of each insulted slave,
 Who tir'd with struggling, sinks beneath his lot,
 And seems by all but watchful France forgot—
 Thy heart would burn,—yes ev'n thy Pittite heart
 Would burn to think that such a blooming part,
 Of the World's garden, rich in nature's charms,
 And filled with social souls and vigorous arms,
 Should be the victim of THAT CANTING CREW,
 So smooth, so Godly, yet so dev'lish too,
 Who arm'd at once with pray'r-books and with whips,
 Blood on their hands, and Scripture on their lips,
 Tyrants by creed, and torturers by their text,
 Make this life HELL, in honour of the NEXT !—
 Your R—ds—les, P—r—c—l—oh gracious Heaven !
 If I'm presumptuous be my tongue forgiven,
 When here I swear by my soul's hope of rest.
 I'd rather have been borne, ere man was blest,
 With the pure calm of Revelation's light,
 Yes I—rather plunge me back in Pagan night,
 And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,
 Than be the christian of a Faith like this ;
 Which builds on Heavenly cant its earthly sway
 And in a convert mourns to lose a prey,
 Which, binding polity in spiritual chains
 And tainting piety with temporal stains,
 Corrupts both state and Church, and makes an oath
 The knave and atheist's passport into both—
 Which, while it dooms dissenting souls to know
 Nor bliss above, nor liberty below,
 Adds the slave's suff'rings to the sinners fear,
 And lest he 'scape hereafter, racks him here
 But no—far other faith, far milder beams,
 Of heavenly justice warn the christian's dreams !
 His creed is writ on mercy's page above
 By the pure hands of all-atoning love !
 He weeps to see his soul's religion twine
 The tyrant's sceptre with her wreath divine,
 The mighty sphere of thy transcending mind,
 Embrac'd the world and breath'd for all mankind !
 Last of the great, farewell ! yet not the last—
 Tho' Briton's sunshine hour with thee be past,
 Ierne still one gleam of glory gives,
 And feels but half thy loss while——lives.—
 And he while round him sects and nations raise
 To the one God their varying notes of praise,

Blessed

Blesses each voice, whate'er its tone may be
 That serves to swell the general harmony !
 Such was the spirit, grandly, gently bright,
 That fill'd oh Fox thy peaceful soul with light ;
 While blandly spreading, like that orb of air,
 Which folds our planet in her circling care.

" ON PATRICK'S DAY."

Dear Patrick, you'r welcome ! tho' but once a year !
 You deign from Heaven, poor Erin to cheer !
 With garlands of Shamrocks, we'll crown the deep bowl,
 And hail our good Patron, with gladness of soul !
 What news my dear Patrick, what news from above,
 That region of bliss and of brotherly love,
 Pray how are the boys who for Erin have died ?
 Here's a health to their soul's—they'r our glory and pride.

Green may the shamrock grow over their graves,
 And Hemlock and Nettles grow over all knaves !—
 Dear Patrick before you return to the skies
 Since you banished the serpents—now banish the spies,
 Here's a health to brave O—r to brave T—l—g and T—ne,
 And M' C—n whom fidelity marked as her own,
 Tell B—d and our Martyrs their names are rarest,
 And blessing poor Erin, by Erin are blest.

Come boys fill a bumper and drink to my toast,
 Of Erin for ever they shall be the boast,
 Their glory shall flourish while shamrocks grow green,
 A health to brave E——, you know who I mean ;
 A bumper my comrades you cannot decline,
 For those in whom beauty and virtue combine—
 Then here's to that Patriotic band,
 Who grace the sweet shamrock and Erin's green land I

Come fill my good fellows one bumper more,
 And drink our good countrymen all the world o'er,
 In cells if they pine, if in anguish they roam,
 May we soon drink a bumper to welcome them home ;
 Come boys let the liquor go merrily round—
 Let us all drink 'till the shamrock is entirely drown'd,
 When dead—may the Saint whom we lovingly kiss
 Waft us all safe to the regions of bliss.——

M. B.

THE MIMIC MONARCHY,

IN VERSE.

DEDICATED TO F——— E——— J———, ESQ.

O Muse of Erin lovely maid !
 I crave thy strenuous, fost'ring aid ;]
 Lend me thy magic, glowing fire
 Or tune my feeble trembling lyre,
 To Chaunt of Theatres and Plays,
 Of what's denied and merits praise,
 Aid me to sketch a scene of truth
 Including genders age and youth,
 Tales both comic, tragic, serious,
 All events howe'er so various,
 That may have happened, or exist,
 To any of our C—— street list.

Lo ! first the pond'rous Sapien he !
 Our Culinary P——t——ec !
 Whose chiefest taste or rather gout
 (If envious mortals say what's true)
 Consists of cooking ! meat or fish
 Or any rare and savoury dish,
 Far better—with more skill and care
 Than how to recompense a p——r.—
 Some Epicurian Critics will,
 Nay doubtless damn my acrid quill,
 That any hints I should infuse,
 Touching on hashes or ragouts,
 Nor should I,—but like statue mute be
 If F———J———would mind his duty,
 Nor should I call him g——b——g rake
 Or say with M——bow he'd stake
 Cool hundreds, aye and thousands too
 At dice, at billiards, or at loo !
 But muse ! thy inspiration cease,
 And quit this Jussass of the peace.—
 This being void of all discerning
 Betwixt ignorance and learning,
 Whose senseless, stupid, wand'ring brains
 Tend but to cramp in gloomy chains,
 The beauties of the "Mimic Stage"
 The looking glass of y ut nd age !—
 * O F——g——ove ! be ever blest !
 That nurtures in your fragrant breast
 "Three in one, and one in three"
 A Cook ! a g——mb——r, P——t——ec !

The next to grace my tow'ring song
 Among the M——n——gerial throng,

Discarded S——Pluto's Son
 Say why from T——p——e lane you run ?
 Why thy sagz Councils ! were disgraced ?
 Thy merit spurn'd ! Thy fame defaced ?
 No wonder if insane you grew
 Such base ingratitude to view,
 Or if you madder got by fits
 Or if you lost your precious wits !
 Say ! why would F——dy part with thee ?
 —"Two of one trade can ne'er agree"*

But lest tho' foremost, C——hail
 You come in time to grace my tale,
 In thee most mighty ! we behold
 Exemplified what Shakespeare told,
 "That nature" (pray excuse the rhyme)
 "Had made strange fellows in her time"
 In thee O ! Composition crude !
 Taste or judgment can't be view'd.—

Viewing 'mongst the Melpomenians,
 Comes H——n foremost of Tragedians,
 A Man whose manners and whose mind
 Whose taste and judgment are refined,
 And yet I must confess it true
 Of foibles he has not a few,
 So in some precious gems you'll find
 The whole not suited to your mind,
 But pray thee reader ! why has't been ?
 That hirelings impotent and mean
 Not owning merit sound and rare ?
 Condemned the Man ! o'er look'd the
 Play'r !—

Such wittul cubs : a Nations pest
 Let every honest mind detest.
 Is there nought for Mimic H——
 To think of else beside Cuckoos ?
 Or "Banker's Clerks" but be led on
 By that Printer's Devil—CON.!!!
 That Monarch of the Fantoccini
 Declaimer for the Blockheads tiny,
 Where with M——rp——y and another
 Both in ignorance his brother,
 Each night—but angry muse subside
 Nor let me fail with passions tide,

* A very pretty place, by the bye, gained by a debt of "HONOR. † By quoting this adage I don't mean to say Mr. J—— is a lawyer ; oh no, but merely to expiate what a familiarity of "generous dispositions." There is a very odd story told (and a lie to be sure,) about a Councillor's having mislaid five transferable T———s !!!

But calmly now resume my pen
 Returning to my theme again,
 Let me the Actors merit scan
 Think of the Player, not the man,
 In vain may Pope or Kemble try
 With Romeo or with Hotspur vie,
 Dare those who ere a scepter bore
 Or regal stage-crown ever wore,
 Or those whose talents are the best
 In th' eighth Harry stand the test?
 Who? in Macbeth such dread impart?
 Or Denmark's Prince so melt the heart?
 Who mind true costume with such care
 Support a Prince with such an air?—
 Yet 'mongst the Laurels he has won
 (As gloomy clouds obscure the sun)
 Tho' even judgment be near blind
 Some baneful weeds you'll o'ergrown find:
 For instance now, what urgent want
 Have we to see a lion rant,
 To see such awful stately paces
 Frightful, dreary, grim death faces?
 Yet bating these and other few
 A wreath of laurels justly due,
 To crown a nobly earn'd fame
 And snatch from fate a H—n's name.

Next tho' far beneath the first
 'Mongst vot'ries at the tragic bust,
 Stands H——t passive-good-yet ill
 In capability to fill,
 Such characters, as we are used
 Succeeding nights to see abus'd,
 But truth this simple fact has taught
 'Tis but the Major Domo's fault,
 Who has no other man of skill
 Such arduous characters to fill,
 Here F——t for thee to mourn we're led
 "with all thy faults upon thy head"
 (Tho' of exertion not possess,
 And frame to vice which I detest)
 In stupor lost, thy fame decay'd
 You judgment, often have display'd.

But hold! whose clam'rous ratling
 tongue
 Sounds tho' the 'larum bell had rung?
 Hark how the mincing minion chatters
 "Tearing each passion into tatters"
 Pray has he ceas'd?—"Tis well he's done
 Aspiring "would be" Elliston,
 'Tis he the serious! tragic! gay!
 In short the Herculean. R—!
 Who in OCTAVIAN is terrible!
 But what a change in Mirable!
 See how each passion rant and tear
 In Biron,—Douglas—or Lothaire!

* Here I must make an exception to this young and astonishing actress's performance of the Widow Cheerly.

To be continued.

Yet if he'd bend to wisdoms ear
 And trace a fix'd a proper sphere
 No doubt but he possesses pow'rs,
 Which if skill'd! (like nature's flowers
 That shed an orient gay perfume)
 His proper line may well illumine.—

Awhile my muse and lowly pen
 Begs leave to stray from ways of men,
 And sporting in the field of truth
 View female beauty, merit, youth!
 Smith rich in worth from Britain's arms
 Rich in the zenith of her charms,
 Before me stands---a task severe
 To paint how talents draw the tear,
 From stubborn hearts and flinty breast
 By acting Randolph's woes oppress,
 Or Isabella's wrongs relate
 Show Adelgitha's mournful fate,
 Or in the proud Alicia shew
 How dire revenge is woman's foe,
 Display resentments fiery, vain;
 Wild and haughty—Taunting and
 serene—

Ambition! fiend to mortals soul
 Ne'er strive to wrench the dagger bowl,
 From out her hand, or let us see
 Her ere again in Comedy,
 In which we seek yet cannot find
 A Thalian spirit in her mind,
 But in the path, which fates decreed
 No doubt exists but she'll succeed,
 And may the virtues which adorn,
 Her glit'ring beams of rising morn,
 Uncoloured trace their brilliant way
 Expanding in the brightest day!

Comes graced in virtues snowy vest
 Whom envy yet could ne'er molest
 Tho' busy talking slander dare,
 Breath venom——on "the desert air"
 'Tis W——n comes, and with her
 brings,

The awe and Majesty o' Kings
 Whom oft applauded has display'd,
 The graces of the loving maid,
 In comic sport has won the heart,
 With coyness or with female art,
 Who reigns the peerless happy queen,
 Of mirths gay festive, jocund scene!
 Who draws the tear in gloomy woe,
 Such powers in Ophelia shew!
 Had erring virtue seen thy Shore,
 she'd weep abash'd, and sin no more,
 Still 'tis to nature this is due—
 Nature alone—that helps you thro'—

ELEGIAC ESSAY.

On a much loved and lamented Friend, in the remains of A ———
Church-yard, County of Wicklow.

Most sadly plaintive thro' that sacred vale,
Where rests a youth from mortals cares retir'd,
In silent grief, I vent my woeful tale—
My gloomy passions all my grief inspir'd,
Inspir'd by grief ! with grief alone I dwell,
Nor can echoing sighs my sorrows tell !

The mouldering ruins the worth of ancient days,
Where stately turrets pierc'd the azure skies ;
The monumental dome—the wandring maze —
The antiquarian fills with deep surprize !
And glooms discordant—all with me combine—
To mourn with these the fatal task is mine !

Each day at eve to solitude inclin'd,
With direful visions crowding on my brain ;
With cheerless ideas wand'ring o'er my mind,
I range impatient to this awful fane ;
Where Saints, Divines, and Heroes calmly rest,
Whilst heavenly joys their happier souls invest,

Approaching silent from the darkling doom,
A vision fair, array'd in purest white—
Proclaim'd ah ! youth no more make this thy home,
No more in scenes of solitude delight :
In heavenly mansions, freed from earthly pain ;
Midst tuneful seraphs always I remain.

But thou, ah ! friend, you seek my fleeting shade,
You vainly wander thro' these awful bow'rs !
You seek that transient joy that soon doth fade ;
Your tears bedew my grave in melting show'rs,
Sincere'st form of mortals here below,
Let thy unceasing tears forbear to flow.

“ Let tyrants vile pursue their cruel deeds,
“ Let suffering nations anxiously await ;
“ Let hostile bands dispute their hostile creeds,
“ Let nature all attend its direful fate !
“ A day will come when tyranny shall cease ;
“ For that great day to heaven eternal praise.”

Thus said—refulgent to the realms above,
The passing shade light wing'd its airy way ;
To praise the Lord with hymns of grateful love,
There to remain for Heavens eternal day ;
Midst hosts of Heavenly choirs unites in song,
Responsive hosts the Heavenly airs prolong.

COMPLAINT.

Full ten long years the bright discerning sun,
 Around this globe with swift velocity ;
 His rapid annual course as oft hath run,
 Nor time nor pleasure chafes grief from me ;
 A brother lost and yet for me decreed !
 That I should live, and see a brother bleed !

A youth he was of morals fair as noon,
 Of Sol's meridian—in a temp'rate clime ;
 But ah ! depriv'd of him—alas ! too soon—
 At seventeen—he bled ! he reach'd his prime !
 His parents dear in sorrowing strains do mourn—
 With useless tears and sighs his wish'd return !

Two gentle youths upon that fatal day,
 Of healthful bloom, and every grace of air ;
 With him alas ! with him alas ! I say,
 Increas'd their tender parents anxious care :
 Their blood when join'd enrich'd their purple vail
 Their shades united sought th'empyrean gale !

Enambush'd close the wily Arabs lay,
 As Indians vile who thirst for Christian blood ;
 The youth's unwary trod the ruthless way,
 Their heart streams blended in one common flood :
 One union of soul—one heavenly bliss surround !
 Their heavenly shades—where heavenly joys abound !

MATHEMATICS.

Question by Mr. T. DILLON, teacher of Geometry, Mensuration, Navigation, Gunnery, Fortification, Astronomy, &c. &c. No 30, Poolbeg Street.

Humbly addressed to those Reverend and Military Gentlemen, who are real admirers of petticoat influence.

$$\sqrt{v^2 + x^2} - \sqrt{y^2 + z^2} = 1669 : 1 : 1\frac{1}{2}$$

$$\sqrt{x^2 + y^2} - v + z = 2549 : 15 : 3\frac{1}{2}$$

$$\sqrt{y^2 + z^2} - y + x = 3201 : 11 : 2\frac{1}{2}$$

$$\sqrt{z^2 + v^2} - \sqrt{y^2 + z^2} = 1105 : 3 : 0\frac{1}{2}$$

Where v , x , y , and z , represent the respective sums of money paid by two clerical gentlemen, and by two officers in the army to Mrs. Clarke, for ecclesiastical preferment, and military promotion ; the respective value of each of the above symbols are therefore required ; which will give a faint idea of the vast sums that have been lavished upon those occasions.

ON THE FAVOURITE FOOD OF POTATOES.

In the late debates in parliament for taking off the restriction on distillation in Ireland, Mr. Foster is reported in the English prints, to have said that the people of Ireland had an unusual abundance of their *favourite food potatoes*, we are at a loss as part of the same wretched community to know how are potatoes to be esteemed a *favourite food*. Potatoes exclusively used as nutriment, as the custom is in a country that produces corn and cattle, in such abundance, as to be able to export immense quantities to England, is among the most extraordinary circumstances in the arrangements of political œconomy, or appears so *unique* in the Irish character, that it requires some account of their condition and taste to make the world believe that they prefer potatoes to bread, or animal food, as might be understood by the assertion of their patriotic countrymen. To impose on the Empire and Europe so extravagant a story, that we consider potatoes a *favourite food* is giving a character not less injurious to our progress in civilization, than insulting to our feelings, potatoes we value if such vegetables were a *part*, instead of having it understood it should be the *whole* of our sustenance. We presume to assert in the face of the Empire, we have as much taste for corn and meat, as the most polished Briton, and that no part of the humane species, would consider potatoes in such repute, for their strength or flavour, to prefer their use to the exclusion of other food: an Irishman would use potatoes as part of his humble meal, but potatoes have not such charms, that he would reject the sheep or the beef he rears, with so much toil and

anxiety. The records of our Courts of Justice, are in opposition to the R. Hon. Gentleman's assertions, frequent executions and numerous trials declare the taste the Irish peasantry have for mutton, and the barbarous policy of haughing which they have adopted to prevent the beef from straying on distant voyages, to pamper the sailors of Birmingham or the weavers of Manchester, sheep stealing is not so much practised in Ireland to gratify avarice as to obtain food, man has no less attachments, or less natural claims on the produce he labours for, than the feathered race have to share what they never ploughed. If food is exposed to the hungry, and the laws impose a penalty on eating, it is in vain to say, that the hazard of the gibbet may be argued against want; a man or a jackdaw, under the pressure of famine, will think more of eating, than of a halter or gunpowder. "Lord make me not poor lest I should steal" is an ancient application against the horrors of want, It was the observation of an eminent English agriculturist, who visited this country, that before the Irish could succeed in manufactures, they should meet the anvil, under more athletic influence than that acquired by potatoes and buttermilk: that animal food should be in more general use, he proved by comparing the superior appearance of the health and good humour of a leaden-hall market butcher, to the wife or children of a Connaught tailor. While reading or eating are allowed by charter schools, or statesmen, the Irish will learn and taste, they may be decimated by orange persecution, or invited to foreign quarrels, to take off or fill off a superabundant population, but their

the remaining detachments who are left to breed and to work, will be tempted to stake their lives for something to grease their potatoes.



ROYAL HOSPITAL.

A new and splendid building, on a very elegant and extensive scale is in contemplation to be erected in some wholesome and secure district in England, it is not to be on a foundation similar to any charitable establishment hitherto known in England. It is literally to be a *Royal Hospital*, as no paupers are to be admitted but such as have actually reigned or were the immediate heirs of such thrones as have been reverted, broken, violently usurped by the adventuring military chieftains, who have been produced by the persevering spirit of war, lately waged by Pitt and his puppets, for the establishment of monarchy and regular government, his Majesty of Sardinia, as the first sufferer in the cause, is to have the most convenient ward in the Hospital, the representative of the illustrious house of Brandenburg the heirs of the great Frederick, the protector of the liberties of the North, and the champion of protestant ascendancy, is to have the Jena ward on the second story.

His Majesty of Naples, Ferdinand IV. is to be accommodated with the third order of wards, with the addition of an elegant tennis court, his Majesty being very eminent in this noble science, and particularly attached to it as a favorite amusement. A large and handsome range of apartments are to be left open, for the use of the Emperor of Ger-

many, as a suitable provision for his imperial Majesty, whose condition is such though at present nominally reigning, that he is shortly expected to be a candidate for a share in this distinguished asylum. The king of Spain, will be accommodated in a very particular manner, his Majesty has a very numerous family, and his losses considerable in two worlds. The house of Orange that gave us a King, when rebellion expelled another, is to have the Dutch ward, this poor man is in so unsettled a state, that we must congratulate the founders of the Hospital, for their endeavours to give repose, and administer relief to an unfortunate family, almost exhausted with their rambling labours over the continent to obtain some resting place after several years of painful anxiety.



It is stated in all the French papers lately arrived that the Emperor of China, and his court, have embraced the Catholic Faith. This important fact so honorable to the zeal and labours of the learned and apostolic missionaries must have the most happy influence on all lovers of true religion.

While the greatest empire on the earth, is reconciling itself to the Church, and adding to the dignity of the Holy See, a handful of proud parasites are conspiring in Ireland, to throw off the authority of the Pope and transfer the management of the Church, to an A Catholic king.



On Friday the 10th February the remains of the late Marquis of Sligo, were taken from Moran's Hotel,

tel, where they lay in state, from the time they were landed from England. The procession which was formed of a hearse which contained the coffin, and several coaches, horses, and drivers, all of English manufacture and birth, had scarcely moved, when the populace who assembled very numerously on the solemn occasion, set up a shout of such a description that had nothing in it indicative of any respect for the dead Peer, or his English attendants; on the contrary very reasonable apprehensions were entertained that the body might be readily removed from the hearse and the gentlemen of the whip, be exposed to partake of a disagreeable share of the entertainment, to unexpectedly and roughly expressed by their Irish fellow subjects. The understanding of the British undertakers, of the perilous condition their travels in Ireland exposed them to, could be traced in the distorted linaments which their features assumed; just at the important crisis, when Irish hospitality was on the point of losing its reputation, in the opinion of the English gentlemen, the honor of the country was relieved of its perilous condition, by the arrival of a strong squadron of cavalry, and a division of Infantry, whose interference had the happiest effect on their trembling countrymen, whose spirits were restored in such a rapid and considerable degree, that in a few moments they were apparently as easy in their minds and as capable in their strength, for conducting and performing their respective parts, as they were on the first day of their importation. Nothing of a serious nature afterwards occurred, nothing but words were used by

the surrounding-populace, after the black corps were joined by their red allies; UNION, and FARMING-SOCIETY, were constantly repeated with hisses and curses until the procession left the City.



A NEW SIR BOYLE ROCHZ.

The English papers reporting the enquiry on the Duke of York, very significantly tell, when a Mr. Croaker commits a blunder, that he is an Irish Member, lest it should be erroneously understood, that the learned and honourable gentleman was of British growth. The information on this important point is useful, as we would be strangers to the land of his birth, had we not such high authority to ascertain it. Mr. Croaker appears to be an acute cross examiner, his manner though not marked by great eloquence is shrewd and amusing: we select one or two articles from the papers, which explain his acquirements.—One evening, in which he much distinguished himself, by the sensible interrogatories he put to M^s. Clarke, among others, he demanded if he wrote the name to the ANONYMOUS letter, this caused a general laugh; at another period of the enquiry, when some member wished he should shorten the examination and sit down, Mr. Croaker very spiritedly insisted “he would use all his little abilities to keep the lady all night,” this threw the house into a fit of laughter that continued several minutes. Our dear unknown countryman, reminds us of the blacksmith’s apprentice, though he could not make a shoe, he could make a *hiss*!

On

ON SCOTCH WHISKEY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

The extensive circulation of the Caledonian spirits, since the suppression of the Irish Distilleries, has operated considerably on the health of the Irish consumers, particularly among the lower ranks besides making them drunk, it has the extraordinary quality of giving them the itch, in one parish in the County of Westmeath where Scotch whiskey was exclusively used, not one person that is not now employed to the prejudice of more useful avocations, playing the Scotch fiddle. A neighbouring district, has escaped this amusing disorder, "by using brimstone finely powdered in the punch, instead of lemon juice. The discovery of such a preventive is at this juncture deserving of notice and its use not be neglected, when such spirits are used. If these hints can contribute in your opinion, Mr. Editor, to the public convenience, you will be good enough to give them a place in your Magazine.

HANS SLOANE.

—o—

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Just as the last sheet of the Magazine was going to press, we received an anonymous letter threw into our letter box: from the general texture of its contents, and the intimidation it expresses, we are at no loss for its cowardly author, holding the Tea-table Magazine, its big proprietor, and his ugly little assistant, Timoleon, in due contempt, we feel as little apprehension, from the Kilmainham detector through whom a foreign correspondence is carrying on, as we did the threats of the Orange Magazine, that would frighten us from our duty by the *Bugaboo Major*. The circle of all the sciences, and the house of all the Gods and

Goddeses, have their respective feelings, natural to all half animated beings in a rapid decay, and on the eve of dissolution. Timoleon alias Crito Hibernicus, in his voluminous pamphlets and flying sheets, states his right of remuneration for the injustice done him, in Kilmainham, by getting a place.

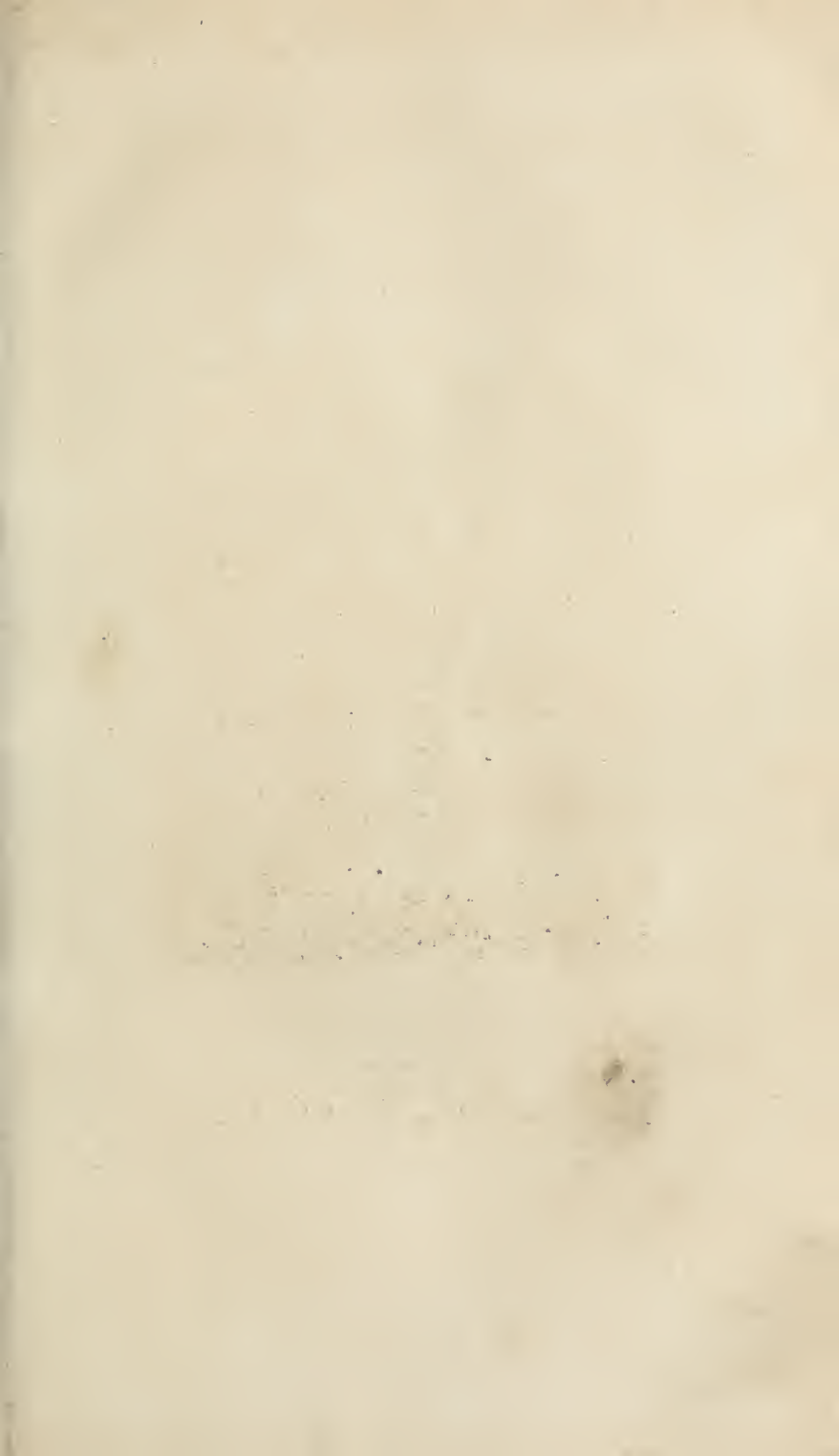
His big coadjutor, we expect will also have a like permanent reward; this is due to penitence, and will contribute much to the ease of his industrious hosts, on whom he is billeted, the gentleman pauper, instead of living on the poor, may then banquet at the expense of the state; his zeal and his labours deserve notice, he calls the Proprietor of the Irish Magazine a dealer in liquid and mental poisons, an enemy to social order, and to the ruling powers. As the person thus attacked always pursued a life of labour and industry, in the new and old worlds, never too idle to work, but uniformly too proud to beg, he never sought a place to avoid the approaches of want, nor to enjoy the name of a gentleman at the price of his honour. He never flattered an unthinking youth, whose livery he wore, and whose table regaled him into destruction, enlisted ragged armies, on visionary speculations, and after leaving all to the gibbet, became the advocate of order, by reviling the memory of his friend. The big Editors malignity may be more clearly distinguished, and his designs understood, by the wanton abuse directed to injure the two best news-papers now in this country, the Evening Herald, and Weekly Messenger.

Mr. Hickey's favour came too late for insertion this month.

The Verses signed J. L. we dare not publish.

Philelenthærus, in our next.

The readers of the Irish Magazine, are respectfully informed, that on account of the great advance on the price of Paper, the Proprietor is compelled to add two pence to the former price, to commence the 1st of April 1809, instead of 1s. 1d. each Number will be 1s. 3d.





ARTHUR O'CONNOR .

Engraved for the Irish Magazine

THE
IRISH MAGAZINE,

OR
Monthly Asylum

FOR
NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR APRIL, 1809.

An account of the Sufferings of the Crew of two Schooners, part of the Squadron of General Miranda, which were taken by two Spanish Guarda-Costas, in June, 1806; written by one of the Sufferers who made his escape.

TOWARDS the end of June, the Lieutenant-Governor of Caracas, accompanied by four assistant officers or judges, together with an interpreter for each officer, arrived at Porto Cavello, for the purpose of taking the examination of the prisoners. They assembled in the guard house within the walls of Castle St. Philip, in a large room fitted up for that purpose; in this room were placed five separate benches with desks, at one of which was seated the lieutenant-governor, with an interpreter; at the other four each of the other judges, with an interpreter also.

The ordinary appearance of the place, together with the undignified looks of the judges, could scarcely induce the prisoners to believe, that this was the tribunal before which they were to be tried for their lives. Nor were they a little surprised when they ascertained by the

course of the proceedings, that they were to be compelled to give evidence, under oath, against themselves and against each other; and upon this testimony alone they were to be convicted.

The judges being ready to proceed caused five of the prisoners to be brought up in the first place. They were informed of the charges exhibited against them, viz. piracy, rebellion, and of murdering one of his Catholic Majesty's subjects; they were then asked to describe the manner in which oaths are administered in their own country; which having done, they were requested to lay their hands upon the Bible and administer the oaths to themselves, agreeably to the manner in which they had been accustomed to swear.

The five prisoners were thus distributed, one to each judge, seated at his respective desk, all being in

APRIL, 1809.

T

one room, and some little distance from each other.

In the middle of the floor, lay a number of arms and instruments of war, such as guns, rifles, axes, pistols, pikes, swords, and shovels; also Miranda's colours, uniform clothes, and a number of his proclamations; all which were taken from on board of the schooners.

The judges commenced their examinations by their interpreters, who put the questions in English, and gave the answers to the judges; they continued to examine them for the space of four or five hours, when they were returned to the prison and five others brought up in their places. In this manner the examination proceeded for the space of two weeks before it ended.

The following were the general questions and answers put to one of the prisoners, who has since regained his liberty.

Q. How old are you?

A. about twenty-two years.

Q. Where was you born, and where do your parents reside?

A. I was born in the state of Massachusetts; my parents reside in New York.

Q. Why did you leave New York?

A. To seek my fortune.

Q. Who engaged you to go on board of the *Leander*?

A. Colonel Armstrong.

Q. Where was you engaged to go?

A. To Jacmel, and from there to other places, not disclosed to me at the time of the engagement.

Q. Did you know that you was coming here?

A. No. Porto Cavello was not mentioned.

Q. Did Miranda also engage you to go on board of the *Leander*?

A. I did not know there was such a person until the *Leander* had left the port of New York.

Q. In what capacity did you enter on board of the *Leander*?

A. As a printer.

Q. How came you to change that capacity, and accept of a military commission under Miranda?

A. From motives of personal convenience.

Q. Was you not a lieutenant in a rifle regiment under Miranda, as mentioned in this paper, (showing him a list of officers commissioned by Miranda, and which was found in the possession of one of the officers.)

A. Yes, but did not know then that I was coming to this place.

Q. At what place did you stop on your voyage?

A. At St. Domingo, and the island of Aruba.

Q. Did you not go on shore at Aruba in uniform, in company with other officers and did you not manœuvre there for the purpose of making an attack upon the Main?

A. We manœuvred there for the purpose of making an attack upon some place which Miranda had in view, but what place many of his men did not know.

Q. Did you not come to the Main for the purpose of assisting Miranda in fighting against this government, and in revolutionizing this country?

A. It was represented by Miranda that no fighting would be necessary to effect the object (whatever it was he had in view.

Q. What was the real object of Miranda, in coming to the Main?

A. I do not know; but understood it was to better the condition of the Spanish people.

Q. Do you know the names of any persons here, who were expected would join Miranda?

A. I do

A. I do not.

Q. Were there any private signals made to you from the shore, by any persons residing here?

A. I saw none.

Q. Was the *Leander* boarded on her voyage by an English vessel?

A. Yes, the *Cleopatra*.

Q. Was there any private conversation between the commander and Miranda?

A. Yes, but what the purport of it was I do not know.

Q. Did Miranda go on board of her and stay several hours?

A. He did, he stopped one night on board.

Q. Was the *Leander* armed, and loaded with arms and warlike stores?

A. Yes,

Q. How many stand of arms had she on board?

A. About twelve hundred.

Q. Did you not erect a printing press at Jacmel, and print a number of proclamations, and is not this one of them? (shewing him one of the proclamations in the Spanish language.)

A. Yes, and this may be one of them, but I did not know the purport of it, as I am ignorant of the Spanish language.

Q. Do you know what that word means? (pointing to the word *Madrid*.)

A. It means, I presume, the capital of Old Spain.

Q. Is that all you know of it here?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you know those articles? (pointing to the warlike instruments lying upon the floor.)

A. I have seen the like before, perhaps the same.

Q. Did not those persons who went on shore, go there for the pur-

pose of distributing these proclamations?

A. No, they went for amusement.

Q. Is not that your regimental coat?

A. I do not know; it may be the coat that I was obliged to wear.

Q. Did you understand that Miranda fitted out his expedition by the consent of your government?

A. No, he kept his object and operations concealed from the public. It was a private undertaking of his own.

Q. Were not the principal persons who embarked in Miranda's expedition, bankrupts and broken merchants?

A. I was not acquainted with their circumstances, there might be some of this description.

A number of other questions were put, and answered, but being of a trifling nature, comparatively speaking, are not here inserted.

After they had finished examining the prisoner, he was then told by his judge, that if he would relate every thing he knew relating to the expedition, the names of those who were concerned in it, and those that were expected would join Miranda, his chains should be taken off, and he set at liberty and sent home to America. To which he answered, that he had disclosed all he knew of consequence, or particularly recollected.

The following were questions put to another prisoner who has also effected his return home.

Q. What religion are you of?

A. Of the presbyterian persuasion.

Q. Where was you born and brought up?

A. In New-York.

Q. Who engaged you to embark in Miranda's expedition?

A. One

A. One John Fink, of New York butcher.

Q. Did you know Miranda in New York?

A. No, I did not know him until I was six days at sea.

Q. Where were you engaged to go?

A. I was engaged to go in the first place, to Alexandria, where I was to land from thence I was to march to Washington, where I was to be equipped with a horse, saddle, and bridle, and in company with other persons, I was to march to New Orleans to guard the mail.

Q. Was Miranda's expedition sanctioned by your government?

A. I do not know, I did not know there was such an expedition as it afterwards proved to be.

Q. Do you know the names of any Spaniards here, whom Miranda relied upon joining him?

A. I do not.

Q. Was you not occupied in Jacmel, in putting handles to pikes?

A. Yes, I was obliged to do it.

Q. Did you not bring those axes, (pointing to some on the floor) for the purpose of cutting off our heads, and those shovels to bury us?

A. I never knew what use was to be made of them.

Q. Do you not think you deserve hanging?

A. No, what I did I was obliged to do, contrary to my will.

Q. Do not you think you ought rather to die than be compelled to commit a crime?

A. No, I have always understood that self-preservation is the first law of nature.

Q. Why did you not all rise and take command of the schooner, after you discovered her intention.

A. We did attempt it once and

failed; we had agreed to attempt a second time, on the evening of that day we were taken.

After the examination of all the prisoners was gone through, they were again brought up the second time when similar questions were put to them as before, and similar answers made.

The examinations were then taken by the lieutenant governor and judges, to Carraccas, where, (as we understood,) they were laid before a military court, assembled for the purpose of pronouncing judgments. They remained under their consideration for several days, before any thing was determined upon.

During which time the prisoners remained in confinement, suffering almost every deprivation and reflecting upon what would be their doom. Some were entirely indifferent, and were willing to meet death rather than endure their situations. Emaciated, sick, and obliged to endure filth, bad air and unwholesome food many were tired of life.

On the 20th of July, about eleven o'clock in the morning the prison doors were thrown open, which presented to our view a large body of armed soldiers, drawn up round the prison door with muskets aimed towards us, loaded, cocked and bayonets fixed; all expected instant death. However we were ordered out, and placed in a line of marching; the soldiers on each side with their muskets pointed towards us. There was little danger of the prisoners escaping, being in irons, and so weak and emaciated as to just be able to walk. They were then ordered to march forward, which they did, though slowly as their ankles were still in irons. In this situation they were marched into a yard, wall-

ed

ed round, and ordered upon their knees; fronted by the soldiers at a little distance with their muskets still aimed at them and ready to fire. Every moment the word fire was expected.

Shortly appeared the interpreter, accompanied with one or two officers, and two or three Roman catholic priests. The following persons being called,

Francis Farquarson,
Daniel Kemper,
Charles Johnson,
John Ferris,
Miles L. Hall
James Gardner,
Thomas Bullopp,
Thomas Donohue,
Gustavus A. Bergud,
Paul T. George,

The interpreter then read to them from a paper which he held in his hand, the following sentence:

'In the morning of to-morrow at six o'clock, you and each of you are sentenced to be hung by the neck until dead after which your heads are to be severed from your bodies and placed upon poles and distributed in public parts of the country.

The following persons were then called and sentenced to ten years imprisonment, at hard labour, in the castle of Omoa, near the bay of Honduras, and after that time to await the king's pleasure.

John T. O Sullivan,
Henry Ingersoll,
Jeremiah Powell,
Thomas Gill
John H. Sherman,
John Edall,
David Heckie and Son
John Moore,
John Hays,
Daniel M'Kay,
John M. Elliott,

Bennet B. Vegus,
Robert Saunders,
Peter Naulty,

The following persons were sentenced to the same punishment, for the same length of time, at the castle of Porto Rico.

William W. Lippincott,
Stephen Burtiss,
Moses Smith,
John Burk,
Matthew Buchanan,
Phineas Raymond,
Alexander Buchanan,
Joseph Bennett,
John Parsells,
Eaton Burlingham,
David Winton,
James Grant,
John Scott
Frederick Riggus,

And the following persons were sentenced to the same punishment, at the castle of Bocca Chica, in Carthagena, except their terms of servitude were eight years instead of ten.

William Long,
William Cartwright,
Benjamin Davis,
Samuel Touzier,
Joseph L. Heckie,
William Burnside,
Henry Sperry,
Abraham Head,
Robert Steavison,
James Hyatt,
Benjamin Nicholson,
William Pride,
Samuel Price,
Pompey Grant,
Elery King,
George Ferguson,
Hugh Smith,
Robert Rains,
Daniel Newbury,

Those persons who were sentenced to Omoa, were principally officers and

and non commissioned officers under Miranda. Those sentenced to Porto-Rico were generally privates and mechanics, and those sentenced to Bocca Chica, were generally seamen.

On the morning of the 21st of July, about six o'clock, the prisoners were alarmed by the noise of an assemblage of Spanish soldiers at the door of the prison, when presently the door was thrown open, and discovered to their view about three hundred soldiers with muskets loaded, bayonets fixed, and arrayed in two lines on the right and left of the prison door, facing inwards, and in a position of charged bayonets.

The prisoners after being ordered to put on what clothes they had, which were nothing more than a piece of a shirt, and a pair of ragged pantaloons: some had not even those articles, they were lashed together by the elbows, and placed in a line, between the soldiers for marching. The ten prisoners to be executed, were then brought out and with their hands lashed fast before, and with white robes on, that extended from the lower part of their necks to their heels, and a white cap upon their heads, were placed in front; in front of them, were placed the three catholic prisoners attended with three priests, carrying in their hands the holy cross and, and accompanied with attendants carrying the sacrament, wax candles and other implements of the church. In this situation the prisoners with their irons upon their feet, marched slowly, along between the lines of soldiers, out of the walls of the castle to the gallows.

Castle St. Philip is situated upon a large level space of ground, in the harbour of Porto Cavello, and separated from the town by a narrow arm of water. The walls are nearly a

quarter of a mile in circumference; about fourteen feet high, and about thirteen feet thick, forming also the outward walls of the prison; mounted with about fifty pieces of large metal. Outside of the walls, and fronting the town, is a large area for the purpose of exercising the soldiers &c. upon this spot the gallows were erected, being about forty rods from the prison.

The gallows were about twenty feet long and fifteen feet high, and separated in the middle by a post, making two divisions and two pair of steps, one for the Roman Catholic prisoners, as directed by the priests, and the others for the presbyterians, or heretics as they were called. Whence it appeared that they could separate their bodies if they could not their souls afterwards. About half way up the middle post were placed Miranda's colours; underneath them lay the instruments of war, taken from the schooners, together with the military coats, hats, and feathers of the officers.

After the prisoners reached the gallows, those to be executed were taken in the front, the other prisoners were drawn up in the rear, so as to be in front of each other as they ascended the steps. Immediately round the prisoners were drawn up two or three companies of uniform soldiers, principally Old-Spainers: in the rear of those were several companies of militia, the greater part of whom were natives of the country. At a little distance in the rear of these were drawn up several companies of artillery; and along the shore of the town of Porto Cavello, were stationed a number of companies of cavalry. From this extensive military force brought to attend the execution, some concluded that an opposition

position was feared from persons friendly disposed to Miranda, but nothing of that kind was manifested.

Being ready to proceed to the execution, the prisoners awaited their fate with a composure of mind that seemed to evince a reconciled conscience. Not the least intimidated, they discovered a firmness and resolution indicative of soldiers.

Mr. Farquarson being first selected to meet his fate, was led to the steps of the gallows, by a negro slave, who acted as the jack-ketch of the day, and for which he was promised his liberty; his irons were then knocked off, and he led up to the top of the scaffold, where he was seated, fronting his fellow prisoners; the ropes * being placed round his neck, he rose upon his feet and took a final farewell of his companions, wishing them a better fate. The negro then gave him a push from the top of the scaffold, and launched him into eternity. Immediately the negro let himself down upon the ropes, and seating himself upon the shoulders, with his feet hanging upon the breast beat the breath out of the body with his heels then jumping down caught the body by the feet, and pulled it towards one end of the gallows to make room for another.

In the same manner they proceeded to execute Mr. Billopp, Kember, Bergud, Hall, Johnson, and Ferris; after which they proceeded in a like manner to execute the three Roman Catholic prisoners, Gardner, Donohue and George, who were constantly attended by their priests; they

were taken to the other part of the gallows, where they again received the sacrament, each one was accompanied to the top of the steps by his priest.

All of them, except one, had a few words to address to their companions, by the way of taking leave of them. Bergud, a native of Poland and a brave fellow, evinced a great contempt of death. After the ropes were round his neck, he observed, "Fellow prisoners, we have all suffered much, but my sufferings will soon end. I die innocent, and relief will come from that source (pointing to Miranda's colours): 'Miranda's arms will rid you of your chains and triumph over your oppressors. When that shall happen, remember to avenge my death;'" then without waiting for the executioner, he jumped from the scaffold, and ended his existence at once.

Mr. Donohue, after his priest had left him, observed, "Fellow prisoners I wish you a final adieu; then pointing towards the Spaniards) these blood-hounds will pay ten-fold for this ere long."

Every one evinced a similar firmness of mind, and met their fate with an unchanged countenance, except Mr. George,* a young man, and the last one executed; who instead of acquiring resolution by the examples of intrepidity, which had been set him by his companions was disheartened by the shocking sight which

* This young man was by birth a Portuguese, he left a wealthy and miserly parent, in consequence of being too severely restricted in pecuniary indulgence and came to New-York. After spending some time in a state of idleness and being short of money he embarked in Miranda's expedition, flattered with the idea of making a fortune at one stroke.

* The Spaniards use two ropes in their manner of hanging; one something smaller than the other, and a few inches shorter, which serves to break the neck while the other sustains the weight of the body.

was left after life was extinguished. He sunk under the weighty thought of encountering an unknown eternity; he fainted just as he was about to ascend the steps; after some exertion he was brought to his recollection, and taken immediately to the top of the scaffold, the ropes put round his neck, and he swung off without saying a word.

After they were all hung, the executioner begun at the first one, cut the ropes and let him drop to the ground, and passed on in the same manner through the whole. The fall being some distance from the ground broke many of their limbs, which piercing through the flesh, presented a shocking sight to their surviving countrymen. Each body was then taken and laid upon a bench, with the head upon a block; the negro with a chopping knife cut the heads from their shoulders, and taking them by the hair held them up, bleeding, to the view of the spectators. The rest were served in the same manner.

After this scene of blood was finished, Miranda's colours were cut down and triumphantly carried at a little distance from the gallows where were placed in one pile, the uniform coats and hats of the officers, their commissions, arms, and implements of war, together with Miranda's proclamations; upon this pile the colours were placed, then set fire to and burnt to ashes.

Their heads afterwards were taken, agreeably to the sentence, and distributed to the different adjacent public places. Three were put up at Lagaira, two at Carraccas, two at Occumanus, two at Valentia, and one at Porto Cavello. They were put into iron cages, prepared for that purpose placed upon poles, which were erected in conspicuous places,

so as to strike the attention of the people.

This horrid scene of death and butchery being over, after having lasted from six o'clock in the morning till about one o'clock in the afternoon the remainder of the prisoners with heavy hearts, were returned to their respective prisons there to remain until the Spaniards were ready to transport them to their respective prisons of servitude.

After witnessing the execution of their ten companions, the prisoners remained in confinement without any alteration of their condition, except from the heat of the weather, and the weight of their irons, their sufferings were more insupportable than they had been. They anxiously wished for the day when they were to be taken out for the purpose of being removed to their respective places of servitude, inasmuch as they cherished a hope, that some auspicious circumstance might favour an escape. The expected period arrived on the 7th of August, when they were all examined, their irons inspected, and more firmly rivetted upon them; and about four o'clock P. M. taken out and carried on board of an armed merchant ship, the Prince of Peace, of ten guns, for the purpose of being conveyed to Carthagena, an extensive Spanish sea port town, situated on the Main, and about three hundred leagues from Porto Cavello. At the mouth of the harbour of this place, is situated Bocca Chica, whither a portion of the prisoners had been sentenced. At this place the remainder were to remain until they could be conveniently transported to their destined places.

The prisoners were all placed between the decks, and guarded by about fifty soldiers, placed on board,

exclusive of the ship's crew, for that purpose. In consequence of this guard it was extremely difficult to put in execution any effectual plan for the purpose of regaining their liberty, notwithstanding the extreme indolence of the foldiers, who spent the greater part of their time either sleeping or smoaking. Several schemes were concerted, and all frustrated; preparations were made at one time for ridding themselves of their irons, which was to be effected during the night; when they were to rise upon the guard, take command of the vessel, and carry her into some port where they might escape. Had this bold attempt been undertaken without success, several lives, no doubt, would have been lost. Their situation was desperate; and desperate means were necessary to be attempted. Just before the appointed time arrived, they were surprised to see the number of the guard about their persons increased, themselves examined, and their irons thoroughly inspected. This excited a suspicion, that some one of their number whose heart failed him, had betrayed them.

Two or three at a time had been permitted to go upon deck, during the day time, and remain an hour or two in the fresh air. These indulgences were attributed to the fear of the commander, of being captured by some English vessel with whom they might fall in with during their voyage, when their severe treatment might be retaliated.

The prisoners, finding they had failed in one scheme, had recourse to another. It was proposed and agreed to, that in case they should not happen to fall into the hands of the English, before they should reach Carthagena, one of them, at a time agreed upon, should descend into the maga-

zine room, and by means of a lighted segar, set fire to the powder, and put an end at once to their sufferings by blowing themselves and the vessel out of existence. This scheme met with the same ill success as the former.

They were now arrived in sight of Carthagena, and all hopes of being captured or of escape were gone—just as they were making the port an English frigate hove in sight, and in full chase after them—but she was too late—an uncommon fatality seemed to attend all their prospects of relief. They arrived in Carthagena on the 17th of August 1805, after a voyage of ten days.

On the next day they were all taken out and marched up through the gate of the walls of the town, and through the town to the prison, ready to receive them. The sorrowful appearance the prisoners made in marching along in their irons through the town about 47 in number, not having any thing upon their heads, but exposed to the hot sun without any thing upon their feet and in rags, drew forth a multitude of Spaniards to behold them. Surrounded with men, women, and children, it was with difficulty they could make their way through them. The shabby appearance of the majority of the inhabitants, showed, that the prisoners were not entirely out of fashion in their tattered dress.

After arriving at the place of confinement, they were separated and put into three different rooms or holes almost destitute of the light of the sun—cut off from the circulation of the air—hot, filthy, and without any thing to rest their heads upon but the bare ground. Whilst reflecting upon these sorrowful regions of despair, they were comforted by the
information

information from their keeper, that these were only temporary places of confinement until another one was fitted up.

The prison which was fitted up to receive the prisoners was adjacent to, and formed a part of the walls of the town, or the walls of the town formed the back walls of the prison—the front facing in upon the town. The walls were made of stone and lime, about 12 or 13 feet thick—the rooms or cells, in which the prisoners were to be confined were about 90 feet long and about 30 wide—there were no windows or holes to let in light, except through the gratings of the door, where the guard was placed—a few small air holes led through the back of the prison; and centinels were placed upon the top of the prison walls. The floor of the prison was made of bricks, which formed the only pillows the prisoners had to lay their heads upon. To this prison all were removed after remaining several days in their temporary places of confinement, except those who were sentenced to labour at Bocca Chica; they were taken out and commenced their term of servitude, of which mention will be made afterwards. This prison, although of a similar make to the first, they were happy to find, afforded them more room, more air, and more light.

They were now reduced to the number of twenty-eight, who were all confined in one apartment: their irons were examined and more strongly rivetted upon them. Those irons consisted of two heavy clevises which were placed round the ancles, at the ends of which were holes, and thro' these ran an iron bolt, fastening them upon the ancles and joining one ancle with the other, at about six inches apart, just enabling them to limp

along, by hitching one foot before the other. These irons weighed about 20 or 25 pounds weight. At first their ancles became so galled by them which continually fretted the flesh whenever they attempted to exercise, that it was with difficulty they could walk about the floor of the prison. At length having grown lank and thin by the loss of flesh, they were enabled to raise the irons almost up to their knees, and by means of strings tied to the bolts and round their necks, kept them in that situation, by which they were much relieved in walking.

Their keeper was an Old-Spainer, a sergeant of the guards. He was intrusted with the superintendence of all the prisoners in confinement. He kept a kind of provision sloop, near the prison, and was the purveyor of the prisoners, and supplied them in behalf of the government with food. The prisoners were served twice a day, with a sort of fare, consisting of boiled plantains, rice and water, and sometimes a small piece of fish—about one pint of this pottage was served out to each, in the forepart of the day; and towards evening the same repeated. In some seasons of the year, when vegetables and food were not so plenty, they were scantied to a little rice and water, or a boiled plantain or two, scarcely sufficient to support nature. Their allowance was eighteen pence per day: this was paid to the old sergeant, who for one shilling a piece supplied them with those two meals a day, and the surplus six pence he paid them. This money they either laid out in buying more food, or some kind of covering for their bodies or laid it up till time of sickness. After a while they were allowed the eighteen pence in money, instead of food, with which they

they were to support themselves:

In this situation they were to remain, as they were told, until they could be removed to their places of labour. It was, however understood that they could not be removed during the war between England and Spain, as the harbour was continually blockaded by English vessels.

Those nineteen prisoners who were sentenced to the *Castle Bocca Chica*, (Little Mouth) which is situated at the mouth of the harbour of Carthage, were taken out and put to labour in the town of Carthage; their irons were taken off—an iron band put round each of their ancles, with a staple in it, by which two persons were chained together, with a large ox-chain about 20 feet long, and weighing fifty or eighty pounds—they were then put to labour with the common criminal convict slaves of the place. Their labour consists principally in digging, fetching and carrying large stones and sand, for the purpose of building fortifications, &c.—this they do upon a hand-harrow, After they get their load upon the hand barrow, they place upon it their chains, which would otherwise drag upon the ground, and proceed to carry it wherever it may be wanted.

When they were let out to labour, being almost naked, the scorching sun was so powerful, as to raise blisters upon the parts exposed to the heat, the middle of the day was almost insupportable, many would faint and fall under the load they were compelled to carry, this, instead of exciting pity, would only bring upon them the lash of the negro slave-driver, who attended them. At first they suffered much for the want of hats; these they procured out of the

money which was allowed them to live upon, the large straw hats were of great service in screening much of their bodies from the sun. After labouring in this manner for some time, they became more accustomed to the climate, their skins were soon tanned from white to brown, and the heat became more endurable. They are called up in the morning by their drivers, at day light, and put to work. At noon and night they are permitted to eat whatever they can procure with their scanty pittance, at night they are locked up in a prison, where they rest till morning. They passed and re-passed the prison where their fellow-countrymen were confined, but were not permitted to have any access to them. Whenever any one was sick he was sent to the slaves hospital, where he remained till his health was recovered. In this manner they still continue to wear out their wearied lives.

Soon after their imprisonment, several were attacked with fevers, the flux, black jaundice, and other disorders that prevail during the sickly season. Their complaints were little attended to by their keepers, no assistance was offered them at first, they were obliged to endure their sickness, lying upon the hard tiles of the prison floor. At length one of the prisoners by the name of John Burk, died; this excited more attention to their complaints, and shortly afterwards, they were indulged with the liberty of going to the hospital whenever they were unwell.

The prisoners seeing no prospect of meliorating their condition, turned their attention to the making of a breach in the wall of the prison. Every convenient moment that could be embraced with safety was appropriated

priated to that purpose not only during the night but sometimes during the day. The person from whom detection was most to be feared, was the sentinel at the door, and by watching his motions, through the grates, they might direct the one at work to such a manner as to avoid suspicion. During the night, a lamp was kept continually burning in the back part of the prison, for the benefit of the sentinel; and as the prisoners had little else to do in the day time except indulge themselves in sleep and rest, it was generally the case that more or less of them were up during the night, walking the floor for exercise and air. This practice was now regularly pursued that the noise of their irons and their talk, might drown the noise of the hammer. The hole where they were at work, was at the further end of the prison, and about 30 feet from the door, so that no uncommon noise, beyond what was constantly amongst so many prisoners, was required to deceive the ears of the sentinel. The wall, through which they expected to pass, was about thirteen feet thick, and was made of stones, bricks and mortar cemented together; the stones were not of the hardest kind but generally such as are found near the sea shore, from whence they were brought. After one night's work was over, and just before morning, the pieces of stone, brick, and mortar, &c. which came from the hole, were by means of water and lime, which was privately procured, made into a kind of mortar and replaced into the hole, the outside rubbed over with a little white wash - and the old hammock hung before it as usual. So that the keeper when he came into the prison seeing every thing in its proper place his suspicion was not excited, nor

had he any curiosity to make any particular examination.

In this manner they continued to pursue their labour, alternately relieving each other, particularly those who made their escape, the principal part of the rest being averse to the attempt, conceiving it hazardous, and that it possibly might involve them in a worse situation; but Mr. Lippincott, Sherman and Smith, were determined to persevere and take the risque and blame upon themselves. Sometimes the sickness and removal of several of the prisoners to the hospital, would cause a cessation of their progress for a while, but it was again renewed upon their recovering.

In order to be prepared to rid themselves of their irons, by the time the hole through the walls should be completed, or upon any other favourable occasion, they procured, by certain out door assistance, several old knives, which by means of a file they made into saws; with these, while some were engaged at the walls, others were busy sawing upon their bolts, which passed through their ankle-irons, and connected them together, when they ceased sawing, the saw cuts made in the bolts, they filled up with wax, by which means they could scarcely be discovered upon inspection. After several months sawing, occasionally in this manner they had succeeded in sawing their bolts so far off as to be enabled with their hands, by bending them backwards and forwards, to break them apart; this being done they filled the cuts up with wax, and remained in that situation, prepared to throw them off whenever occasion required.

Those who were sick at the hospital, having recovered, returned to their prison, and commenced working at the breach in the wall with all possible

possible diligence. Mr. Lippincott and Mr. Sherman had previously received from a friend certain advances in money, for which they gave him their bills on their friends in America. This money was privately smuggled into their prison. To this they were in a great measure indebted for their subsequent success. They were now enabled to obtain many things in prison necessary for carrying on their operations, they procured knives, files, &c. and a sufficiency of provisions by which they were enabled to recover strength to encounter the intended attempt. Many other advantages they derived from this source, which it is not conceived necessary, here to enumerate.

They had now, after about seven months diligent labour though interrupted at intervals, so far finished the hole as to reach the outside of the prison walls, a few minutes would complete it so as to enable them to pass out.

About this time one of the prisoners Mr. Jeremiah Powell, received pardon from the King of Spain, and was discharged from his imprisonment.

On or about the 7th of November, 1807 about 11 o'clock at night after the usual hour of rest, they prepared to take French leave of their old serjeant. They divided the number of prisoners, who were willing to risque the danger into different companies for better safety after they were out. Mr. Lippincott and Sherman formed one company by themselves. They then drew lots to ascertain who should first venture out, and the order in which they should proceed. The principal immediate danger, to be apprehended, was from the sentinels upon the top of the wall who might not happen to be asleep

upon their post. The person who drew the first chance to go out happened to be a prisoner who was unwell and accordingly declined going. Mr. Lippincott and Mr. Sherman, agreed with him to take his chance off his hands. Mr. Sherman having taken off his irons first went out, immediately Mr. Lippincott followed, and the rest pursued in their order; no noise was made, and the sentry remained undisturbed. Lippincott and Sherman crept round the walls of the town, until they came to a river, on the other side of which was a small village. After travelling up and down the shore of this river, they discovered a canoe hauled up before the door of a Spanish hut; this with great difficulty they dragged into the river, notwithstanding they were molested by dogs, whose noise was nearly thwarting their attempt. After affecting this they crossed over, landed near a guard house, and were nearly falling into the hands of the guard: owing to the darkness of the night, however, they avoided them. Here they travelled about in search of a place where they could be concealed for the ensuing day until being weak and fatigued with the difficulties they had encountered, their strength failed them, and they sat, or rather fell down in the street. It was nearly day-light, and they had but a short time to provide for their safety, at length discovering a light in a small hut at some distance, they approached it, they made themselves known to the poor tenants, as prisoners in distress, and immediately offered them two or three pieces of gold; they shook their heads, but upon doubling the sum they consented to receive, and secret them for a short time. They remained in this situation until the next night, when they made their escape

escape to another place, where they remained secreted for several weeks, when they made another move, trusting to their friend, which they carried in their pockets.

The other sixteen prisoners took a course along the edge of the shore, except Moses Smith, who being somewhat unwell, and unable to proceed, concealed himself in the bushes, where he lay until the second night, during which time the cavalry and other soldiers passed by, and were near falling upon him in pursuit of the prisoners. He crept out and taking the course that Mr. Lippincott and Sherman had taken, crossed the river where he again concealed himself until the ensuing night, being two days without eating. The next day he came across a friend who informed him where he could find Mr. Lippincott and Sherman; they received him in with them and afforded him their assistance. Shortly afterwards all three, Mr. Lippincott, Sherman, and Smith, embarked on board of a boat, that he procured for that purpose, and put to sea in expectation of being picked up by some English vessel off the harbour. This expectation was realized, though not by an English vessel, and after a voyage of 31 days, they arrived safe in the United States in January 1803, when they proceeded to their houses at Philadelphia and New York, having been absent more than two years and nearly two years in prison.

The other fifteen prisoners pursued the edge of the shore for about

ten miles, when their progress was intercepted by a river or ferry: in pursuing this river up and down in order to cross, they happened all to meet at an old Spaniard's house, for the purpose of procuring means to cross over. The Spaniard immediately knew who they were, and began to ask them some questions, and offered his services to assist them, which they gladly accepted. He engaged with them that upon their giving him what money they had, he would conceal them that night, and the next ensuing night would carry them to the Indian territory, about 40 miles from Carthage, where they might easily make their escape. This agreement they concluded and paid him what money they had, being in the whole about 50 dollars. The next day the Spaniard was informed that the governor had offered ten dollars a head for them. This reward he found would amount to more than he had received from the prisoners; accordingly he went and most treacherously made an agreement with the government to give them up. The next night, towards evening, he, together with two or three other Spaniards, took the prisoners on board of a boat to carry them to the place agreed upon. After passing along by the town, he rowed them to the shore, under some pretence or other, when immediately appeared about 50 armed soldiers and horsemen, according to appointment ready to receive them, and instantly took them into custody, and carried them back to their prison.

Speech of JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, ESQ. in Defence of MR. PATRICK FINNEY, on Tuesday, January 16th, 1798.

MR. CURRAN — My Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury. In the early part of this trial, I thought I would have had to address you on the most important occasion possible at this side of the grave, a man labouring for life on the casual strength of an exhausted, and at best, a feeble advocate. But gentlemen, do not imagine that I rise under any such impressions—do not imagine that I approach you, sinking under the hopeless difficulties of my cause.—I am not now soliciting your indulgence to the inadequacy of my powers, or artfully enlisting your passions at the side of my client.—No! gentlemen, but I rise with what of law, of conscience, of justice, and of constitution, there exists within this realm at my back, and, standing in front of this great and powerful alliance, I DEMAND a verdict of acquittal for my client!—What is the opposition evidence! It is a tissue which requires no strength to break through, it vanishes at the touch, and is sundered into tatters.

The right honourable gentleman who stated the case in the first stage of this trial, has been so kind as to express a reliance, that the counsel for the prisoner would address the jury with the same candour which he exemplified on the part of the crown readily and confidently do I accept compliment, the more particularly, as in my cause I feel no temptation to reject it. Life can present no situation wherein the humble powers of man are so awfully and divinely excited, as in defence of a fellow-creature placed in the circumstances of my client; and if any labours

can peculiarly attract the gracious and approving eye of heaven, it is when God looks down on a human being assailed by human turpitude, and struggling with practices, against which the deity has placed his special canon when he said—"Thou shalt not bear *false witness* against thy neighbour—thou shalt do no *murder*."

Gentlemen, let me desire you again and again to consider all the circumstances of this man's case, abstracted from the influence of prejudice and habit, and if aught of passion assumes dominion over you, let it be of that honest, generous nature, that good men must feel when they see an innocent man depending on their verdict for his life: to this passion I feel myself insensibly yielding; but unclouded though not unwarmed, I shall, I trust, proceed in my great duty. Wishing to state my client's case with all possible succinctness the nature of the charge admits, I am glad my learned colleague has acquitted himself on this head already to such an extent, and with such ability, that any thing I can say will chance to be superfluous—in truth, that honesty of heart, and integrity of principle, for which all must give him credit, uniting with a sound judgment and sympathetic heart, has given to his statement all the advantages it could have derived from these qualities. He has truly said, that "the declaratory act, the twenty fifth of Edward III. is that on which all charges of high treason are founded," and I trust the observation will be deeply engraven on your hearts. It is an act made to save

save the subject from the vague and wandering uncertainty of the law. It is an act which leaves it no longer doubtful whether a man shall incur conviction by his own conduct, or the sagacity of crown construction: whether he shall sink beneath his own guilt, or the cruel and barbarous refinement of crown prosecution? It has been most aptly called the blessed act; and oh! and oh! may the great God of mercy and justice give repose and eternal blessings to the souls of those honest men by whom it was enacted! By this law no man shall be convicted of high treason but on proveable evidence; the overt acts of treason, as explained in this law shall be stated clearly and distinctly in the charge; and the proof of these acts shall be equally clear and distinct, in order that no man's life shall depend on partial and wicked allegation.

It does every thing for the prisoner which he could do himself—it does every thing but uttering the verdict, which alone remains with you, and which I trust, you will give in the same pure, honest, saving spirit in which that act was formed.—Gentlemen, I would call it an omnipotent act, if it could possibly appal the informer from our court of justice, but law cannot do it—religion cannot do it—the feelings of human nature, frozen in the depraved heart of the wretched informer—cannot be thawed.

No law can prevent the envenomed arrow from being pointed at the intended victim, but it has given him a shield in the integrity of a jury! Every thing is so clear in this act, that all must understand: the several acts of treason must be recited, and proveable conviction must follow.—What is proveable conviction? Are

you at a loss to know? Do you think if a man comes on the table, and says “By virtue of my oath, I know of a conspiracy against the state, and such and such persons are engaged in it.”—Do you think his mere allegation shall justify you in a verdict of conviction? A wretch coming on this table of whatsoever description whether the noble lord who has been examined, or the honorable judges on the bench, or Mr. James O'Brien, who shall declare upon oath that a man bought powder, ball, and arms, intending to kill another—this is not proveable conviction, the unlawful intention shall be attached to cogency of evidence, and the credit of the witness must stand strong and unimpeached.

The law means not, that infamous assertion or dirty ribaldry is to overthrow the character of a man; even in these imputations flung against the victim there is, fortunately, something detergent, that cleanses the character it was destined to besoul.

In stating the law, gentlemen, I have told you that the overt acts must be laid and proved by positive testimony of untainted witnesses, and in so saying I have only spoken the language of the most illustrious writers on the laws of England. I would, perhaps, apologize to you for detaining your attention so long on these particular points, but that in the present disturbed state of the public mind, and in the abandonment of principle which it but too frequently produces, I think I cannot too strongly impress you with the purity of legal distinction so that your souls shall not be harrowed with those torturing regrets which the return of reason would bring along with it, were you on the present occasion, for a moment to resign it to the subjection of your passions

passions; for these, though sometimes amiable in their impetuosity, can never be dignified and just, but under the controul of reason. The charge against the prisoner is twofold—compassing and imagining the king's death, and adhering to the king's enemies. To be accurate on this head is not less my intention than it is my interest; for if I fall into errors, they will not escape the learned counsel who is to come after me, and whose detections will not fail to be made in the correct spirit of crown prosecution. Gentlemen, there are no fewer than thirteen overt acts, as described, necessary to support the indictment; these, however it is not necessary to recapitulate. The learned counsel for the crown has been perfectly candid and correct in saying, that if any of them support either species of treason charged in the indictment, it will be sufficient to attach the guilt. I do not complain that on the part of the crown it was not found expedient to point out which act or acts went to support the indictment; neither will I complain gentlemen, if you fix your attention particularly on the circumstance. Mr. attorney general has been pleased to make an observation, which drew a remark from my colleague, with whom I fully agree, that the atrocity of a charge should make no impression on you; it was the judgment of candour and liberality, and should be yours—nor though you should more than answer the high opinion I entertain of you, and tho' your hearts betray not the consoling confidence which your looks inspire, yet do not disdain to increase your stock of candour and liberality, from whatsoever source it flows; and though the abundance of my client's innocence may render him independ-

dent of its exertions, your country wants it all. You are not to suffer impressions of loyalty or an enthusiastic love for the sacred person of the king, to give your judgments the smallest bias. You are to decide from the evidence which you have heard, and if the atrocity of the charge were to have any influence with you, it should be that of rendering you more incredulous to the possibility of its truth. I confess I cannot conceive a greater crime against civilized society, be the form of government what it may—whether monarchical, republican, or, I had almost said, despotic than an attempt to destroy the life of the person holding the executive authority—the counsel for the crown cannot feel a greater abhorrence against it than I do; and happy am I, at this moment, that I can do justice to my principles, and the feelings of my heart, without endangering my defence of my client, and that defence is, that your hearts would not feel more reluctant to the perpetration of the crimes with which he is charged, than the man who stands there at the bar of his country, waiting until you shall clear him from the foul and unmerited imputation, until your verdict, founding life and honour to his senses, shall rescue him from the dreadful fascination of the informer's eye. The overt acts in the charge against the prisoner are many, and all apparently of the same nature, but which, notwithstanding, admit of very material distinction; this want of candour I attribute to the base imposition of the prosecutor on those who brought him forward. You find at the bottom of the charge a foundation stone attempted to be laid by O'Brien—the deliberations of a society of united Irishmen, and

on this are laid all the overt acts. I said the distinction was of moment, because it is endeavoured to be held forth to the public, to all Europe, that, at a time like this of peril and of danger, there are, in one province alone, one hundred and eleven thousand of our countrymen combined for the purpose of destroying the king, and the tranquillity of the country which so much depends on him—an assertion which you should consider of again and again before you give it any other existence than it derives from the attaining breath of the informer, if nothing else should induce that consideration but the name of Irishman, the honors of which you share, so foully, and, as I shall demonstrate so falsely aspersed.

If you can say that one fact of O'Brien's testimony deserves belief, all that can from thence be inferred is, that a great combination of mind and will exists on some public public subject. What says the written evidence on that subject? What are the obligations imposed by the test-oath of the united Irishmen? Is it unjust to get rid of religious prejudices and distinctions? Would to God it were possible! Is it an offence against the state, to promote a full, free, and adequate representation of all the people of Ireland in parliament? If it be the text is full of its own comment, it needs not mine. As to the last clause, obliging people to secrecy—Now, gentlemen of the jury, in the hearing of the court, I submit to the opposite council this question, I will make my adversary my arbiter—Taking he test oath as thus written, is there any thing of treason in it?—However objectionable it may be, it certainly is not treasonable; I

admit there may be a colourable combination of words to conceal a real bad design, but to what evils would it not expose society, if, in this case to *suppose* were to *decide*. An high legal authority thus speaks on this subject: “strong indeed must the evidence be which goes to prove that any man can mean by words any thing more, than what is conveyed in their ordinary acceptation.” If the test of any particular community were an open one; if, like the London corresponding society, it was to be openly published, then, indeed, there might be a reason for not using words in their common application—but subject to no public discussion, at least not intended to be so—why should the proceedings of those men, or the obligation by which they are connected, be expressed in the phraseology of studied concealment?

If men meet in secret, to talk over how best the French can invade this country, to what purpose is that they take an engagement different in meaning? Common sense rejects the idea! Gentlemen, having stated these distinctions, I am led to the remaining divisions of the subject you are to consider. I admit, that, because a man merely takes an obligation of union, it cannot prevent his becoming a traitor if he pleases; but the question for you to decide on would then be whether every man who takes it must necessarily be a traitor? Independent of that engagement, have any superadded facts been proved against the prisoner? What is the evidence of O'Brien? what has he stated? Here gentlemen, let me claim the benefits of that great privilege, which distinguishes trial by jury in this country from all the world.

Twelve men, not emerging from the mists and cobwebs of a study, abstracted from human nature, or only acquainted with its extravagancies; but twelve men, conversant with life, and practised in those feelings which mark the common and necessary intercourse between man and man. Such are you, gentlemen; how, then, does Mr. O'Brien's tale hang together? Look to its commencement. He walks along Thomas Street, in the open day: a street not the least populous in this city, and is accosted by a man, who, without any preface, tells him he'll be murdered before he goes *half* the street, unless he becomes an united Irishman! Do you think this a probable story? Suppose any of you, gentlemen, be a united Irishman, or a free mason, or a friendly brother, and that you met me innocently walking along, just like Mr. O'Brien and meaning no harm, would you say, "Stop, Mr. Curran, don't go further, you'll be murdered before you go half the street, if you do not become a united Irishman, a free mason, or a friendly brother." Did you ever hear so *coaxing* an invitation to *felony* as this? "Sweet Mr. James O'Brien! come in and save your precious life, come in and take an oath or you'll be murdered before you go half the street!—Do sweetest, dearest Mr. James O'Brien, come in, and do not risk your valuable existence." What a loss had he been to his king, whom he loves so marvellously! Well, what does poor Mr. O'Brien do? Poor, dear man, he stands petrified with the magnitude of his danger—all his members refuse their office—he can neither run from the danger, nor call out for assistance; his tongue cleaves to his mouth, and his feet incorpo-

rate with the paving stones—it is in vain that his expressive eye silently implores protection of the passenger, he yields at length, as greater men have done, and resignedly submits to his fate—he then enters the house and being led into a room, a parcel of men *make faces* at him—but mark the metamorphosis—well may it be said that "Miracles will never cease,"—he who feared to resist in open air, and in the face of the public, becomes a *bravo*, when pent up in a room, and environed by *sixteen* men, and one is obliged to bar the door, while another swears him, which, after some resistance, is accordingly done, and poor Mr. O'Brien becomes an united Irishman, for no earthly purpose whatever, but merely to save his sweet life! But this is not all—the pill so bitter to the percipience of his loyal palate, must be washed down, and lest he should throw it off his stomach, he is filled up to the neck with beef and whiskey.—What further did they do?

Mr. O'Brien, thus persecuted, abused and terrified, would have gone and lodged his sorrows on the sympathetic bosom of the major, but to prevent him even this little solace, they made him drunk.—The next evening they used him in the like barbarous manner, so that he not only sworn against his will, but poor man, he was made drunk against his inclination. Thus was he besieged with *united* beef stakes and whiskey, and against such potent assailants not even Mr. O'Brien could prevail.

Whether all this whiskey that he was forced to drink has produced the effect or not, Mr. O'Brien's loyalty is better than his memory. In the spirit of loyalty he becomes prophetic, and told to lord Portarlington the

the circumstances relative to the intended attack on the ordinance stores full three weeks before he had obtained the information through moral agency—Oh! honest James O'Brien!—honest James O'Brien! Let others vainly argue on logical truth and ethical falsehood, but if I can once fasten him to the ring of perjury, I will bait him at it, until his testimony shall fail of producing a verdict, although human nature were as vile and monstrous in you as she is in him! He has made a mistake! but surely no man's life is safe if such evidence were admissible; what argument can be founded on his testimony, when he swears he has perjured himself, and that any thing he says must be false? I must not believe him at all, and by a paradoxical conclusion, suppose, against "the deep damnation" of his own testimony, that he is an *honest man*! (Another of the prisoner's counsel having here suggested something to Mr. Curran, he continued) My learned friend supposed me to be mistaken, and confounding the evidence of O'Brien and Lark, but I am not; I advert to what O'Brien said to Lord Portarlington, respecting the attack on the arsenal.

Strongly as I feel my interest keep pace with that of my client, I would not defend him at the expense of truth; I seek not to make him worse than he is; whatever he may be, God Almighty convert his mind! May his reprobation,—but I beg his pardon, let your verdict stamp that currency on his credit; it will have more force than any casual remarks of mine. How this contradiction in Mr. O'Brien's evidence occurred I am at no loss to understand. He started from the beginning with an intention of informing against some

person, no matter against whom; and whether he ever saw the prisoner at the time he gave the information to Lord Portarlington is a question; but none, that he fabricated the story for the purpose of imposing on the honest zeal of the law officer of the crown.

Having now glanced at a part of this man's evidence, I do not mean to part with him entirely, I shall have occasion to visit him again; but before I do, let me, gentlemen, once more impress upon your minds the observation which my colleague applied to the laws of high treason, that if they are not explained in the statute book, they are explained on the hearts of all honest men: and, as St. Paul says, "though they know not the law, they obey the states thereof." The essence of the charge submitted to your consideration tends to the dissolution of the connexion between Ireland and Great Britain.

I own, it is with much warmth and self gratulation, that I feel this calumny answered by the attachment of every good man to the British constitution. I feel, I embrace its principles; and when I look on you, the proudest benefit of that constitution, I am relieved from the fears of advocacy, since I place my client under the influence of its sacred shade. This is not the idle sycophancy of words—It is not crying 'Lord! lord! but doing the will of my father who is in heaven.' If my client were to be tried by a jury of Ludgate-hill shopkeepers, he would ere now be in his lodging. The law of England would not suffer a man to be cruelly butchered in a court of justice. The law of England recognizes the possibility of villains thrusting for the blood of their fellow-creatures; and the people

ple of Ireland have no cause to be incredulous of the fact. Thus it is, that in England two witnesses are essential to the proof of high treason; and the poorest wretch that crawls on British ground, has this protection between him and those *vampyres* who crawl out of their graves in search of human blood. If there be but one witness, there is the less possibility of contradicting him—he the less fears any detection of his murderous tale, having only infernal communication between him and the author of all evil; and when on the table, which he makes the altar of his sacrifice, however common men may be affected at the sight of the innocent victim, it cannot be supposed that the prompter of his perjury will instigate him to retribution: this is the law in England, and God forbid that Irishmen should so differ, in the estimation of the law, from Englishmen, that their blood is not equally worth preserving.

I do not gentlemen, apply any part of this observation to you; you are Irishmen yourselves, and I know you will act proudly and honestly. Why the law of England renders two witnesses necessary, and one witness insufficient to take away the life of a man, on a charge of high treason, is founded on the principles of common sense, and common justice; for, unless the subject were guarded by this wise prevention, every wretch who could so pervert the powers of invention, as to trump up a tale of treason and conspiracy, would have it in his power to defraud the crown into the most abominable and afflicting acts of cruelty and oppression.

Gentlemen of the jury, though from the evidence which has been adduced against the prisoner they

have lost their value, yet had they been necessary, I must tell you, that my client came forward under a disadvantage of great magnitude, the absence of two witnesses, very material to his defence—I am not now at liberty to say, what, I am instructed would be proved by May, and Mr. Roberts. Why is not Mr. Roberts here?—Recollect the admission of O'Brien, that he threatened to *settle* him, and you will cease to wonder at his absence, when if he came, the dagger was in preparation to be plunged into his heart. I said Mr. Roberts was absent, I correct myself—No! in effect he is here, I appeal to the heart of that obdurate man, what would have been his testimony, if he had dared to venture a personal evidence on this trial?—Gracious God! Is a tyranny of this kind to be borne with, where law is said to exist! Shall the horrors which surround the informer, the ferocity of his countenance, and the terror of his voice, cast such a wide and appalling influence, that none dare approach and save the victim which he marks for ignominy and death.

Now, gentlemen, be pleased to look to the rest of O'Brien's testimony: he tells you there are one hundred and eleven thousand men in one province, added to ten thousand of the inhabitants of the metropolis, ready to assist the object of invasion—What! gentlemen, do you think there are so many in one province—So many in your city, combined against their country? At such a time as this, do you think it a wise thing to say, on the evidence of the abominable O'Brien, that if the enemy was to invade this country, there are one hundred and eleven thousand men ready to run to his standard?

But

But this is not the most appalling view of this question :—For its importance and its novelty, this is the most unprecedented trial in the annals of this country. I recollect none bearing any affinity to it, save that of the unhappy wanderer, Jackson ; and, premising that I mean not the smallest allusion to the conduct of public measures in this country, are you prepared, I ask you seriously, are you prepared to embark your respectable characters in the same bottom with this *détestable* INFORMER ?—Are you ready on such evidence to take away, one by one the lives of an hundred thousand men by prosecutions in a court of justice ? Are you prepared, when O Brien shall come forward against ten thousand of your fellow citizens, to assist him in digging the graves, which he has destined to receive them one by one ? No ! could your hearts yield for a moment to the suggestion, your own reflections would vindicate the justice of God, and the insulted character of man, you would fly from the secrets of your chamber, and take refuge in the multitude from those “ compunctious visitings,” which meaner men could not look on without horror. Do not think I am speaking disrespectfully of you when I say, that while an O Brien may be found, it may be the lot of the proudest among you to be in the dock instead of the jury box ; how then on such an occasion would any of you feel, if such evidence as has been heard this day were adduced against you ?

The application affects you—you shrink from the imaginary situation—remember then the great mandate of your religion, and “ do unto all men as you would they should do unto you.” Why do you condescend

to listen to me with such attention ? why so anxious, if even from me any thing should fall tending to enlighten you on the present awful occasion ? it is, because, bound by the sacred obligations of an oath your heart will not allow you to forfeit it. Have you any doubt that it is the object of O Brien to take down the prisoner for the reward that follows ? Have you not seen with what more than instinctive keenness this blood-hound has pursued his victim ? how he has kept him in view from place to place, until he hunts him through the avenues of the court to where the unhappy man stands now, hopeless of all succour but that which your verdict shall afford. I have heard of assassination by sword, by pistol, and by dagger, but here is a wretch who would dip the evangelists in blood—if he thinks he has not sworn his victim to death, he is ready to swear without mercy and without end ; but oh ! do not, I conjure you, suffer him to take an oath ; the arm of the murderer should not pollute the purity of the gospel ; if he will swear let it be on the knife, the proper symbol of his profession ! Gentlemen, I am reminded of the tissue of abomination, with which this deadly calumniator, this O Brien, has endeavoured to load so large a portion of your adult countrymen. He charges one hundred thousand Irishmen with the deliberate cruelty of depriving their fellow creatures of their eyes, tongues, and hands ! Do not believe the infamous slander ! if I were told that there was in Ireland one man who could so debase human nature, I should hesitate to believe that even O Brien were he. I have heard the argument made use of that, in cases of a very foul nature, witnesses cannot be found free from imputation ;

imputation : this admitted in its fullest extent, it does not follow, that such evidence is to be accredited without other support. In such cases strong corroboration is necessary, and you would be the most helpless and unfortunate men in the world, if you were under the necessity of attending to the solitary testimony of such witnesses. In the present prosecution two witnesses have been examined, for the respectable character of lord Portarlington must not be polluted by a combination with O'Brien ; if his lordship had told exactly the same story with O'Brien, it could not, however, be considered as corroborating O'Brien, who might as easily have uttered a falsehood to lord Portarlington as he did here ; but how much more strongly must you feel yourselves bound to reject his evidence when appealing to his lordship, he is materially contradicted, and his perjury established. With respect to Clark, he fixes no corroborative evidence whatever to the overt acts laid in the indictment. In endeavouring to slide in evidence of a conspiracy to murder Thompson, what might be the consequence if such a vile insinuation took possession of your minds—I am not blinking the question, I come boldly up to it—there is not the most remote evidence to connect the fate of Thompson with the present case, and nothing could shew the miserable paucity of his evidence more than seeking to support it on what did not at all relate to the charge. Five witnesses, as if by the interference of providence, have discredited O'Brien to as many facts.

What did the simple and honest evidence of John Clarke of Bluebell amount to against O'Brien, it attached the double crime of artifice

and perjury, and added robbery to the personification. See how in Dublin there are at this moment thousands and ten thousands of your fellow-citizens, anxiously by, waiting to know if you will convict the prisoner on the evidence of a wilful and corrupt perjurer, whether they are, each in his turn, to feel the fatal effects of his condemnation, or whether they are to find protection in the laws from the machinations of the informer. (Mr. Curran having been reminded to observe on the *recipe* for coining) No! continued he, let him keep his *coining* for himself, it will not pass in common with other pieces—it suits him well, and is the proper emblem of his conscience, *copper washed*. Would you let such a fellow as this into your house as a servant under the impressions which his evidence must make on your minds ?

If you would take his services in exchange for wages, will you take his perjury in exchange for the life of a fellow creature ? How will you feel, if the *assignats* of such evidence pass current for human blood ! How will you bear the serrated and iron fangs of remorse gnawing at your hearts, if, in the moment of abandonment, you suffer the victim to be massacred in your arms. But has his perjury stopped here ? What said the innocent countryman, Patrick Cavanagh ?—Pursuing the even tenor of his way, in the paths of honest industry, he is in the act of fulfilling the decree of his maker, he is earning his bread by the sweat of his brow when this villain, less pure than the arch fiend who brought this sentence of laborious action on mankind, enters the habitation of peace and humble industry, and not content with dipping his tongue in perjury and

robs.

robs the poor man of two guineas ! Can you wonder that he crept into the hole of the multitude when the witness would have developed him ? do you wonder that he endeavoured to shun your eyes ?

At this moment even the bold and daring villainy of O'Brien stood abashed ; he saw the eye of heaven in that of an innocent and injured man, perhaps the feeling was consummated by a glance from the dock—his heart bore testimony to his guilt, and he fled for the same !—God ! have you been so soiled in the vile intercourse, that you will give him a degree of credit, which you will deny to the candid and untainted evidence of so many honest men ? But I have not done with him yet—while an atom of his villainy hangs together I will separate it, lest you should chance to be taken by it. Was there a human creature brought forward to say he is any other than a villain ? did his counsel venture to ask our witnesses why they discredited him ? did he dare to ask on what they established their assertions ? no ! by this time it is probable Mr. O'Brien is sick of investigation. You find him coiling himself in the scaly circles of his cautious perjury, making anticipated battle against any one who should appear against him—but you see him sink before the proof.

Do you feel, gentlemen, that I have been wantonly aspersing this man's character ? Is he not a perjurer, a swindler, and that he is not a murderer, will depend on you. He assumes the character of a king's officer, to rob the king's people of their money, and afterwards when their property fails him he seeks to rob them of their lives ! What say you to his habitual fellowship with baseness and fraud ? He gives a re-

cipe instructing to felony, and counterfeiting the king's coin, and when questioned about it, what is his answer ?—why truly, that it was “only a *light, easy* way of getting money only a *little bit* of a *humbug*.”

Good God ! I ask you, has it ever came across you, to meet with such a constellation of infamy !

Beside the perjury Clark had nothing to say, scarcely ground to turn on. He swears he was not in the in the court yesterday—what then ? why, he has only perjured himself !—well, call *little skirmish* up again ? why, it was but a *misake* ! a little puzzled or so, and not being a *lawyer*, he could not tell whether he was in court or not ! Mr. Clark is a much better evidence than my lord Portarlington—his lordship, in the improvidence of truth, bore a single testimony ; while Clark, wisely providing against contingencies, swore at both sides of the gutter, but the lesser perjurer is almost forgotten in the greater. No fewer than five perjuries are established against the *loyal* Mr. O'Brien, who has been “*united to every honest man*”—if indicted on any one of these, I must tell you, gentlemen, that he could not be sworn in a court of justice ; on the testimony of five witnesses, on his own testimony, he stands indicted before you ; and, gentlemen, you must refuse him that credit, not to be squandered on such baseness and profligacy. The present cause takes in the entire character of your country, which may suffer in the eyes of all Europe by your verdict. This is the first prosecution of the kind brought forward to view.—It is the great experiment of the informers of Ireland, to ascertain how far they can carry on a traffic in human blood. This cannibal informer, this dæmon

O'Brien

O'Brien, greedy after human gore has fifteen other victims in reserve if, from your verdict, he receives the unhappy man at the bar! Fifteen more of your fellow-citizens are to be tried on his evidence! Be you then their saviours, let your verdict snatch them from his ravening maw, and interpose between yourselves and endless remorse!

I know, gentlemen, I would insult you, if I were to apologize for detaining you thus long; if I have apology to make to any person, it is to my client, for thus delaying his acquittal. Sweet is the recollection of having done justice, in that hour when the hand of death presses on the human heart! Sweet is the hope which it gives birth to! From you I demand that justice for my client, your innocent and unfortunate fellow subject at the bar, and you may have for it a more lasting reward

than the perishable crown we read of, which the ancients placed on the brow of him who saved the life of a fellow-citizen.

If you should ever be assailed by the hand of the *informer*, may you find an all powerful refuge in the example which you shall set this day; earnestly do I pray that you may never experience what it is to count the tedious hours in captivity pining in the damps and gloom of the dungeon while the wicked one is going about at large, seeking whom he may devour. There is another than human tribunal, where the best of us will have occasion to look back on the little good we have done. In that awful trial, oh! may your verdict this day assure your hopes, and give you strength and consolation in the presence of an ADJUDGING GOD.

Mr. Finney was Acquitted.

—00000—

The Dullin Lounger, No. I.

*Of all the fools that pride can boast,
A COXCOMB claims distinction most*

GAY.

BEING an old fellow, who has seen a good deal of mankind and who has made the human heart his particular study, I cannot help frequently contemplating the characters I see in the world. It is my delight to trace the passions and foibles of humanity through the various disguises they assume. To point out to my honest neighbour every villain I discover, and to uncover to the lash of ridicule the vanity and folly of every fool I meet—though I have set my-

Y

self up as a *corfor morum* by adopting this mode of conduct, I am not blind to my own failings—I feel myself full of peevishness and testiness; both of which are almost always the unfailing attendants of gout and age, and may also have been acquired by a habit of resting on the various vices and fashions of the times through which I have lived. Without pretending therefore to any other superior qualification, than that of *knowledge of the world*, I intend to make

the

the town laugh at, if I can. or be sometimes angry with, the grosser follies that too often unpunished and unbranded grow and thrive amongst us. It is my determination, having great leisure, to LOUNGE through all the public places in Dublin. The LOUNGER will often be seen in Merrion-square, in Sackville-street, in Dame-street, amongst the merchants at the Commercial-Buildings, and amongst the *fine gentlemen* at Atwell's. Now and then I may take a peep into the Four Courts, and with Mr. Crampton's permission, I may on an odd night take a seat on the critics row in the pit of the Theatre. As I am rather old fashioned myself, and I may say through illness have been a little *out of the world*, this time past, I have engaged a very shrewd, knowing fellow to attend me in my *lounging* excursions. He is well acquainted with what is generally called the *Town*; knows all the modern characters: all the bucks, whom he has classified in different orders; all the Demireps, whose *reputations* he has in what he calls his *black book*. This little *Mentor* of mine is also a great physiognomist; he pretends to know the gamester by his lean and pale visage and the deep-written lines of midnight care on his countenance. If he sees a rosy beef-flake-faced gentleman, he will make oath that *it* must be of the *corporation*, and he can see the prying vulture-looks of an informer, three streets distance. With the assistance of this little *Ciceroni*, I am sanguine in my expectations that my *lounging*, like that of most others, will not be taken of idleness, not a mere *street walking*, for the purpose of vacant gazing and being seen. But lest my readers may ask me with Horace, *Quid tanto bitu dignum?* or remind me of the

mountain in labour, I will make no more promises but proceed straight forward to my first excursion.

On last Sunday with my little *Mentor* under my arm, I sallied forth from confinement for the first time those six months to take a noon day walk through the city. My propensity to observation made me prefer the city to the country, and we accordingly bent our steps from my house in — street to Merrion-square—the day was fine, and had attracted to this *show of belles and beaux* all the well dressed people of the town—my eyes were dazzled by the flying silks and waving muslins that glided by us, and I wandered from one *rational animal* to another with the rapidity of thought. After some reflection I addressed my *attendant*, expressing my surprise at all the splendour that appeared before us, and observed to him that if we were to judge by appearances every female on the promenade must be nothing less than a countess, and every male a lord or lordling adding a philosophical remark that this apparent equalization of all orders of society in public, must tend much to polish the ruggedness of our nature, and to plane down the barbarous risings of the passions—not so, Sir, said he, I do not think that this appearance of equality can produce the happy effects you mention. It is on the contrary the immediate effect of the worst of human passions, pride. It is the fostering of this accursed principle which has given rise to all the affectation of consequence before you—and every various form that you see, so *be blazoned* and *be-decorated* has but just come from the adorning hand of pride. Half the fine ladies that you see are milliners and mantua makers, and a great proportion

of your beaux are grocers' or attorneys' clerks. Just as he had done venting this splenetic truth, I received a terrible concussion in my shoulder from the outsize fellow of a firing of blood that passed us, sweeping every one before them. They raised an unmanly titter at the injury they had done an old man, and seemed to thank the gentleman that jostled me for the wit he had displayed. Do you know who they are? asked Mentor. After replying in the negative, he informed me, that they were a set of College lads, who had assumed the character of geniuses and who made the perfection of wit and humour consist in braving public decorum and in insulting public delicacy. Their chief occupation in the streets, (and by the by they are never out of them,) is to take what they call rises out of every old man and every unprotected young girl they meet. You may judge, Sir, continued he, that modesty is not their failing and you may conclude what share of merit encumbers these barefaced Sons of Trinity. For my part I can't conceive what claim they have to the character of Scholars at all, unless that they leave their gulled parents for the mere purpose of learning vice in all its forms, and of being initiated in all the profligacy of the metropolis.

Having dispatched the gentlemen of our ALMA MATER, (two of whom he took care to tell me were fixers, who had been poor scholars in Munster and were now patronized by the fellow-commoners. I saw in their company, for their superior dexterity in breaking lamps and beating watchmen) My little Mentor, whom will now introduce to my readers under the name of MORDENT, begged me particularly to observe the two rows of

beaux that were coming towards us. "Mark," said MORDENT, "the air of superiority, the strut of consequence and the *tout ensemble* of affected dignity apparent in the first string of gentlemen. Be it known unto you that those *high mightinesses* are the heroes of the Private theatre whose *Muse-stricken* fancies have carried them away to the delights of the *Sock and Buskin*. They have been unnaturally torn [by a cruel enthusiasm and Appollo's rage, from the counter and the pestle. That penetrating genius in the middle, with the silken tassels appendant to his buttons is nothing less than an officer in our courts of law, who sometimes deigns

"The marriage parchment with ink to stain;" and the Roscius next him has been reared to that dignified profession the members of which are emphatically stiled in french, *Musquetaires a genoux*—the remainder of those high-minded votaries of the Drama are gentlemen who manage the affairs of the Nation's Bank; who weigh out for the comforts of society the produce of the East and West; the *Inditers of Latitats*, and the *writers of writs*. In fact, Sir, the coxcombrity of these gentlemen consists in the mind; they think the whole human species below themselves, and they are hurried away from the obscure situation in which nature kindly placed them to display the foppery of their imaginations and the graces of their persons on the stage. Surely we should be thankful to them for the trouble they take to form our manners and to polish into greater brightness the civilization of our age.—They challenge our applause, "for no one can doubt their competency for the arduous task."

"Of a kin with those I have just described are they that immediately follow them; the one set are the *formers* of our taste; the other, are the *regulators* of it: the difference betwixt them is very nice, but there is however a shade of distinction in their characteristics. The first are the most ambitious of renown and therefore dare to whine and fret upon the stage. The second are the *cuckoos* and the critics of Crow-street. The critics, in station, in temporal dignity and in education are equal to the performer of Fishamble street. Their system of criticism is the most admirable thing in the world and far surpasses any that could have been devised by your Longinuses or your Johnsons. By their method any one by an attendance at *Kearney's* for a single week may be a perfect critic.—There are certain standard passages in our best plays that must be got off by heart and repeated with enthusiasm when an occasion offers. There are also certain *technicals* that must be immediately on the tongue, and these consist of general epithets, that are of pliable nature, and fit for any use, such as *wild, impassioned terrific, dignified, energetic, &c. &c.* besides a number of phrases, such as *dignity of look, variety of feature, fine form, loftiness of manner, compass, swell, intonation, and flexibility of voice, &c.* By throwing these words and others of the same stamp into a kind of regular confusion, a most wonderful piece of criticism may be formed, such as would certainly make Swift stare and may be often seen by the curious in a paper called the E——g P——t. Such are the ingredients of which these critics are composed, added to a tolerable share of confidence and a few well chosen oaths—You'd hear a *critic* cry out (for you

must know they talk loud and debate in the pit) "*that's damned fine acting—*" *Damn me but that's bloody well—*" "*By heavens!! that's an excellent bit,*" and so on. A vulgar fellow, uninitiated at *Kearny's*, may not see the absolute necessity for these *critical* oaths, but it is impossible he can be convinced of their astonishing efficacy." *Mordent* had gone so far with the critics when our attention was called away from them by a set of fops of another description whom he called *Young buck Surgeons, and Young buck Lawyers and Templars*. Their dress was directly at the top of the fashion; most of them wore spectacles their hats went small to the summits, indicative of their heads—they had all a black patch on the face, and they wore gold rings on their fingers. Some of them appeared as "*rugged Russian bears*" with heavy collars to their coats and others were dressed *a la Bradbury*, to the great benefit of the button makers. That tall fellow in green," said *MORDENT*, "is just come from London; he, but two months since, emigrated from the wilds of Connaught and now behold him one of the greatest dainties on town. A mouse was taken out of his pocket in Denmark street chapel last Sunday, which this *polite beau* carried there for the purpose of taking a *rise* out of somebody." That other fop with the huge whiskers, is another fresh importation from London. He is the most insupportable puppy on earth; he imagines he sings as well as Braham; and that the beauty of his person outshines that of Adonis. There is not a jewellers shop, nor a toy shop, nor a print shop in the city to which he has not presented a miniature of his *dear self* to attract customers. This fop's name I think begins with M———"

MORDENT

MORDENT then gave me the history of every one of these vain, conceited, brainless *things* who were on the promenade, but I was so disgusted

with the detail and grew so feeble with walking that I retired from the square to my attic story in ——— street, where I write this paper.

—000'00—

The Major Theatre.

Scene, in ——— Street.

A Castle gate, Office of Justice, and a Gambling house. Corporal Firehatch, his M——, and other officers of vigilance with swords and staves enter one house, Val. Hazard with a crowd of bucks are seen looking from the windows of the Ivory Soap Shop, several porters appear loaded with cabbages, loaves and joints of meat removed from Parrick-street, convicted and confiscated for breaking the Sabbath.

The scene changes and three worshipful Justices take their seats.

First Justice. Corporal Firehatch bring forward the goods. and one claimant at a time. Corp. I will your honor.

An old woman is admitted preceded by a basket of greens,

2d Justice. Q. My good old lady, are these your goods?

A. They are your honor.

1st Justice. Q. How dare you profane the Lord's day by selling?

A. Your honor, I am very poor and have a large family, and my customers are poor tradesmen, and have no time nor money to buy on any other days.

3d Justice. The several statutes which the wisdom and piety of our ancestors enacted against persons exercising such professions are numerous and imperative; with them the common law agree, in several instan-

ces, and the usages of the courts reported by the most learned luminaries of the bar are sufficiently explicit in discountenancing such practices subversive of all order and religion. My Lord Coke, Bracton, Littleton, and all the earlier of our practitioners explain the law clearly as it stood in the history of our progress in jurisprudence and approximation to our present state of civilization. The fifth term reports record many cases exactly similar to this woman's cabbages. In the case of the parish officers of Westminster *versus* Margery Leek, page 941, tried before my Lord Mansfield, the defendant brought her action for two pounds sterling lawful money of Great Britain, the amount of sundry turnips, potatoes, onions parsnips, mustard, &c. recited in the declaration against the defendants. After a solemn hearing the 24th day of February, 1758, before a special Jury, the court found a verdict for the defendants. Here the learned magistrate interrupted the course of his legal expositions by wishing there were a law library allowed for the use of the establishment, which might be applied to, for numerous corresponding precedents. While he lamented such an inconvenience, he would refer his less learned compeers to that useful work, Burn's Justice of the peace lately republished by our learned countryman Counsellor Mac Nally,

ly,

ly, he also quoted Sir Michael Foster, Blackstone, and other learned judges and civilians. He was on the point of applying the laws of the twelve tables and the Justinian decretals to the business before the court but could not remember whether the christian sabbath was noticed in those celebrated remains of ancient jurisprudence. During this learned and pompous exhibition Corporal Firethatch appears in the utmost impatience twisting his hat and chewing his club for the decision which was to invest him with the forfeited merchandizes, baskets and stools.

1st Justice proceeds to examine.

Q. Corporal, how did this woman behave?

A. Behave your honor, she gave the greatest abuse, called your honor a comb maker, said she bought her cabbages near your honor's country house at Killester, which she calls *Lousetrap Lodge*, nothing was heard for half an hour, but *Lousetrap Lodge*, I have burnt ten cabbins of a night and never had so much trouble as by her damned cabbages. Besides abusing your honor she cursed all Majors, cursed Jemmy O'Brien, Lord Camden, the Tower and other gentlemen.

Old Woman. No your honor, dont believe him, nothing happened more than some person in the crowd desired him to mind what was more becoming magistrates and constables, to go back to his office, and seize on dice boxes and disperse robbers and Bank note makers, instead of hunting cabbages.

Ald. Take *them* things away, and turn that woman into the street.

Corp. Yes, your honor.

Another delinquent is admitted, bearing a bundle of sheep's heads.

M. What was this woman doing when you took her into custody.

Corp. She was selling this meat.

M. Did she or her companions say any thing treasonable.

Corp. Yes, your honor she pulled a beads out of her pocket, shook them at me, bid me begone devil, said my face was withering ever since I killed the two priests and the two girls in Carlow, talked of Surgeon Wright and your honor, and of Dut-ton and Jemmy and your honor, said she had no fees to give informers nor their employers for leave to follow her trade like Val. Hazard, she said it was greater sin to license a gambling house than to sell potatoes, she said money could cover sins, Bank notes were good thatching, but she would sooner pull down her stall than prop it in that manner.

Fine Comb. Disperse *them* women, and see what causes that noise in the street.

After some delay the Corporal returns, dragging two boys.

3d Justice. What are these fellows?

Corp. They are two waiters who assaulted the patrol under the command of Serjeant Biblemouth, while the officers were smelling some jugs, that had a suspicious appearance, these fellows pressed the gentlemen's heads so violently on the vessels, as to hurt their faces considerably.

2d. Justice. I know one of these rogues, his name is Caffray. So Mr. Caffray, where is your pike, you know nothing, 'Is Ivers of Carlow come?' do you remember the night you flung a stone at me in Thomas-street? I have you at last Mr. Caffray, instead of a pike Caffray, I'll get you a musket, instead of lord Edward's army you shall have an appointment in King George's. Firethatch tie that fellow and send him to the Provost.

Caffra .

Caffray. Mr. M—— before you send me away you will please to hear what I have to say, I never had a pike, nor do I understand the cant words "*lovers of Carlow*," but, I acknowledge the circumstances you allude to, and the transactions of that night will prove that I am not fit to serve in any army, see my hand it wants three fingers, which Jemmy O'Brien cut off making a chop at my mother, who I attempted to save, see also my leg, it is shortened by a pistol ball you fired at the same time at my sister for singing the song *Paddy's ever more*. As to the charges of your huntsmen they are not true when applied to me, they impudently laid their faces on two empty jugs, to smell if they lately had contained spirits, and while so doing, two women beat them against the vessels, in the confusion the women escaped while the men were under my hands to restore them to their senses. This

is all the defence I have to make, and the reward for my humanity is not such as I merit.

Justice. Before you are liberated you must produce these women.

Caffray. I cannot produce any of them though I know the name of one.

2d Justice. What's her name?

Caffray. Her name is O'Brien, she is the widow of Jemmy, and while in the house, she was complaining of her distresses and of your injustice, that you had four hundred guineas of his as his cashier the day he was hanged, and that you would not restore a twopenny bit of it, tho' she often writes to you for the smallest relief.

2d Justice. Here Firethatch, Biblesmouth, and Bangteggar, take this committal and these fellows to prison.

All answer, Yes, your honor.

—000000—

LETTER II.

To the Rev. Richard O'Donnell, Roman Catholic Dean of the Diocese of Ossory.

SIR,

It requires no extraordinary share of discernment or learning to refute the orange daubed assertion of our No Popery ministers, or of their nominally catholic lacqueys, that there is a wide material difference between supremacy and the royal Veto. I must indeed confess that the latter is clad in a tawdry suit of specious sophistry, lest the open avowal of ecclesiastical tyranny would scare the Irish catholic, sincerely attached to the ancient faith, and ancient dis-

cipline. But it would be highly unjust if we did not allow ministers that praise which not only their political sagacity, but their profound erudition justly deserve. They have indeed, observed Horace's precept concerning the change of obsolete words; thus what in the plain Tower hill days of honest Harry, was called supremacy, is now, by our political literati moulded into the reared and classic expression *Veto*. But although this beautiful new crowned epithet, was stamped by the irrefragable authority of

of

of our august senate, that can do and undo as Blackstone says, and by that of our illustrious Irish junta, it has been rejected as base currency by our Milesian knights of the order of Cincinnatus. Ministers however, have brilliantly displayed their political and philological talents, *plaudite, et nunc ad inceptum rideo*. For almost three centuries have the Irish catholics been goaded by persecutions, which for ferocity and vandalism, stand almost unrivalled in the annals of tyranny. But when their constancy defeated every device of worse than Ottoman despotism; when America asserted her independence; when protestants themselves began to shake off the trammels of prejudice, prudence suggested to the British ministry the policy of conciliating the Catholic body, a considerable part of our adamantine fetters were loosened, and the too long abused wretched catholic began to breathe the salubrious air of freedom. In the course of some time we began to aspire to senatorial honours: and we fondly indulged the flattering thought, that after such a long, pitiless storm of bigotry, we might enjoy the comfort of seeing ourselves virtually represented, in the parliament of our ancestors, and ministers, who Turk like could not bear a brother near their throne of corruption and prejudice, immediately took the alarm. They foresaw that many who were considered as staunch protestants, would, when every odious distinction was removed when honors and pensions ceased to be the wages of apostacy, return to the bosom of the Catholic church, as the Algerine renegado haunted by the remorse and tortured by the stings of conscience, gladly embraces the long wished for opportunity of flying into a christian country, to make his peace

with his much offended saviour.

Thus would the edifice of their church, reared by so many royal hands, crumble into its primeval insignificance. They resolved to avert the impending blow, and that it should fall on the idolatrous papists. The reign of murder was past, but they determined to eradicate popery, by the more gentle practices of black treachery and fallacious deceit. To embitter the cup of emancipation (which reason and justice told them they ought to grant, by robbing us of all we held most dear in the world and thus rendering it nauseous to every real Catholic, admirably suited their stygian framed plan; while if they could but once get our hierarchy into their holy clutches, they exulted at the idea that they would soon behold each Irish peasant instead of his beads, long used before daddy Martin's days, decorated with a flaming orange ribband, that cursed badge of infuriate blasphemous bigotry, moving in procession to their pharasaical synagogue, where he might join his chorus of *ogh bone*, to the charter school shrieks of the rhapsodies of Jack Hopkins or of Robert Wisdom. In imagination they already beheld the guardian angel of Erin's faith consigned to the tomb, accompanied by a solemn dirge, the loyal tune of the Boyne Water which has lately sounded the death knell of the Rev. Thadeus Duane, parish priest of Mountrath. This scheme was long cherished by William Pitt, the degenerate son of the great Lord Chatham. Unhappily some of his baleful dark designs were crowned with success; for in 1799, ten bishops, influenced by the promise of emancipation, *Oh plusquam punica fides*, frightened into compliance by terrific menaces

(To be continued.)

MEETING AT ATHLONE.

A very numerous meeting took place at this town on Saturday the 18th March, convened by Counsellor M'Donagh, it was composed of gentlemen of real Milesian descent, from different parts of Ireland: the business for their consideration arose out of some transactions that occurred in the House of Commons, on the conduct of the Duke of York.

Mr. O'DRISCOL, of Monabeg, being unanimously called to the Chair, Counsellor M'Donagh proceeded to state the nature of the subject which they were called to give their opinion on.—He produced part of the minutes of the evidence of Mrs. Clarke, particularly that document written by the Arch Bishop of Tuam, recommending Dr. O'Mara as a proper person to be appointed to a Bishopric in the English Church, this paper which the Counsellor read for the assembly, stated that this Doctor was a person of liberal education, and considerable landed property. The Counsellor expressed no dislike to the Reverend Gentleman's industry to get promotions; it was neither the medium of his apostolic zeal, Mrs. Clarke, nor the sacrilege he meditated, which met his disapprobation, as an Irishman he could feel no kind of interest nor displeasure at the manner appointments may be made in a Heterodox Church, where mitres are distributed by prostitutes, nor in an army officered by such interests, a more interesting part of this business he would submit to the meeting in which the name of an illustrious personage is brought into the discussion in a manner neither becoming the dignity of Parliament, nor calculated to attach a brave people to the execu-

APRIL 1809.

tive. The reporters of the inquiry make that personage object to the appointment of Doctor O'Mara for the great O worn before his reverend name; a very explicit manner of telling the Irish nation how much it was depreciated in the opinion of Royalty. He was conscious no gentleman present at the meeting would one moment hesitate to mark by the decision of this day, his severe reprehension of any construction of words or actions, tending to reflect on the paternal affections of our sovereign.

To detail said Mr M'Donagh the many applications of the public money, to patronize our public institutions dedicated to the relief, education, and protection of the Irish, would be superfluous, in an assembly composed of such talents and information, as I now have the honour to address. Yet I cannot withhold reminding Gentlemen of some of the most prominent acts of beneficence which Characterise the illustrious house of Brunswick, such as the annual grants for educating the rising generation, and imbibing a spirit of industry among the deserted and helpless part of the infant poor, by those wise and meritorious institutions, Charter Schools, twenty-six thousand pounds are every year applied not only to procure and entice the children of such as are unable or unwilling to be burthened with the care of their offspring, which by bestowing a travelling education, forever prevents them of having any connections with their idle or unnatural relatives. The infants of the South are conveyed to the North, while those of the North replace them of the South, and thus every

Z

points

point of the compass is traversed in opposite directions, there is no kind of education, gentlemen, that contributes more to enlarge the human mind than travelling, and indeed this part of it is faithfully executed with the most minute attention. There is another considerable sum devoted to the expense of criminal prosecutions, a very reasonable and judicious application; hanging and imprisonment are other modes of education, they may be termed public lectures in favour of order and morality, as no institution but require chastisement to correct the errors of insubordination, the adult student of a Charter-school seminary, may in many instances, reject the pious and industrious habits intended him, under the legal dispensations which the constitution have so wisely contrived, and giving way to the fancies of criminal illusions, break thro' the order of the laws, and justly become a victim to his own intemperance. So that hanging may be deemed an order in favour of merit, as it removes the wicked, and leaves the good in possession of all the advantages of life. So far, Gentlemen, you will admit that the monies expended on this part of education, is a bounty for the protection of the good and subordinate.

In my humble attempts to vindicate the character of the executive, so unhandsonely brought forward by Mrs. Clarke, in her *tantrill* evidence, I will submit my opinion on such part of it as tends to involve in it the character of the ancient and respectable families of this country. Notwithstanding the recommendation of connections and property given to Dr. O'Mara, a Rt. Rev. Prelate, found among the papers of Mrs. C. my learned friend Mr. O'Shaugnessy presumed to doubt such high authority, and have after much pains and inquiry, discovered that the Doctor

and his family are unknown in the county where they were represented to live, that they never possessed an acre of real property, nor were higher in rank and connections than what they might enjoy as itinerant tutors. The knowledge of this fact, his Majesty might have obtained through some medium unknown to us, and on such grounds might reject the solicitations of the man, on the presumption that his preaching and puffing, though shrewd and ingenious, were not of such brilliant materials, as would warrant the head of the church to place a mitre where a pillory would not be less appropriate. A great O could never be such a vehicle of vision, through which any person could discover any thing prejudicial to Irish character. The reverse we know is the practice and opinion of our Sovereign, instead of discountenancing the assistance of the great O's, his army is formed of a great proportion of them, where privates, corporals, and sergeants are embodied and trained, and allowed the honours of the tented field and busy contest, in every cause where British laurels are to be gathered, or British interest forwarded,

Here Counsellor M'Donagh submitted the following resolutions which was seconded by Mr. O'Driscoll:—

Resolved unanimously, that the representations made through the medium of the newspapers, that the great "O" which is worn and used by many Irish families, bears with it no such mark of incapacity, or disloyalty, as to disqualify any person using it from holding places or employments in the Church or State, is in our opinion unfounded, and only calculated to separate the good people of this country from the allegiance due to their sovereign.

Signed by Order,
 PHILIM O'NEILL, Sec.

THE WOODEN LEG,

AN HELVETIC TALE,

From the German of Solomon Gessner.

On the mountain, from which the torrent of Rauti falls headlong into the valley, a young shepherd fed his goats. His pipe called Echogayly from the hollow rocks, and Echo made the valley seven times resound his melodious song. On a sudden, he perceived a man climbing, with pain, the mountain's side. The man was old; years had blanched his head. A staff bent beneath his heavy, tottering steps; for he had a wooden leg. He approached the young man, and seated himself by him, on the moss of the rock. The young shepherd looked on him with surprise, and his eyes were fixed on the wooden leg. My son, said the old man, smiling, do you not think, that, infirm as I am, I should have done better to have remained in the valley? Know, however, that I make this journey but once a year; and this leg, as you see it, my friend, is more honourable to me, than are to many, the straightest and most active. I doubt not father, replied the shepherd, but it is very honourable to you; though, I dare say, another would be more useful. Without doubt, you are tired. Will you drink some milk from my goats, or some of the fresh water that spouts below, from the hollow of that rock?

OLD MAN. I like the frankness which glows on thy features. A little fresh water will be sufficient. If you will bring it me hither, you shall hear the history of this wooden leg. The young shepherd ran to the fountain, and soon returned.

When the old man had quenched his thirst, he said—let young people, when they behold their fathers maimed, and covered over with scars, adore the Almighty Power, and bless their valour; for, without that, you would have bowed your neck beneath the yoke, instead of thus basking in the sun's warmth, and making the Echoes repeat your joyful notes. Mirth and gaiety inhabit these hills and vallies, while your songs resound from one mountain to another.—Liberty! sweet Liberty! it is thou that pourest felicity upon this blessed land! All we see around us, is our own. We cultivate our own fields with pleasure. The crops we reap are our own, and the time of harvest is, with us, a season of joy.

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He does not deserve to be a free man, who can forget that his liberty was purchased with the blood of his forefathers.

OLD MAN. But who, in their place, would not have done as they did? Ever since that bloody day of Nefels*, I come once each year to the top of this mountain; but I perceive that I have come now for the last time. From this spot I still behold the order of the battle, in which liberty made us conquerors. See, it was on that side, the army of the enemy advanced. Thousands of lances glittered at a distance, with more than two hundred horsemen, covered with sumptuous armour. The plumes that shaded their helmets nodded as they marched; and the earth resounded with their horses

hooves

* The battle of Nefels, in the canton of Glaris, in 1388.

hooves. Our little troops was already broken. we were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat were re-echoed from every side; and the smoke of Nefels, in flames, filled the valley, and spread with horror along the mountains; however, at the bottom of the hill, where we now are, our chief had placed himself. He was there, where those two pines shoot up from the edge of that pointed rock. I think I see him now, surrounded by a small number of warriors, firm, immoveable, and calling round him the dispersed troops. I hear the rustling of the banner, which he waved in the air: it was like the sound of a wind that proceeds a hurricane. From every side, they ran towards him. Dost thou see those floods rush down from the mountain? Stones, rocks, and trees, overthrown, in vain oppose their course; they overleap, and bear down all before them, and meet together at the bottom, in that pool. So we ran, at the call of our general, cutting our way through the enemy. Ranked around the hero, we made a vow, and God was our witness, to conquer or to die. The enemy advancing in order of battle, poured down impetuously upon us; we attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we returned to the charge; but, still forced to retire to the shelter of these hills, we there closed our ranks, and became unshaken as the rock by which we were protected. At last, reinforced by thirty Swiss warriors, we fell suddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or, as some mighty rock descends, rolls through the forest, and, with a tremendous crashing, breaks down the trees which interrupt its course. On every side, the

enemy, both horse and foot, confounded in dreadful tumult, overthrew each other, to escape our rage. Grown furious by the combat, we trod under foot the dead and dying, to extend vengeance and death still farther. I was in the middle of the battle. A horseman of the enemy, in his flight, rode over me, and crushed my leg. The soldier who fought nearest me, seeing my condition, took me on his shoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle. A holy father was prostrate on a rock not far distant, imploring Heaven to aid us.—Take care good father, of this warrior, my deliverer cried; he has fought like a son of liberty! He said, and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours, my son, it was ours! but many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. Thus the weary mower reposes on the sheaves himself has made. I was carefully attended, I was cured, but never could find out the man to whom I owe my life. I have sought him in vain; I have made vows and pilgrimages, that some saint of paradise, or some angel, would reveal him to me. But alas! all my efforts have been fruitless. I shall never, in this life, shew him my gratitude. The young shepherd, having heard the old warrior, with tears in his eyes, said—No, father, in this life you can never shew him your gratitude. The old man, surprised, cried, Heavens! what dost thou say? Dost thou know my son, who my deliverer was?

YOUNG SHEPHERD. I am much deceived, if he was not my father. Oft he has told me the story of that battle; and often I have heard him say, I wonder if the man I carried from the field of battle be still alive?

OLD

OLD MAN, O God! O Angels of Heaven! was the generous man thy father?

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He had a scar here—(pointing to his left cheek)—he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps it was before he carried you from the field.

OLD MAN. His cheek was covered with blood, when he bore me off. O my child! My son!

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He died two years ago; and, as he was poor, I am forced, for subsistence, to keep these goats. The old man embraced him, and said—Heaven be praised, I can recompense thee for his generosity. Come my son, come with me, and let some other keep the goats.

They descended the hill together, and walked towards the old man's

dwelling. He was rich in land and flocks, and a lovely daughter was his only heir. My child, he said to her, he that saved my life was the father of this young shepherd. If thou canst love him, I shall be happy to see you united. The young man was of an amiable person; health and pleasure shone in his countenance; golden locks shaded his forehead, and the sparkling of his eyes was softened by a sweet modesty. The young maiden, with an ingenuous reserve, asked three days to resolve. but the third appeared to her a very long one. She gave her hand to the young shepherd; and the old man, with tears of joy, said to them—My blessing rest upon you, my children! This day has made me the happiest of mortals.

PAVING BOARD,

The Scottish head lately imported into this country, for the important purpose of presiding at this Board, has in conjunction with his illiterate colleagues, such influence, that at their instance the heads of a Bill are now before the Parliament in England, which if passed into a law, will invest such extensive powers in the Scots engineers, and such a variety of means to oppress and insult the Citizens of Dublin, as possesses no parallel in any city in the British dominions; appeal or redress from their decisions or discipline are intirely precluded.

One section of this strange Bill enacts that no person shall clean out or remove from his concerns any filth, soil or coal ashes, without having previously obtained a permit from the the Board, nor must such

removal or cleaning be executed but by a person appointed by the same high authority. To require a permit for removing the contents of a *Privy*, in the same manner as the law prescribes for removing Wine, is a curiosity in law-making, of real Scottish growth. We expect the Board will have a power to employ and instruct guagers, on the same plan as in the excise department to take an account of stock quarterly, armed with dipping rods and ink bottles.

Another section enacts, that such goods or wares either in a liquid, granulated or solid form, shall not be removed to any field or farm, or depot, without being legally permitted, and the time given for such transit, to be inserted in the permit according

cording to the distance of its destination.

It enacts also, that the Board may have power to dig and take away any gravel they may want from any land within eight Miles of the Metropolis, except such land be lawns or gardens, and the value of such injuries that may be done, shall be ascertained by the Board only, without any interference or authority by Jury or otherwise,

This clause must appear very oppressive, any persons land may be torn up, and the value ascertained not by a Jury of Neighbours who would be understood to be the best and fairest authorities in such cases, but by a Scotch pedant, who never possessed an acre of land in his life.

The enactment of this law, is another evidence of the irreparable injuries a nation is exposed to, not having the protection of a resident legislature. Men who never trod the soil of Ireland, many of whom are so ignorant of our manners and appearance as to be persuaded we are savages and wear nails, undertake to legislate for us, and send us Scotch executioners, to enforce their decrees.



Wretched condition of Irish Catholics in Scotland.

THE persecutions which the Orangemen exercise, have since the year 1798 driven above sixty thousand of our brethren to the naked regions of Scotland, nothing but to avoid excessive misery, could tempt any human being to emigrate to such a savage climate, and to encounter more savage fanaticism. More than forty thousand of these poor

people are now residing in Glasgow, Paisly, and the vicinity of each of these towns. The Bishop, Dr Cameron has appointed a native Priest to take the management of the poor people, whose only assistant is a French Clergyman, it requires every hour of their time to read prayers, exhort and attend the sick and communicants, one Chapel is now building in Glasgow, the first that has been in that town since the reformation, five or six others will be erected whenever adequate funds can be collected. Mr. Scot, the Clergyman is at present in this Country, soliciting benefactions for the purpose, a more imperious demand on the benevolence of Irish men never existed.

The fury of intolerance was never carried to greater extremities than is now exercised by all ranks in Scotland towards those unfortunate Catholics, who in vain sought an asylum in those bleak regions. The Preachers without one exception, are inveighing against the great inundation of Irish and Popery, which persecution had driven to colonise their country. The men of God denounce any person who lends or hires any hall or room for the celebration of Mass, eternal damnation is the punishment; nor will such persons children be baptised by these devout apostles of Knox. Mr. Scot the priest, whenever he is obliged to attend any sick person must have the protection of four or five of his flock, to guard him against the horrors of martyrdom. A Sermon is annually preached in the College church of Glasgow, against the horrors of Popery, and a liberal subscription made for the apostolic lecturer. To be a Papist disqualifies a person giving evidence in some Courts of Justice

Justice. A cause was heard some time since in the Sheriff's Court in Glasgow, where a young girl of the name of Dunigan, was brought as an evidence, but the adverse party discovering that she was a papist, her testimony was rejected by the learned president!!!

It must be a con-oling reflection, that this fanatical race is not numerous, a million and a half of these wretches is the intire population, about one fourth in number of that of Ireland. The sixty thousand Irish who have unwillingly emigrated to Scotland, though they may have little influence, on the manners or religion of their adversaries, will on some future day diminish the rancour of their posterity, by restoring them to the faith of their Ancestors.



IRISH AFFLUENCE.

The Rt. Rev. Doctor Delany titular Bishop of Kildare, never grants any relaxation in the discipline of the Church that prescribes abstinence from flesh-meat during *Lent*, local circumstances, frequently extend an indulgence to certain Dioceses, and the use of such meats are allowed on certain days, the Diocese over which this Reverend Prelate presides is inhabited by a wretched peasantry, nine tenths of whom are not able to purchase animal food more than twice a year, so that to give them leave to eat a food put beyond their means, appears to the Doctor an absurdity: some time in the beginning of the last *Lent*, one of his humble flock waited on the Bishop, and requested leave to eat meat. This extraordinary application from

a poor man, whom the Bishop knew could have little title to such enjoyment from his very circumscribed condition, appearing such a novel circumstance, that the Bishop asked him why he made such a demand as he could not conceive he had any means of purchasing beef or Mutton, to this the poor fellow answered, "Paddy Kelly's Cow had died the night before, and he expected to get a quarter of it, to feast his family." This simple and affecting relation had its effect, the poor fellow obtained his desire, and departed, to enjoy one good meal in his life, on the remains of the deceased quadruped.

—o—

IMPORTANT EXTRACTS FROM NEWSPAPERS.

Yesterday the remains of the late Alderman Vance, were conveyed from his house in Capel-street to the family burying place and interred with becoming solemnity, we understand the worthy Magistrate who was many years a respectable grocer, died in embarrassed circumstances, the chief mourners who were numerous, were in no manner relations of his.

Same day, John Claudius Beresford, Esq. arrived from England, and was brought to his house in Buckingham-street in a coach and four, not on a jaunting-car as stated in an evening paper.

A strong party of the Police visited Patrick-street on Sunday, and succeeded in dispersing several women, profaning the Sabbath by making purchases of cabbage, potatoes, and sheeps heads. The articles we understand on the best authority will be distributed to charitable institutions,

tions, at some early period in the ensuing week.

Captain Tankard, of the Yeomanry, vintner, died suddenly at a dinner given to a select party, at his house in pudding row, it is reported in the best informed circles, that he will be succeeded in his military and professional situations by his Widow, or his eldest son Zachariah, who is at present engaged preaching the Gospel and buying Wool in the province of Munster.

We have the pleasure by a priority of intelligence to inform our numerous readers, that Counsellor Babington is appointed to succeed the late facetious Mr. Lysaght as a police Magistrate. It was confidently rumoured on Friday-night last, in St. Mary's Watch-house, that Mr. Babington would take his seat in the office exactly at 35 minutes and 21 seconds after eleven in the forenoon it is expected a considerable number of young females, will also attend on their way to the penitentiary.

Several reports are in circulation, about some new arrangements to take place in the police, one of them states though we cannot trace it to any authentic source, that Counsellor Guinness will sit at the right hand of Mr. Hone, another fortnight in place of Mr. Magrath, who it is said is much indisposed by falling over a cabbin on his way to his Country seat. The manner of building cabbins so much below the horizon is very dangerous to all travellers, footpads and Magistrates, such architecture is out of all order, and should be noticed by the Farming Society, the Paving Board, and other patriotic institutions for extending the comforts of the poor.

Magisterial vigilance was never so conspicuous as under the present system of police. On Thursday morning Mr. M—— travelled from his villa at Tubberbony, to the wind-

mill at the North Wall, thence to Duke Street a distance of four miles in twenty one minutes. Several old women detained for singing ballads, were committed for further examination.

By private letters from a correspondent in Hamburgh, we learn that the King of Prussia means to resign his situation as turnpike man on the military roads making by order of Bonaparte through the Prussian territory, the views of the present representative of the illustrious house of Brandenburg, are directed to place himself at the head of a numerous army and again try his fortune, as the protector of the liberties of the North, and the champion of Protestant ascendancy, united with the German eagles, by a *Coup de main*, carry the War into the oppressed dominion of France and punish the usurper and his satellites.

—o—

ORANGE AFFAIRS.

The following advertisement copied from the Belfast Commercial Chronicle, of Monday March 13, will shew that the Orange banditties continue to meet and persevere in the objects of their institutions, ready whenever the War whoop, "no Popery," is sounded to drive "to Hell or Connaught" their trembling Catholic neighbours, while such men are allowed a kind of demi official licence to meet, and publish their transactions, must not alarm be communicated? must not protection or security be considered? out of their consideration, who are liable at any drunken effusions of Religion or Loyalty, of an armed mob, to be buried under the ruins of their dwellings or driven for shelter to a distant part of the Country.

A CAUTION TO ORANGE-MEN.

The Brethern are desired to take notice, that John Curry, Cooper, Arthur Hamilton Butcher, and Stephen Allen, Farmer, (all late members of lodge No. 63, held in the town of Lurgan, Co. of Armagh) are expelled from said lodge for ever, for non-payment of lodge dues,

Lurgan March 8

Signed and Sealed
by Order,

Sampson Allen, Sec. No. 63.

ORIGINAL POETRY,

FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

“ In all the madness of superfluous health,
“ The train of pride, the impudence of wealth.”—

Among the various tribes which breath on earth,
Of Man's frail race, of mortal boasted birth,
A certain nobleman sup'eme in power,
Tasted fresh pleasures every circling hour.
Rich purple robes his soften'd limbs infold;
His garments glistened with refulgent gold;
The Tyrian crimson blush'd upon his vest,
And finest linen his nice taste confess'd,
Exotic dainties graced his lordly board;
With choicest wine his massy cups were stor'd,
Each day's repast was a sumptuous treat;
With every elegance of life replete.
Day followed day, while each succeeding night,
Teem'd with gay novelty and fresh delight.

But mark the contrast—at his gate there lay
A wretched cripple of the common way;
Rank sores and ulcers did his body fill,
Undress'd by pity, and unprob'd by skill:
No tender hand had soothed the poignant smart,
No touch of friendship, no relief from art,
Naked and hungry he sends forth a groan,
And dying, makes his heartfelt anguish known;
Pleads for a morsel of the glutton's crust,
A little morsel of the very worst;—
The very crumbs his dogs refus'd to chew,
The most despised wretched scrap would do,
But this denied,—he's order'd from the gate;
Nor suffer'd there his sorrows to relate;
The dogs, much kinder than the murky lord,
A transient comfort from their tongues afford;
His sores they lick, but ah! too late all aid;
For death's cold hand had all his sorrows laid.
Just as his soul had left its shatter'd case,
A guard of angels did the spirit grace.—

With

With airy sweetness, they soar on high,
 Beyond the limits of the vaulted sky.—
 To holy Abraham they their charge translate,
 And place him in the most enraptured state.
 No funeral obsequies his body grace ;
 His mortal part you on a dung-hill trace ;
 Where soon corruption seizes its remains,
 Scarce any form the squalid mass retains.

The rich man gorg'd, replete with pampering food,
 Cram'd with each dainty that the great term good,
 Fill'd with diseases—from luxurious fare,
 Met, too, the doom which ADAM'S race must share,
 Sighed his last breath on velvets softest down
 Torn from life's treasures, with a poignant groan,
 In state superb the sumptuous carcass lay,
 Where blazing tapers made a midnight day ;
 With solemn pomp, at length consign'd to dust,
 Were the vile fragments of disease and lust.

But oh behold ! the sad reverse here view !
 And let your thoughts the rich man's soul pursue,
 To HELL's dark, dreary mansion is he hurl'd,
 Deep to the centre of a burning world ! !
 Here former comforts prove a source of woe,
 When he those comforts could no longer know.

His eyes he lifts, in anguish and despair,
 Sees distant regions, placid, sweet and fair ;
 Views the happy CRIPPLE, serenely laid,
 Fanned in the zephyrs of a heavenly shade ;
 Then in the agony of dire distress,

The wretched RICH-MAN does his suit address :

“ O father ABRAHAM, in mercy hear ;

“ And listen to my first, my only prayer !

“ Send LAZARUS down from his delightful seat,

“ And let him enter this profound retreat ;

“ One drop, one little drop but let him bring,

“ From the pure fount of heavens refreshing spring

“ One little drop, perchance would cool this flame ;

“ And the fierce burnings of these torments tame.”

“ My son ! my son !” Abraham replied,

“ Remember now your former fatal pride ;

“ You had your good things in life's giddy sphere,

“ While LAZARUS remained unpitied there ;

“ You ask A DROP OF WATER but too late ;

“ He ask'd a MORSEL at your sumptuous gate,

“ Both, both denied, you have exchanged your bliss

“ HELL ! is your station—and GLORY his.”

THE MIMIC MONARCHY,

IN VERSE.

DEDICATED TO F—— E—— J——, ESQ.

(Continued. from our Magazine for March.)

My varying thoughts, now take their
flight,

O'— once more to vain recite,
Females likewise intermingle
To melodize my rhyming jingle;—

The ruler of the stage affairs
My weak displeasure, justly shares,
His managerial talents far
As fit to manage Crow-street are,
As Johnny Byrne will be soon,
To play the Duke in Honey-moon !
But as a player sound and good,
(That's when he's in an acting mood,)
As any after season star !

Tho' somewhat rather fond of TAR,
That in each character he plays
He surely thinks he's on the seas,
'As said (of puns a famous lover)
W——ms always "half seas
over".——

Thou poor man's tyrant ! great man's
slave !

What springs, or fountains e'er can lave
Thy lowly mind from abject deeds ?
Thy soul that on corruption feeds !
M'c——h son of—— "Lord—knows
who !"

A fawning knave nor good or true ;
Dead to instinctive honor's fame
Disgrace to man's immortal name !

See where the little St——t stands
With gigling head and busy hands,
For ever moving in a jig,
Or 'jinking curls in her wig !
Shew without emotion—care
Protuberance of bosom bare !
Or on the light fantastic toe,
In man's attire, her figure shew !
She stands unrival'd 'tis confess'd
Of Coquets, Pages, Prude—the best.—
"Praising what's gone?" (to Erins ear,)
"Makes remembrance ever dear"

Long shall we look, yet look in vain.
E——n to find thy like ag'in ;
With rapture I thy merit speak,
Tho' serpent slander "split her cheek"
With pleasure unalloyed I trace,
Th' expression of that lovely face,
The witching fanning of thy sighs
Like zephyrs from the balmy skies,
Yet, yet I own I must detest
That lab'ring heaving of the breast,
That imprudent street in Bryches
Which the gay gallant bewitches !
These faults too glaring, many more,
I could relate at least a score
But towar'ds thy Merits—they were none
Thou'rt gone !—and so my muse have
done,

Like Caleb Quotem see him come
("Let the blind organist be dumb")*
'Tis C——ye Gods ! with wonder stare !
A Fidler, Punster ! and a Player ! !
An Author ! with an happy knack
Of Leaping thro' a Hoop or Sack,
Of "new Overtures" composing ;
Fit to send dull souls a dozing,
With cypress should his brows be clad
For "Love-sick Frog" and "Music
mad."

Beneath the Kings or Lords disguise,
A heap of vulgar nature lies,
But in F——m must excus'd be
Blood's not expected from a fruit tree,
Jumbled in one tho' not at all nice
Polonius, aye and Toby Allpice †
W——f——on with talents to a tittle
Like her stature——very little !
But in her husband, all may trace
The stages and the W——lds disgrace,
Yet still—you ne'er scarce offend,
Sobriety with meekness blend,
That stare assuredly is curs'd
Possessing thee of Kings the worst !

* The blind Organist, poor Man !—he may well say, "The Devil sends Cooks !"

† This Gentleman is always set down by our out door periodical critics as the inevitable,—reader a word in your ear, critics are sometimes epicures, and Mr. F. keeps a good table,

[To be Continued.]

THE DUKE AND HIS MISTRESS.

Tune " Cruiskeen Lhawn."

1

There was a Royal Duke,
And his soul ne'er felt rebuke
For what he did in day-light or in dark,
And half a sleep in bed,
With his Royal rib he said,
Prythee turn to me sweet Mrs. Clarke.
Prythee turn to me sweet Mrs. Clarke.

2

The Dutchess faced about,
And his blunder he found out
Oh he wish'd that he was drown'd in the
Park,
Says she my Royal dear
'Tis your loving wife that's here,
But she'll do it full as well as Mrs. Clarke.
But she'll do it full as well as Mrs. Clarke

3

This mighty charge to 'scape
In so TANGIBLE A SHAPE.
Made his as bad as Whitelock's condition
He saw it was too late
As at Dunkirk to retreat,
And to fight it out he wanted amunition,
And to fight it out he wanted amunition.

4

My life said he don't blame
What is uttered in a dream,
How can you on such reveries remark,
But my charmer to convince
'Pon the honour of a Prince,
And by G— I don't know Mrs. Clarke.
And by G— I don't know Mrs. Clarke.

Whilst I could have thy charms
Within reach of these fond arms,
Be woman who she may be I must fight
her
For me might Venus die,
Tho' I heard the Goddess cry,
Bless your long sword, Saddle, Bridle
and your Mitre,
Bless your long Sword, Saddle, Bridle
and your Mitre.

6

The lady thus replied,
Who could be but satisfied,
A Prince and Bishop's word of honour
such is
And soon may Mrs. Clarke
Find out her Royal Spark,
To love her the same way he does his
Dutchess
To love her the same way he does his
Dutchess.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE ROBERT E—T.

—————Si qua fata aspera rumpas

Tu Marcellus eris—————

Ierne ocean's fairest Daughter, rise,
Awake from torpid thralldom, ope thine eyes ;
In manly copious streams indulge thy tears,
Now burst the galling yoke ; nor stoop to fears :
Attune thy native Harp, too long unstrung,
Nor speak thy woes with British bastard—tongue ;
But pure Patrician, patriot sounds employ
As erst did Erin's classic sons enjoy.

When

When Morven's sorrows were by Ossian sung
 Not dwelt such accents on M'Pherson's* tongue;
 Revive thy silenc'd language nor profane
 Thy dirge of sorrow with exotic strain,
 Primæval chaos sink that ruthless land
 And scorpion venom wring its gothic hand,
 That drew its darksome veil o'er gaellic lore
 And pour'd Britannic Omars† on our shore!

Behold, Hibernia, Freedom's victim son,
 Whom power debauch'd not, nor soul faction won,
 E——! Hyperion essence of the sky
 Thus form'd creative nature's pow'r to try!
 Thine hero immolated? rudely torn,
 By felon hands, thro' which ten thousand mourn!
 Thou P——, second Judas! oh forbear,
 To draw from mem'ry's eye the gushing tear!
 Unbidden base accuser, couldst thou lend
 Thy purchas'd voice to sacrifice a friend!
 How oft the youth thine indigence he fed?
 But serpent venom fill'd thy foster'd head;
 So parasitic hungry plants enclasp
 The tendril stems and kill them in the grasp!

Lo patriot E—— to the axe consign'd
 A heav'n of comfort beaming on his mind!
 The axe's stroke no terror can convey,
 He shrinks at nought but what foul fame would say;
 His soul unconscious of a guilty thought,
 Smiles at his doom which self-fold Erin wrought!
 He pleads the right of truth with force divine,
 As pure in motive so in act benign!
 The madding lord to reason's test no sells,
 The vassal lordling reason's convict falls;
 'This convict seals the culprit-angel's death!
 (Hell's worst sulphureous steam arrest that breath)
 To Satan erst in Pandæmonium sign'd,
 The death of virtue and of human kind!
 Life's benefactor to the scaffold doom'd!
 His Country's freedom with his corse enshroub'd
 'Till laurell'd union raise her mighty hand,
 Unbind the slave, and fire the civic band;
 His mind on Heav'n, with dauntless step he trod
 The fatal plank, expir'd, and met his God;

Pure spotless spirit! that now sit'st on high,
 Bend on our isle thy bliss-illumin'd eye;
 If parted shades regard this earth below,
 Watch o'er the length'ning measure of our woe!
 Forgive my zeal which breaks thy last communion,
 The unrecording silence of the land;
 Be this thy Epitaph till other times,
 Convey thy deathless name to other climes.

* The translator and reputed author of the poems of Ossian, the original of which is now known to be of Irish composition.

† Omar of Insula Memoria, by whose order the celebrated Alexandrian library was destroyed and the spoils then applied to an army of 70,000 men for 6 months; the abolition of Irish Liberty by the English, bears a striking resemblance to the conduct of this Barbarian.

 EPITAPH.

Here rests the Patriot, who with virtuous scorn
 Forbear the tribute of enslav'd applause,
 Ere yet th' auspicious dawn of freedom's morn
 Announc'd the reign of truth and equal laws,
 'Twas his to stay th' assassin's murd'rous hand
 And calm the boist'rous phrenzy of the hour,
 With soul unwarp'd from truth her paths he scan'd
 While mildest mercy grac'd his deeds of power.
 If chance, by lovely contemplation led,
 Some wayward mourner of a patriot friend,
 To these unsculptur'd tombs of nameless dead,
 With thought eventful should his footsteps bend.
 And seek the name which on this dust had borne;
 'Twas he whose soul could make this proud request
 That silence shade his grave, nor Erin mourn,
 Her E—— fall'n till Freedom's sons be blest.

 PHILELEUTHERUS.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

Notes of the *Moniteur* upon General Hope's letter to Sir D. Baird, published in the *London Gazette Extraordinary*, of January 24:—

GAZETTE.—"The troops, though not unacquainted with the irreparable loss they had sustained, were not dismayed, but by the most determined bravery, not only repelled every attempt of the enemy to gain ground, but actually forced him to retire," &c.

Moniteur.—"The whole of this is false.—Sir John Moore was wounded as he was endeavouring to stop the flight of his troops. The French, at least in their serious attacks, were not repulsed at any one point."

GAZETTE.—"From this post, however, he was soon expelled with considerable loss, by a gallant attack of some companies of the 2nd battalion 14th regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel Nicholls."

Moniteur.—"This Lieutenant Colonel Nicholls must have been a Rolando, if with some companies of the 14th regiment, he had retaken a village which was the principal object of contest. This part of the account

certainly did not come from Sir John Hope; it is, doubtless the production of the same pen that has made Europe acquainted with the details of the famous battle of Ronceval."

GAZETTE.—"Before five in the evening, we had not only successfully repelled every attack made upon the position, but had gained ground in almost all points," &c.

Moniteur.—"This is false, most false.—The village was carried and maintained possession of by the French. The English were driven from all their positions; but the action having begun only at three o'clock, and it being dark at five, our sharpshooters, after repelling the enemy, and passing over several walls of the gardens that surround Corunna, necessarily obliged to halt.

GAZETTE.—"The troops quitted their position about ten at night, with a degree of order that did them credit."

Moniteur.—"You were attacked at 3 o'clock in the afternoon; you began your embarkation at ten at night, though your squadron had not then completed its water, though you had not emptied your magazine—(a fact proved by the taking of 16,000 mus-

kets

kers, left behind in the establishment of Payoa, your heavy artillery, 500 horses, your cloathing, and powder magazines, &c.) and though your wounded remained on the field of battle where they fell into our hands. We cannot conceive what worse you could have done had you been beaten; but we know what you could and would have done had you been victorious, and had your statement been true. You would have maintained possession of the positions that cover Corunna, you would have employed the 17th in burying your dead, carrying off from the field of battle the bodies of your Generals, Colonels, and inferior officers, collecting the stragglers, always numerous after an action continued until the approach of night; and in bringing in the wounded, who usually after an engagement in the night time, scramble into farm houses and cottages, to wait for the return of day-light. You would have embarked on the night of the 17th, if your view of the general system led you to think yourselves too weak to resist the French troops. Such would have been the result of the most petty advantages; but you have done nothing of all this.—You did not take time to evacuate your magazines, to pay the last honours to your General, to carry off your wounded, to save your four pieces of cannon, or to protect the retreat of the 300 men, who covered your rear, and who fell into our hands in the pursuit.

GAZETTE.—“The whole of the army were embarked on an expedition which has seldom been equalled.”

MONITEUR.—“The expedition with which you embarked, is a very equivocal proof of the success you pretend to have had in its engagement.”

GAZETTE.—“The enemy pushed his light troops towards the town, soon after eight o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and shortly after occupied the heights of St. Lucia, which commanded the harbour.”

MONITEUR.—“In reading this account, it is easy to perceive, that it is not the production of a military man, or else it has been submitted to the revisions of some of the Clerks in Mr. Canning's office. In fact, you wish to make us believe, that you maintained your position, that is, remained masters of the field of battle, yet you tell us ‘the enemy, &c.’ What! Sir John Hope! On the 16th you obtained so brilliant a success; and yet during the night you evacuated ‘the height of St. Lucia, which command the

harbour,” upon which the French immediately erect batteries that “command the harbour,” sink four of your transports and thus give your fleet a signal to cut their cables and put to sea? Though an officer in the land service, you have often embarked and disembarked troops. You must have some nautical knowledge, and you ought to have reflected that on the 17th the wind might have changed (a very common occurrence) and had the wind changed, and your transports forced to remain in the harbour under the fire of the French batteries, that had already sunk four of their number, would you not have exposed yourself to reproach for having evacuated “the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour?” in allowing that the French troops at day break occupied the heights of St. Lucia, you clearly allow that you were there without retreat, and that if not compelled to give way before a superior force, you must, of your own fault, wantonly or without reflection, have put to hazard the fate of your army. You allege that you were victorious; the French say that you were beaten. The nature of things can alone decide between you; but from the nature of things it results, that you have done the contrary of what would you have done had you been victorious, and that you have acted in every respect as if you had been beaten; it follows, therefore, that you have been beaten. This consequence which you wish to dissemble, demonstratively results from all the details of your own narrative.”

GAZETTE.—“Circumstances forbid us to hope, that the victory with which it has pleased providence to crown the efforts of the army,” &c.

MONITEUR.—“This is the manner in which the English people are gulled. The same manoeuvre has been employed by the ministry upon all occasions, and it must be granted that it has frequently succeeded. Truth however, will make its way—but the ministry will have gained time, the anxiety of the public will abate, and the administration, after having deceived them, will find some fresh means of diverting their attention.—Heavens grant that the English may gain such a victory every month!”

GAZETTE.—“The army which entered Spain, under the fairest prospects, had no sooner completed its junction than, owing to the multiplied disasters that dispersed the native armies around us, it was left to its own resources.”

MONITEUR.—

Moniteur.—“So, at last, you admit that the Spanish armies were dispersed, and that you found yourselves left to your own resources! Is it the fault of the Spaniards that you made them wait so long for useless succours? never did you fit out so powerful an expedition. You ought to thank Providence, that, a part of your army, has been able to re-embark and effect its escape.”

GAZETTE.—“The advance of the British corps from Docru, afforded the best hope, that the South of Spain might be relieved.”

Moniteur.—“These hopes were just as well founded as all those which the British Cabinet entertains at this moment.”

GAZETTE.—“But this generous effort to save the unfortunate people, afforded the enemy the opportunity of directing every effort of his numerous troops, and concentrating all his principal resources for the destruction of the only regular force in the North of Spain.”

Moniteur.—“Why was there not another regular force there at the time you advanced?—It was because you did not advance until the regular force of Spain was destroyed.”

GAZETTE.—“The native and undaunted valour of British troops was never more conspicuous.”

Moniteur.—“Our Soldiers did not find any thing so very brilliant in the English soldiers' style of fighting; but they agree that the English Officers conducted themselves with the courage which belongs to men of honour.”

GAZETTE.—“The greater part of the fleet having gone to sea yesterday evening, the whole being under weigh, and the corps in the embarkation necessarily much mixed on board, It is impossible at present to lay before you a return of our casualties.”

Moniteur.—“How the truth forces its way in spite of every effort to conceal it Mr. Cannings clerk forgot to obliterate this expression of General Hope's, What an oversight! The troops in the embarkation were necessarily much mixed on board, the transports, because the embarkation was conducted in disorder and confusion. Terror made the soldiers rush with precipitation to the boats, every one looting fight of the colours, and thinking only of his own safety.—What must have been the result? That which is fact was the result—the troops in the em-

barkation were necessarily much mixed on board.”

On General Hope's estimate of killed and wounded, the Moniteur has the following note.

“You had 2000 wounded; you left on the field of battle, the dead bodies of three of your Generals and 800 soldiers and officers we counted them. We took 300 of you prisoners; you did not take a single man of ours. We had not 200 men wounded, and our loss in killed did not amount to 100, among whom there was not a single officer of distinction.”

—O—

TO CORRESPONDENTS

The character of Probity, honor and disinterestedness which “*Admetus*” has given of an Attorney, appears to us so extraordinary, that we would not venture to give it to the Public on Anonymous authority. If Admetus would take the pains to send to us for his paper and have it properly certified under the hands and seals of the Gentleman's wife, Domestic, Neighbours and Clients, we shall be proud to present to the world, such a phenomena, as an honest Attorney.

The Editor returns his most sincere thanks, 6s. 8d. for his kind communication.

The letter to Doctor O'Reilly, written by an inhabitant of Drogheda, is better calculated for a private than a public Communication.

—O—

MARRIED.

On the 6th Inst. at James-town, Co. Westmeath, Andrew O'Reilly Esq. of this City, to Miss Fitzgerald.



e 1^o

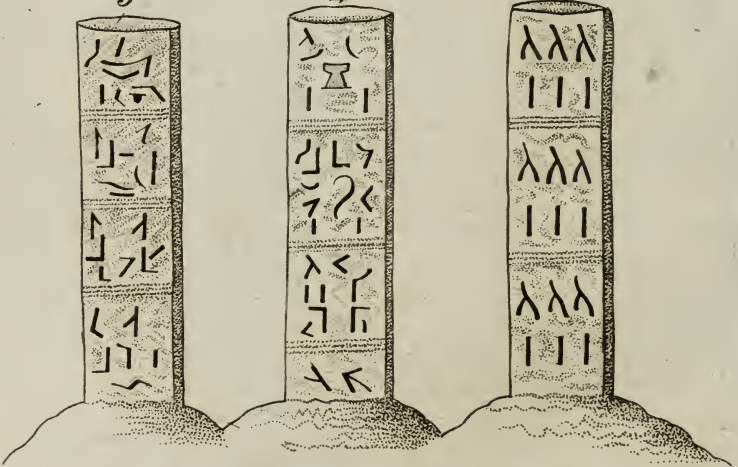
2



3

4

5



CROSSES at CASTLEDERMOT

THE
IRISH MAGAZINE,

OR

Monthly Asylum

FOR

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR MAY, 1809.

History of CASTLEDERMOT, in the County of Kildare, from the earliest ages. Communicated by Mr. Michael Devoy of Kill.

IN the rude state of society when men lived in tents and huts, some centuries before the christian era, at the second emigration to Ireland of the *Thutha* or *Tutha* Danganans, Castledermot, its lordships and dependencies were the property of the O'Tooles; whose chieftain was the hereditary prince of Imaley, and like his predecessor kept his residence on the rath, in the glin of Imaley, and by times on Kilranalagh. The O'Tooles or O'Tuhills enjoyed like the Irish princes the quiet possession of their estates, until the coming of the English under Strongbow, in the reign of Henry II. A. D. 1172, by the invitation of M'Morrough O'Kavanagh of the county Carlow, King of South Lein-

MAY. 1809.

ster. The Lordship of Castledermot was seized on by the English and the O'Tooles fought manfully for their ancient right, but were at length subdued, and Castledermot and all its dependencies given over to the Riddlesfords, Welchmen who retained it and the O'Tooles were never able to recover their ancient rights.

A. D. 500. An abbey was founded here by St. Diermitt whose feast is celebrated there on the 21st of June ever since in remembrance of him.

A. D. 842 or 844, the Danes did plunder and sack the abbey, but which year it is uncertain.

A. D. 847, the learned and pious Snedgus was abbot here, and under him

B b

him the pious Cormac M'Cullinan, afterwards archbishop of Cashel and king of Munster, was educated

A. D. 871, died Moylervayn, abbot of Castledermot as also of Killicie and Tibelly.

A. D. 903, a dispute arose between Cormac M'Cullinan, archbishop of Cashel and king of Munster, and Flann, king of Meath, respecting the abbey of Monaster even, when after passing ambassadors on both sides, Leinster was invaded by the Munster men.

A. D. 907, the Munster troops crossed the river Barrow near Leighlin bridge in three divisions; the first was commanded by Flaberraghor O'Flaherty, abbot of the island of Scattery in the Shannon, and Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory; the second division by Cormac himself, and the third by O'Phelan, prince of the Desies, county Waterford. They encamped in the parish of Castledermot on the river Greece, at a place called to this day Dunmanogue, or the fort of the Munstermen.

The Leinster troops marched in one body from Tarah under Flann in person, and halted some time at Castledermot. At length both armies drew up for battle in this parish on the banks of the river Lerr called Ballaghmughna or the defeat of the Munstermen.

The Leinster men offered peace on any reasonable terms, but it would not be granted. It is said that as soon as the signal for engaging was given that Ceillichar, Cormac's general of horse, rode through the ranks, and called aloud to his men to retreat, that the war was a wanton one, and a war of priests, and to them it should be left to be decided. On this he spurred his horse and quitted the field, followed by many of his peo-

ple, which greatly dispirited others. The engagement however continued with great obstinancy for many hours but the Munster troops suffered at length a most complete defeat, 6000 of their bravest veterans with numbers of officers fell that day, besides Cormac himself with many princes and nobles, amongst these were O'Phelan, prince of the Desies, O'Keeffe, prince of Fermoy, O'Lehan prince of that since called Barrymore, O'Shaughnessy, prince of Aidne, now called Kiltarran, in the county Galway, M'Emery prince of Uí Connell now Upper Connell, in the county Limerick; O'Sullivan, prince of Dunkerman in the county Kerry, Madigan, brother of Donagh, late king of Munster, Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory, and many others. It is to be remarked that Cormac did not fall in battle but on the retreat. He crossed the river Barrow and was ascending the hills near Cloghgrenan at a difficult spot, he being upwards of eighty years old, his horse slipped his feet, and fell down a small precipice on him and killed him on the spot: it is called to this day the fall of the king. The Leinster troops, in pursuing found Cormac's body, cut off the head and carried it to Flann, in hopes of a great reward; but this generous prince upbraided them for their cruelty, kissed the head ordered them from his sight, and dismissed them his army.

Lamenting the loss of so wise and good a prince and so religious a prelate, he then directed the body to be sought for, and ordered both to be delivered to Monach the confessor of Cormac, to be interred with the honours due to so great a man, as his will had directed at Castledermot.

Flaberraghor, the cause of this dreadful carnage, was taken prisoner, confined

fined for two years in Kildare, recovered his liberty but under very severe penance, and also his monastery in the isle of Scattery, and in six years after wore the crown of Cormac his uncle.

After a long reign of thirty-six years Flann departed this life at Tara, the 8th day of June, 915.

In this century was erected the round tower and the old church and the two large crosses. The buildings bear evident marks of the architecture of these times, and tradition relates that one of these crosses was erected for king Cormac.

A. D. 919. Died here the abbot Carpreus, the son of Teradagh; he was venerated and justly esteemed for his years and exemplary life: he was an holy Anchorite and in his time at the head of all religion in Leinster. Tradition says it was this man erected the round tower.

A. D. 1040. The abbey was pillaged by the Danes.

A. D. 1073. Died the abbot Covhagh.

A. D. 1172. Arrived the English under Strongbow, earl of Pembroke, he took Castledermot from O' Toole and bellowed it on Walter De Riddlesford; he or his successor walled in this town, like the other English settlers of those times, to keep off the powerful septs of the Tooles, having four gates, a large part of the walls still remain.

A. D. 1200. A priory was founded here for crutched friars by Walter De Riddlesford lord of the town, he situated it outside his town on the road to Dublin.

A. D. 1250. Sir Gerald Fitzmaurice third Lord Offaley, married Emilina the grand-daughter of Walter De Riddlesford, and daughter of Stephen De Longuespee, lord chief

justice of Ireland, and by her (who died in 1291) became possessed in the right of her grandfather of the lordship of Castledermot. Sir Gerald finished the Grey Friery at Kildare in 1230, and founded the Grey Friery of Clane in 1271; he died at Rathmore near Nasa on the 20th of July, 1283, and was buried in the Grey Friery of Kildare, having erected a castle at Castledermot to secure his wife's property, and left his heir Thomas Fitzgerald his successor fourth Lord Offaley.

A. D. 1234. The Fitzgeralds and Barks having quarrelled about some lands in Connaught filled the whole kingdom with war and tumult, a meeting was appointed at Castledermot to make peace between the two powerful septs, when Maurice Fitzmaurice and Maurice Fitzgerald took prisoners Richard Rupella, lord justice of Ireland, Lord Toby Butler, Lord John Coogan, and the Red Earl of Ulster, and sent them prisoners to Fitzgerald's strong castle of Ley which lies between Monaster-even and Portarlinton, a noble ruin at this day.

A. D. 1302. Thomas, fourth Lord Offaley founded a monastery here for Conventual Franciscans, to which the family of Delahide are said to be great benefactors.

A. D. 1316. In this year John, the eldest son of John, earl of Kildare died at Laraghbrien near Maynooth, and was buried here. Same year a very great battle was fought here under Roger Mortimer, against the Scotch invaders Robert and Edward Bruce, who put Mortimer to flight, gained the battle, sacked the town, destroyed the Franciscan convent, at the same time taking away its books, vestments and every other ornament; but they soon paid dear for

for this sacrilegious act; they were met near this town on the next day by the Lord Edward Butler who gave them a total overthrow. Early in this year the Lord Justice made a great slaughter of the rebels who took advantage of the government whilst engaged against Bruce.

A. D. 1328. Thomas, the second earl of Kildare died, he built St. Mary's chapel in the Franciscan convent, and was buried in it together with his wife Joan, daughter to Richard earl of Ulster.

A. D. 1377. A parliament was held here and a mint established, to coin money. Part of the parliament house was pulled down, and the remainder is the present inn.

A. D. 1408. Stephen, Lord Schreop died here on the feast of St. Marcelles.

A. D. 1414. The Irish rebelled in Leinster; Thomas Crawley, archbishop of Dublin and Lord Justice of Ireland, advanced as far as Castledermot with an army to oppose them; he continued here in prayer with his clergy whilst his army fought, the event was answerable to his wishes for the rebels were defeated with the loss of 100 men at Kilkea.

A. D. 1498. On the 28th of August a parliament was held here which granted to the king an impost of twelvecence per pound on all merchandize imported to be sold, wine and oil excepted. An act passed, inflicting penalties on such of the Irish nobility as rode without saddles, but that they should ride on them according to the English fashion, and should wear their robes in parliament, and both clergy and laity should give the king a subsidy. On the 28th of August Richard Nugent, seventh Baron of Delvin, was summoned to this parliament, but refusing to appear

was fined forty shillings for non attendance. The act for coinage of money passed in 1377 was here continued.

A. D. 1503. From the contraction of the English pale, Castledermot being a walled in town from a few years after the coming of the English became a garrison town, Gerald the eighth earl of Kildare erected a very strong castle here and placed a garrison.

A. D. 1514. Gerald the ninth earl of Kildare, who lived in the castle of Maynooth, was made lord deputy of Ireland to king Henry VIII by the minister, cardinal Wolfely 1516. He came here with a great army, marched into Imaly, and slew Shane O'Toole, and sent his head for a present to John Rochfort, mayor of Dublin.

A. D. 1532. Cardinal Wolfely displaced the earl from the government, and in sometime after he rebelled, marched into the county of Kilkenny with fire and sword, destroyed the county bringing many preys from the earl of Ossory and his friends. Returning through this town on the fair day the 5th of August, he caused his soldiery to plunder the people at the fair in his own town of Castledermot, and caused numbers of them to be killed. He stood out in rebellion for about four years, when his castles of Maynooth and Rathangan, with Ley and Kilkea, were taken by the lord deputy, Lord Leonard Gray, he came to a parley, acknowledged his crime, implored mercy of his offended sovereign, and delivered himself into his hands as did his five uncles. The unhappy earl oppressed with grief died in prison in the tower of London, on the 12th of December 1534, and was buried in the chapel thereof with this inscription,

inscription, " Here lies the body of the Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, earl of Kildare, who deceased the 12th of December, 1534, on whose soul Jesus have mercy."

A. D. 1555. June the 18th, and 8th of Queen Elizabeth, a grant was made to Richard Keating, gent. of the possessions of the crutched friery, containing by estimation an acre of land, two houses in ruin, a messuage, six cottages, thirty-six acres of arable, and four acres of pasture land, part of the demesne in this town, one messuage, three cottages, sixteen acres of arable and four of pasture land in the hamlet and lands of Grangeford in this parish, two messuages, seven cottages, sixty acres of arable and seventeen of pasture land in Collentown, Tomenitown, and Coolrake, twelve acres of arable and four of pasture in the lands of Huestown, four acres of arable land in Kilkea, all in the county Kildare and six acres of land in Bray in the county Dublin.

A. D. 1578, August 20th, and 20th of Queen Elizabeth, several rectories with their appurtenances and tythes in the county Galway, parcel of the possessions of this monastery were granted to the burgesses of Athenry in the county Galway.

A. D. 1581, May 6th, and 23d of Queen Elizabeth, this monastery and the appurtenances were granted to Sir Henry Harrington, Knt.

A. D. 1641. During the rebellion no town in Leinster suffered more, being many times in the hands of both contending parties, at length the rebel leaders totally kept it; but in the year 1650, it was taken by Colonels Hewson and Reynolds, Cromwell's generals, and the castle totally demolished.

A. D. 1657. The Earl of Kil-

dare set the manor of Castledermot to William Holme and William Wright for forty-one years from May 1st, at £100. the first year, and £120. the remaninder, a fat ox and 40 couple of rabbits to be paid at Kilkea.

The ruins of the Franciscan abbey are in good preservation, they are large and spacious, and appear to have been magnificent, particularly the east window, two of the aisles, and the octagon pillars that support the arches, which still preserve the outlines of ancient grandeur, and elegant architecture. The round tower is still used as a belfry, no weak proof of its original designation, the arch of this tower is semicircular and seems to have been adorned with the Chevron mouldings. The stones of this tower though being in a country abounding with granite, are all of a green kind and of an oblong rounded shape, and the same in size from bottom to top. No part of the crutched friars' abbey remains but a large square tower, the field round it is tiled to the very walls.

Many vestiges of the town wall still remain. A beautiful brook, called the Lerr, runs through this town, affording some excellent sites for manufactures that could be carried on by water. The number of houses at present is about 100 slated and 150 thatched cabbins. It has neither market nor manufactures, and is principally supported by the great post road running through it from Dublin to Cork.

The old nunneries of Graney, Killelan, and Timolin are situate in this parish. The abbey of Moone where are the ruins of two very large square towers and a castle with two large crosses with Irish inscriptions, are on the banks of the river Greece in

in this parish. The very beautiful and superb castle of Kilkea is in high preservation, Daniel Caulfield, Esq. being the present occupier. It was built about the year 1420, by John, the sixth earl of Kildare, commonly called the crooked back, is in this parish on the banks of the aforesaid river, Knockpatrick, a very fine hill is situate about a mile east of this town, there is a large burying ground on it and no remains of any building of any sort, being on the summit of the wild hill, composed mostly of mountain stone, with scarce any freestone or mould of any sort to cover a corpse, on one of the large stones are the prints of two bare feet about an inch and a half deep in hard rock, about eighteen inches in front of the prints is a print of a crucifix about fourteen inches long, and three feet, from the prints of the feet is a hole an inch and a half deep like the point of a staff. The tradition of the place attributes them to St. Patrick where he stood on the rock to pray.

From the beginning of the third to the latter end of the ninth centuries the kings of South Leinster held their court in this town during the sittings of the states, which sittings were alternately on carmen, (Mullamast) and at Naas during that period, and they used also here to meet the chiefs of the O'Kellys from Ardscoil and O'Toole from Imaley, for the better internal government of South Leinster.

Belan, the superb seat of the earl of Aldborough, is situated on the river Greece in this parish. Here was originally a castle and garrison of some note, but was demolished by Cromwell. The estate was purchased from Lord Fitzhardan by the ancestors of the present occupier. Few places in this kingdom some years ago

could exceed it for wood and water; it was one of the finest seats in Ireland. it has entertained king James II. and afterwards king William III. and their armies. The bed on which these kings lay is still preserved here.

Davidstown, the elegant, beautiful and truly hospitable seat of James Archbold, Esq. is seen about two miles N. E. from this town, it commands a delightful prospect. His superior taste for building and planting far exceed the abilities of the writer's pen to describe.

On the 28th of May, 1799, the chapel of this town was burned down. A new one is partly finished on a good plan by subscription of the parishioners, and a reasonable compensation from government.

Translation of the Crosses at Castledermot, by William Beauport, Member of the Antiquarian Society.

No. I. represents the front of one standing on the north side of the church where the abbey of St. Dermitt was founded, and not far from the round tower, but appears to have been placed originally at the west entrance of the old church, as the capital belonging thereto now lies not far from the door. The inscription is Druidic characters of the ninth century, and is translated thus, in the head compartment is written in characters *Gianlach*, or the place of the head; in the centre *Criogbloith*, or the place of the heart; in the compartment on the right arm is *Laimdeis*, or the right hand, on the left arm is *Cleislaim*, or the left hand; the upper compartment on the shaft contains *a.mhhan agus corp*, that is the reins and body; the second compartment is *Braghan chash*, or the thighs and feet; the three lower compartments contain symbolic characters :

ters :

ters; the three upper ones represent a ghost or spirit; three of them being placed together signify the Almighty spirit or Holy Ghost; the three lower characters are symbols of persons. Whence the compartment contains three persons united in one Almighty spirit, or the *Holy Trinity*.

No. II. represents the back of No. I. The head compartment contains symbolic characters expressing the Trinity, under which is *Cain*, or the head, the centre contains *Croigheath* or dwelling of the heart; the compartment on the right, *dheas*, or the *Right*; that on the left contains *Cles*, or the left; the three compartments on the shaft represent the Trinity.

No. III. represents the right side of the shaft of a small stone cross, opposite the south door of the old church, the translation in modern orthography is, *Fench rodoin an e choch bafeigh peacadha uile e choch biaeran loi breitheanuis*, viz. Behold the very person who died for the sins of all, he will come again at the day of judgment.

No. IV. represents the front of No. III. The upper compartment contains, *bhimi cupain*, Drink of this cup; the second compartment contains *buiig agus crop*, that is the bow-

els and body; the third contains *braghagh*, or the thighs, and the fourth *da chath*, or the two feet.

No. V. represents the left side of No. III. and IV. the three compartments contain symbolic characters expressing the Trinity. The arms and head of this cross now broken off serve for a neighbouring headstone, they were not fastened to the shaft by iron cramps when in their proper place, but made fast by a mortice after the manner of the Greeks and Romans, in the shafts of their columns. The inscriptions on them are the same as those on the front of the northern cross, therefore need not be repeated.

Had the parishioners when it was necessary to build a new chapel any idea of the beauty and grandeur of the architecture of the twelfth century, they could have repaired and roofed the walls of the Franciscan abbey, as they are still nearly perfect and they would then have one of the most beautiful country chapels in the kingdom and at a much less expence. The new chapel is on the abbey ground, and very convenient to the beautiful window which exceeds any thing of the kind ancient or modern in the diocese.

To the Rev. Richard O'Donnell, Roman Catholic Dean of the Diocese of Ossory.

Continued from page 173.

The horrors of the preceding year as yet fresh in their minds, dreading general extermination. the marauding orangeman still playing the old sacrilegious game of burning chapels, signed (without consulting their brethren) for the minister in the person of his pander, his darling plan of the subversion of our hierarchy and consequently of our religion.

It is true they have acted wrong, but they were only men, they were

not infallable. Frequent examples occur in ecclesiastical history of holy doctors who were imposed upon by hypocritical heretics. They acted under the influence of Lord Castle-reagh, that noxious planet like Lord Bute) that never yet approached Ireland without bringing along with him disease and pestilence. Like St. Thomas Beckett who signed for Henry the second, some of them have since repented; let us then judge of them by the rule of christian charity, and the respect due to their sacred

functions, nor let passion hurry us into invective, for that would only give additional cause of triumph to our enemies. This unfortunate transaction, the only blot that ever yet stained the fair page of our church history, remained a cabinet secret until the last year; when we were all dreadfully alarmed by Mr. Ponsonby asserting, during the late discussion of our claims in the Imperial Parliament that we would, if emancipation were granted, surrender our hierarchy to his majesty, who would thus virtually become head of our church. If this be not a sufficient proof, that Supremacy and Veto are synonymous terms, I am very much mistaken. The hideous monster, (by Ponsonby's unskillfulness) drops the mask of anglo heretical, and Irish Catholic sophistry, discloses its horrid visage smeared with the faintest blood of a More, a Fisher, and of numberless other martyrs. But time has proved that Mr. Ponsonby was most egregiously mistaken, when he endeavoured to father such a *Lusus nature* of impiety on Roman Catholic Ireland.

Both Mr. Ponsonby and ministers have seen that the spirit of a Plunkett, an O'Kelly, and an O'Duane, still lives in a learned Lanigan, a pious Power, and an undaunted Coppinger, who could force even a Redefdale to blush at his declamatory prejudiced nonsense.

Mr. Ponsonby with a methodistical face informed the house that he stated this on the authority of Doctor Milner, an English Catholic prelate, who had lately been in Ireland, which certainly added greater weight to Mr. Ponsonby's words. Doctor Milner certainly is a prelate equally eminent for piety and learning, which he has employed against the enemies of our faith, and in refuting the un-

founded calumnies of stall fed prebendaries, who fatten on the credulity of the deluded multitude. I abhor the idea of pouring out a torrent of Billingsgate against his venerable name: while I am grieved to see it quoted as an authority in so foul a conspiracy against our most holy religion. He certainly meant well, but even the great Fenelon committed a *faux pas* of judgment. Ministers although rejoicing in the spirit, received the first overtures of the death warrant of popery, with almost sullen silence, only Mr. Perceval, that farthing candle in a world of shade, intimated that we would renounce our religion entirely, something might be done for us. From this we can infer that government would still distinguish between the true blue, and the Irish turncoat, and that the latter would only form a spirit of the inferior class in this Tartarean pandæmonium of apostacy, a very good sample of what we might expect if he could exercise the powers of the Veto which abstracted from supremacy is diametrically opposite to religion and reason; for is it not highly irreligious that a heterodox king, supreme head of his own church bound by his coronation oath to support it, (which very thing was urged as a bar to our emancipation) should interfere in the most essential parts of our church discipline? and what is more repugnant to reason, than that a person of a different religion should presume to manage the affairs of another church. Burke, the great Edmund Burke, saw the absurdity of it and scouted the idea; the immortal philanthropic Fox, did the same. Now if ministers, who it seems do not believe our oaths, who hold up the pope as a bugbear whether to frighten protestant simpletons, were told that he

would make us loyal subjects if he received a negative voice, in the appointment of the English bishops of the Nag's head race, what would they think? doubtless they would scoff at the proposal; and the swinish orange multitude, dreading the

influence of Antichrist over their chaste hierarchy, would quickly vociferate "penal laws, no popery!" happy indeed would it be, if they went no further. In my next I will resume the subject.

BOSSUET.

—000000—

The Dublin Lounger, No. II.

*Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.*

POPE.

THOUGH I saw in my first ramble as many fools and fops as I could ever wish to see in my whole life yet MORDENT told me that we had not met some of the most distinguished puppies *on Town*, and to amuse me he promised to draw their characters. He accordingly wrote me the following letter which without altering I present to my readers.

My dear Friend,

Our last Sunday's excursion put me on enumerating all the *distinguished* beaux I have known for some time in Dublin, and who now flourish in the streets and coffee houses. In this letter I send you the result of my researches. Lest any of them might escape me, (and yet I fear with all my diligence many of them have,) I made a classification of our fops which I hope may appear satisfactory and comprehensive—as coxcombry and affectation, though often found in high life, are however now making rapid strides down thro' even the lower ranks of society. I found it necessary to begin with the spruce shop boys and grocers of — street, and to proceed in regular gradation until I arrived at the *Castle*—With grief then I must inform you,

MAY 1809.

my dearest friend, that even amongst those deluded young men of business a spirit has lately crept, which makes them long for the sabbath, not indeed as you may well suppose, for any purpose of piety, but for the very worst purpose of indulging a variety that makes them ridiculous and is the source of future misfortune. I know one of those infatuated creatures who instead of the laudable and honorable ambition of being agreeable to his customers, is filled with the idea of making a figure as a *petit maitre*. He quizzes every plain honest countryman who enters his shop to make a purchase; if a modest unassuming country girl comes in with her long eared cap, he delights in making her blush by some smutty *double entendre*, and desires his fellow apprentice behind the opposite counter to *twig the fashion*. Both the man and the girl are insulted and the *Beau's* master consequently loses their money and their custom. Nothing will serve this *young gentleman* but to be an adept in music, and he can therefore help to murder a *duet* or *glee*—he is at the play house two or three times a week—is known at half a dozen taverns, and has got a very genteel pale complexion

C 6

plexion, by being necessarily acquainted with a surgeon's apprentice—after appearing for fashion's sake at a house of worship on Sunday he kills the rest of the day in walking from the Rotunda to Merrion-square, and from Merrion-square to the Rotunda, in a pair of milk white breeches, short boots, and a shabby blue coat, —every one that passes him sees the inequality in his dress and despises the wretch for assuming airs that do not belong to him. It is pitiable to consider the mischiefs which this young beau will inevitably draw on his future life. There is no great fear that he will ever become a Ned Byrne or that when an old respectable merchant he can boast, like that departed papist Nabob, how in his youthful days he was humble enough to wait with all possible attention on the ladies of *Pill-lane*, whilst “enjoying the flow of soul,” and making a flow of something else in his whiskey shop. To be rich a man must train himself to indolent habits—to be respectable, he must be humble—to a man of sense the most despicable thing on earth is a vulgar, uneducated, would-be-fop. I hope the gentlemen of Francis Street and Grafton Street and Dame Street and all the other streets of business will turn with disgust and improvement from the picture I have drawn of them.

The next *genus* of those animals which comes under my consideration is of a mixed or mongrel nature—sensual, insensible and profligate—vain of its vicious qualities and boastful of its imperfections—In its class are to be ranged the whole herd of young attorneys with very few exceptions—all those who unwilling to wade through the ordeal of a regular education attend the hospitals to learn in a summary way the *art of*

killing well and to dispatch the wounded after battle with gravity and decency. It is to this class we alluded in our last number when we mentioned the *Buck Surgeons*. These two *species* are to be met every day in all our public places. They are known by their impudent, staring, swollen dissipated faces by the mighty dashing air with which they bustle through the streets—they are always from one debauchery into another—the young surgeons affect deistical principles and the attorneys who despise the idea of thinking at all are totally callous to any sense of religion.—the taverns and brothels accordingly swarm with them and they sit, to insult public morals, with common strumpets in the two rows of upper boxes in the play house, which are for the benefit of the rising generation, almost entirely appropriated to the accommodation of these innocents. By the by Mr. Fee-saw-fum may plead *necessity* for his politeness to the daughters of pleasure and protected virgins. It is also certain that in the pope's own city a peculiar attention is paid to the convenience and regulation of the description of ladies in question—and though there is a little difference of climate yet this is *precedent* for Mr. Fee-saw-fum.

By going up a step higher in the scale of society we meet with a third description of *beaux*, properly so called; whose characteristics I will endeavour to make you acquainted with. They resemble in some degree the *fops* of Addison's time denominated *Templers*. They are the young sprigs of men of property whom the world compliments with the exclusive designation of *Esquire*. They come up to town with all the insolence of £500. or £1000. a year; or are perhaps after loitering away and dissipating

sipating five years in college. *eating* their terms at Henrietta Street, on their way to the *Bar*. These gentlemen are in general what is called, *elegant young fellows*, to a scrupulous regard for the decoration of their persons they join the skimming of a polite education. Their tender minds never could stoop to the rude drudgery of studying the higher classics, logics, or the sciences—but they designed to sip a little of the sweets of the lighter poets—their erudition is as deep as Ovid, and amongst the moderns their reading extends to Petrarch, Metastasio, Voltaire, Rousseau, Dryden's and Congreve's comedies, the amatory poems of Shenstone, Hammond and their dear, delightful, voluptuous, corrupting contemporary, the TRANSLATOR of ANACREON. With principles imbibed from the writings of Voltaire and morals formed in the school of Rousseau, these captivating creatures, urged by a corruptness of heart not to be wondered at, bend all the energies that an effeminate soul is capable of, to the seduction of poor, unprotected young females, whose defenceless or dependant situations may have exposed their innocence to temptation. The vanity so generally inherent in the female mind, and the nature susceptible of strong and violent impressions of the female heart, it is to be lamented too frequently assist the machinations of these destroyers and it is consequently at the shrine of their sensuality that the virtue of thousands of innocent creatures, is sacrificed. And yet those *fine and elegant gentlemen, those souls of sensibility*, although publicly known to live with their victims of seduction or in the fashionable phrase to have them under *their protection*, are received into every society. No delicate young lady of fa-

mily thinks herself dishonoured by being in their company—in spite of their immoralities, their fashionable appearances and the poor chit-chat which they can on any subject command, give them a passport to the merchant's table and the gentleman's drawing room. I cannot help, sir, being serious when I speak of this species of coxcomb—they are a poison corrupting the mass of humanity with which they communicate, and every observing man must know that they are not beings of my fancy, not the creatures of a splenetic brain; but that they have “a local habitation and a name” in the very city which we inhabit.

Sed, ‘paulo majora canamie’

Let us be a little more ambitious and dare to aspire to the description of that

Amphibious thing! that acting either part,

The trifling head, or the corrupted heart

Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,

Now trips a lady and now struts a LORD

And yet I feel some anticipation of terror when I begin to breathe in the atmosphere of the C——; an atmosphere in which it is not safe for any to live except those that have been born in corruption, or who have been bred to the dissipation of a C——t. However, sir, I will do my duty, and to the best of my ability I will perform my self imposed task. As I should never have done, were I to travel round the whole circle of the distinguished fops of rank and title, whom I mean to embrace in my present *fourth* class of *beauxs*, I will select one or two and you yourself can apply the adage, *ex uno disce omnes*. Sir Foppling Flatter is now
in

in his fortieth year, after leading a very meritorious life and having filled up the measure of his good deeds, which he was destined to perform in this sublunary world. No man ever knew how to go through the ordinary weighty business of fashionable life better than he. Skilled in all the mysteries of the toilet and perfectly acquainted with the most essential ceremonies of the tea table, the card table and the drawing room, it can not be a matter of surprise that he rose very rapidly in the world and that he has been distinguished by a good and gracious and discerning so—v n from the herd of his subjects. I assure you, sir, that Sir Fopling's qualifications having recommended him to notice, he was sent from his own country to an island about a thousand miles distance, to adorn the court of every chief-governor of the island who should come after him. He there held the important post of *General card writer*; he fixed the levee days and the ball nights, appointed the evenings for *Command plays*, and at the play house had the high and mighty honour of fanning the Governor's wife whenever she began to perspire,—was allowed to laugh whenever she laughed and though ugly enough to be taken for a well dressed monkey, he had the privilege of paying his polite antics for the amusement of her ladyship and for the edification of the audience. Some uncultivated people thought that he used sometimes to make too free; but then it immediately occurred to them that it was not fashionable to be jealous and that Sir Fopling in a strong manner resembled a description of men very common in Italy. In short, sir, this worthy and distinguished member of Society can play a game of whitt, run

down a contre-danse, exercise a fan, talk scandal with an old demi-rep, get drunk with the governor if he happens to be a *good fellow*, and write a billet in an elegantly illegible hand with any man in England or Ireland,—he, in his earlier days, went thro' the regular routine of sensuality so necessary for a man of his rank and it is known that his taste for dissipation remains even still after the power of enjoyment. What a consolation it is to the inhabitants of the island where he lives, that their young noblemen have so excellent an example in this accomplished knight, that their money is so laudably expended in supporting thousands like him.

Major Buffleather is another of my *fictional* characters—a man who has also deserved well of his country, and for his services has likewise been rewarded. By the *Major* prefixed to this gentleman's name one might be inclined to conclude that he is a disciple of Mars; but, should you be of the same opinion never in your whole life were you so much mistaken. So far, sir, from figuring in the tented field, Major Buffleather has scarcely ever displayed any of the fierceness of his warlike character except in rushing furiously thro' Dame-street on a grey charger—at other times he is contented to walk humbly, a keen votary of VENUS, after “lady's maid or Dame-street trollop,” or rising higher, marches after the unfortunate insulted flathers—I pity these creatures, poor victims of vanity. But, it appears they do not pity themselves; otherwise, neither Major Buffleather nor his *big whiskered umbra* dare annoy them—Say, ye vulgar, is not a military life a glorious one? is it not a life worth living? and say again, did not all the Saxons and Wolfes of the world

put

put themselves to a very unnecessary trouble for fame, since renown so high may be acquired at home in the bed of down and on the paven street — you will be able to guess whether this major be a

"rara avis in terris."

or whether there are a hundred or a thousand or even ten thousand like him. Having given you as correct a description as I could of the various fops that infest our city, I hope it

may prove amusing. I am,

Dear Sir, Yours affectionately,
PHILIP MOR ENT.

My little Mordent's letter so widely embraces the entire race of the *animals* whose character and history I intended to describe, that I will not trouble my readers with another sentence on them.

(Contributions will be thankfully received to this article.)

—000000—

Speech of JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, ESQ. in Defence of MR. PETER FINNERTY, on Friday, December 22d, 1797.

MR. CURRAN.

Never did I feel myself so sunk under the importance of any cause ; to speak to a question of this kind at any time would require the greatest talent and the most matured deliberation ; but to be obliged without either of these advantages to speak to a subject that hath so deeply shaken the feelings of this already irritated and agitated nation, is a task that fills me with embarrassment and dismay.

Neither my learned colleague or myself received any instruction or license until after the jury were actually sworn, and we both of us come here under an idea that we should not take any part in the trial. This circumstance I mention, not as an idle apology for an effort that cannot be the subject of either praise or censure, but as a call upon you, gentlemen of the jury, to supply the defects of my efforts, by a double exertion of your attention.

Perhaps I ought to regret that I cannot begin with any compliment, that may recommend me or my client to your favour. A more artful advocate would probably begin his address to you by compliments on your pa-

triotism, and by felicitating his client upon the happy selection of his jury, and upon that unsuspected impartiality in which if he was innocent he must be safe. You must be conscious, gentlemen, that such idle verbiage as that could not convey either my sentiments or my client's upon that subject. You know and we know upon what occasion you are come, and by whom you have been chosen, you are come to try an accusation professedly brought forward by the state, chosen by a sheriff who is appointed by our accuser.

Here Mr Attorney General said, the sheriff was elected by the city, and that that observation was therefore unfounded.)

Be it so ; I will not now stop to inquire whose property the city may be considered to be, but the learned gentleman seems to forget that the election by that city, to whomsoever it may belong, is absolutely void without the approbation of that very lord lieutenant, who is the prosecutor in this case. I do therefore repeat, gentlemen, that not a man of you has been called to that box by the voice of my client ; that he has had no power to object to a single man among you

you, though the crown has ; and that you yourselves must feel under what influence you are chosen, or for what qualifications you are particularly selected. At a moment when this wretched land is shaken to its centre by the dreadful conflicts of the different branches of the community ; between those who call themselves the partizans of liberty, and those that call themselves the partizans of power ; between the advocates of infliction, and the advocates of suffering ; upon such a question as the present, and at such a season, can any man be at a loss to guess from what class of character and opinion a friend to either party would resort for that jury, which was to decide between both ? I trust, gentlemen, you know me too well to suppose that I could be capable of treating you with any personal disrespect ; I am speaking to you in the honest confidence of your fellow-citizen. When I allude to those unworthy imputations of supposed bias, or passion, or partiality, that may have marked you out for your present situation, I do so in order to warn you of the ground on which you stand, of the point of awful responsibility in which you are placed, to your conscience, and to your country : and to remind you, that if you have been put into that box from any unworthy reliance on your complaisance or your servility, you have it in your power before you leave it to refuse and to punish so vile an expectation by the integrity of your verdict ; to remind you that you have it in your power to shew to as many Irishmen as yet linger in this country, that all law and justice have not taken their flight with our prosperity and peace ; that the sanctity of an oath, and the honesty of a juror are not yet dead amongst us ; and that if our courts of justice are super-

feded by so many strange and terrible tribunals, it is not because they are deficient either in wisdom or virtue.

Gentlemen, it is necessary that you should have a clear idea, first of the law, by which this question is to be decided ; secondly, of the nature and object of the prosecution. As to the first, it is my duty to inform you that the law respecting libels has been much changed of late. Heretofore, in consequence of some decisions of the judges in Westminster-hall, the jury was conceived to have no province but that of finding the truth of the innuendos and the fact of publication ; but the libellous nature of that publication, as well as the guilt or innocence of the publication, were considered as exclusively belonging to the court. In a system like that of law, which reasons logically, no one erroneous principle can be introduced, without producing every other that can be deducible from it. If in the premises of any argument you admit one erroneous proposition, nothing but bad reasoning can save the conclusion from falsehood. So it has been with this encroachment of the court upon the province of the jury with respect to libels. The moment the court assumed as a principle that they, the court, were to decide upon every thing but the publication ; that is that they were to decide upon the question of libel or no libel, and upon the guilt or innocence of the intention, which must form the essence of every crime ; the guilt or innocence must of necessity have ceased to be material. You see, gentlemen, clearly, that the question of intention is a mere question of fact. Now the moment the court determined that the jury was not to try that question, it followed of necessity that it was not to be tried at all ; for the court cannot try a question of fact.

When

When the court said that it was not triable, there was no way of fortifying that extraordinary proposition, except by asserting that it was not material. The same erroneous reasoning carried them another step still more mischievous and unjust : if the intention had been material, it must have been decided upon as a mere fact under all its circumstances. Of these circumstances the meanest understanding can see that the leading one must be the truth or the falshood of the publication ; but having decided the intention to be immaterial, it followed that the truth must be equally immaterial—and under the law so distorted, any man in England who published the most undeniable truth and with the purest intention, might be punished for a crime in the most ignominious manner without imposing on the prosecutor the necessity of proving his guilt, or getting any opportunity of shewing his innocence. I am not in the habit of speaking of legal institutions with disrespect ; but I am warranted in condemning that usurpation upon the right of juries, by the authority of that statute, by which your jurisdiction is restored. For that restitution of justice the British subject is indebted to the splendid exertions of Mr. Fox and Mr. Erskine,—those distinguished supporters of the constitution and of the law ; and I am happy to say to you, that though we can claim no share in the glory they have so justly acquired, we have the full benefit of their success ; for you are now sitting under a similar act passed in this country, which makes it your duty and your right to decide upon the entire question upon its broadest grounds and under all its circumstances, and of course to determine, by your verdict, whether this publication be a

false and scandalous libel ; false in fact, and published with the seditious purpose alleged of bringing the government into scandal, and instigating the people to insurrection.

Having stated to you, gentlemen, the great and exclusive extent of your jurisdiction, I shall beg leave to suggest to you a distinction that will strike you at first sight ; and that is the distinction between public animadversions upon the character of private individuals, and those which are written upon measures of government, and the persons who conduct them. The former may be called personal, and the latter political publications. No two things can be more different in their nature, nor in the point of view in which they are to be looked on by a jury. The criminality of a mere personal libel consists in this, that it tends to a breach of the peace, it tends to all the vindictive paroxysms of exasperated vanity, or to the deeper and more deadly vengeance of irritated pride. —The truth is, few men see at once that they cannot be hurt so much as they think by the mere battery of a newspaper. They do not reflect that every character has a natural station, from which it cannot be effectually degraded, and beyond which it cannot be raised by the bawling of a newshawker. If it is wantonly aspersed, it is but for a season, and that a short one, when it emerges like the moon from a passing cloud to its original brightness. It is right, however, that the law and that you should hold the strictest hand over this kind of public animadversion, that forces humility and innocence from their retreat into the glare of public view ; that wounds and terrifies ; that destroys the cordiality and the peace of domestic life ; and that, without eradicating

dicating a single vice, or a single folly, plants a thousand thorns in the human heart.

In cases of that kind I perfectly agree with the law, as stated from the bench ; in such cases, I hesitate not to think, that the truth of a charge ought not to justify its publication. If a private man is charged with a crime, he ought to be prosecuted in a court of justice, where he may be punished if it is true, and the accuser if it is false ; but far differently do I deem of the freedom of political publication. The salutary restraint of the former species, which I talked of, is found in the general law of all societies whatever ; but the more enlarged freedom of the press, for which I contend in political publication, I conceive to be founded in the peculiar nature of the British constitution, and to follow directly from the contract on which the British government hath been placed by the revolution. By the British constitution the power of the state is a trust, committed by the people, upon certain conditions ; by the violation of which, it may be abdicated by those who hold, and resumed by those who who conferred it. The real security therefore of the British sceptre, is the sentiment and opinion of the people. and it is consequently their duty to observe the conduct of the government ; and it is the privilege of every man to give them full and just information upon that important subject. Hence the liberty of the press is inseparably twined with the liberty of the people. The press is the great public monitor ; its duty is that of the historian and witness, that "*nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere* ; that its horizon shall extend to the farthest verge and limit of truth ; that beyond that limit it shall not

dare to pass ; that it shall speak truth to the king in the hearing of the people, and to the people in the hearing of the king ; that it shall not perplex either the one or the other with false alarm, lest it lose its character for veracity, and become an unheeded warner of real danger ; lest it should vainly warn them of that sin, of which the inevitable consequence is death. This, gentlemen is the great privilege upon which you are to decide ; and I have detained you the longer, because of the late change of the law, and because of some observations that have been made, which I shall find it necessary to compare with the principles I have now laid down.

And now, gentlemen, let us come to the immediate subject of the trial, as it is brought before you, by the charge in the indictment, to which it ought to have been confined ; and also as it is presented to you by the statement of the learned counsel who has taken a much wider range than the mere limits of the accusation, and has endeavoured to force upon your consideration extraneous and irrelevant facts, for reasons which it is not my duty to explain. The indictment states simply that Mr. Finerty has published a false and scandalous libel upon the lord lieutenant of Ireland, tending to bring his government into disrepute and to alienate the affections of the people ; and one would have expected, that, without stating any other matter, the counsel for the crown would have gone directly to the proof of this allegation ; but he has not done so ; he has gone a most extraordinary length indeed of preliminary observation, and an allusion to facts, and sometimes an assertion of facts, at which I own I was astonished until I saw the drift of

of these allusions and assertions. Whether you have been fairly dealt with by him, or are now honestly dealt with by me, you must be judges. He has been pleased to say that this prosecution is brought against this letter signed Marcus, merely as a part of what he calls a system of attack upon government by the paper called the PRESS. As to this I will only ask you whether you are fairly dealt with? Whether it is fair treatment to men upon their oaths, to insinuate to them that the general character of a newspaper (and that general character founded merely upon the assertion of the prosecutor, is to have any influence upon their minds, when they are to judge of a particular publication? I will only ask you what men you must be supposed to be, when it is thought that even in a court of justice, and with the eyes of the nation upon you, you can be the dupes of that trite and exploded expedient, so scandalous of late in this country, of raising a vulgar and mercenary cry against whatever man, or whatever principle, it is thought necessary to put down; and I shall therefore merely leave it to your own pride to suggest upon what foundation it could be hoped, that a senseless clamour of that kind could be echoed back by the yell of a jury upon their oaths. I trust, you see that this has nothing to do with the question.

Gentlemen of the jury, other matters have been mentioned, which I must repeat for the same purpose: that of shewing you that they have nothing to do with the question. The learned counsel has been pleased to say, that he comes forward in this prosecution as the real advocate for the liberty of the press, and to pro-

test a mild and merciful government from its licentiousness; and he has been pleased to add, that the constitution can never be lost while its freedom remains, and that its licentiousness alone can destroy that freedom. As to that, gentlemen, he might as well have said, that there is only one mortal disease of which a man can die; I can die the death inflicted by tyranny; and when he comes forward to extinguish this paper in the ruin of the printer by a state prosecution, in order to prevent its dying of licentiousness, you must judge how candidly he is treating you, both in the fact and in the reasoning. Is it in Ireland, gentlemen, that we are told licentiousness is the only disease that can be mortal to the press? Has he heard of nothing else that has been fatal to the freedom of publication? I know not whether the printer of the northern star may have heard of such things in his captivity, but I know that his wife and children are well apprized that a press may be destroyed in the open day, not by its own licentiousness, but by the licentiousness of a military force. As to the sincerity of the declaration that the state has prosecuted in order to assert the freedom of the press, it starts a train of thought, of melancholy retrospect and direful prospect, to which I did not think the learned counsel would have wished to commit your minds. It leads you naturally to reflect at what times, from what motives, and with what consequences, the government has displayed its patriotism, by these sorts of prosecutions. As to the motives; does history give you a single instance in which the state has been provoked to these conflicts, except by the fear of truth, and by the love

of vengeance? Have you ever seen the rulers of any country bring forward a prosecution from of filial piety, for libels upon their departed ancestors? Do you read that Elizabeth directed any of those state prosecutions against the libels which the divines of her times had written against her catholic sister, or against the other libels which the same gentlemen had written against her protestant father? No, gentlemen, we read of no such thing; but we know she did bring forward a prosecution from motives of personal resentment and we know that a jury was found time serving and mean enough to give a verdict, which she was ashamed to carry into effect. I said the learned counsel drew you back to the times that have been marked by these miserable conflicts. I see you turn your thoughts to the reign of the second James. I see you turn your eyes to those pages of governmental abandonment, of popular degradation, of expiring liberty, of merciless and sanguinary persecution; to that miserable period in which the fallen and abject state of man might have been almost an argument in the mouth of the atheist, and the blasphemer against the existence of an all just and all wise first cause: if the glorious era of the revolution that followed it had not refuted the impious inference, by shewing that if man descends, it is not in his own proper motion; that it is with labour and with pain, and that he can continue to sink only until, by the force and pressure of the descent, the spring of his immortal faculties acquires that recuperative energy and effort that hurries him so many miles aloft—he sinks but to rise again. It is at that period that the state seeks for shelter in the destruction of the press; it is in a period like that, that the tyrant prepares for an

attack upon the people, by destroying the liberty of the press; by taking away that shield of wisdom and of virtue, behind which the people are invulnerable: in whose pure and polished convex, ere the lifted blow has fallen, he beholds his own image and is turned into stone. It is at those periods that the honest man dares not to speak, because truth is too dreadful to be told, it is then the proud man scorns to speak but like a physician baffled by the wayward excesses of a dying patient retires indignantly from the bed of an unhappy wretch, whose ear is too fastidious to bear the sound of wholesome advice, whose palate is too debauched to bear the salutary bitter of the medicine that might redeem him and therefore leaves him to the felonious piety of the slaves that talk to him of life and strip him before he is cold.

I do not care, gentlemen, to exhaust too much of your attention, by following this subject through the last century with much minuteness; but the facts are too recent in your mind not to shew you, that the liberty of the press and the liberty of the people sink and rise together; that the liberty of speaking and the liberty of acting have shared exactly the same fate. You must have observed in England that their fate has been the same in the successive vicissitudes of their late depression; and sorry I am to add, that this country has exhibited a melancholy proof of their inseparable destiny, through the various and further stages of deterioration down to the period of their final extinction; when the constitution has given place to the sword, and the only printer in Ireland who dares to speak for the people is now in the dock.

Gentlemen

Gentlemen, the learned counsel has made the real subject of this prosecution so small a part of his statement, and has led you into so wide a range, certainly as necessary to the object, as inapplicable to the subject of this prosecution; that I trust you will think me excusable in somewhat following his example. Glad am I to find that I have authority of the same example for coming at last to the subject of this trial. I agree with the learned counsel, that the charge made against the lord lieutenant of Ireland is that of having grossly and inhumanly abused the royal prerogative of mercy, of which the king is only the trustee for the benefit of the people. The facts are not controverted. It has been asserted that their truth or falsehood is indifferent, and they are shortly these, as they appear in publication.

William Orr was indicted for having administered the oath of an united Irishman. Every man now knows what that oath is; that it is simply an engagement, first, to promote a brotherhood of affection among men of all religious distinctions; secondly, to labour for an attainment of parliamentary reform; and thirdly, an obligation of secrecy, which was added to it when the convention law made it criminal and punishable to meet by any public delegation for that purpose. After remaining upwards of a year in goal Mr Orr was brought to his trial; was prosecuted by the state; was sworn against by a common informer of the name of Whearty, who himself had taken the obligation, and was convicted under the insurrection act, which makes the administering such an obligation felony of death—the jury recommended Mr. Orr to mercy; the judge, with an humani-

ty becoming his character, transmitted the recommendation to the noble prosecutor in this case. Three of the jurors made solemn affidavit in the court that liquor had been conveyed into their box; that they were brutally threatened by some of their fellow jurors with capital prosecution if they did not find the prisoner guilty; and that under the impression of those threats, and worn down by watching and intoxication they had given a verdict of guilty against him, though they believed him in their conscience to be innocent. That further enquiries were made, which ended in a discovery of the infamous life and character of the informer; that a respite was therefore sent once, and twice, and thrice, to give time, as Mr. attorney general has stated, for his excellency to consider whether mercy *could* be extended to him or not; and that with a knowledge of all these circumstances, his excellency did finally determine that mercy should not be extended to him, and that he was accordingly executed upon that verdict. Of this publication which the indictment charges to be false and seditious Mr. attorney general is pleased to say, that the design of it is to bring the courts of justice into contempt. As to this point of fact, gentlemen, I beg to set you right.

To the administration of justice, so far as it relates to the judges, this publication has not even an allusion in any part mentioned in this indictment; it relates to a department of justice, that cannot begin until the duty of the judge closes. Sorry should I be, that, with respect to this unfortunate man, any censure should be hung on those judges who presided at this trial, with the mildness and temper that became them,
upon

upon so awful an occasion as the trial of life and death. Sure am I than if they had been charged with inhumanity or injustice, and if they had condescended at all to prosecute the reviler, they would not have come forward in the face of the public to say, as has been said this day, that it was immaterial whether the charge was true or not. Sure I am, their first object would have been to shew that it was false, and readily should I have an eye witness of the fact to have discharged the debt of friendship of private respect, and of public duty, and upon my oath to have repelled the falsehood of such an imputation. Upon this subject, gentlemen, the presence of those venerable judges restrains what I might otherwise have said, nor should I have named them at all if I had not been forced to do so, and merely to undeceive you if you have been made believed their characters to have any community of cause whatever with the lord lieutenant of Ireland. To him alone it is confined and against him the charge is made, as strongly I suppose as the writer could find words to express it, that the viceroy of Ireland has cruelly abused the prerogative of royal mercy, in suffering a man under such circumstances to perish like a common malefactor. For this Mr. attorney general calls for your conviction as a false and scandalous libel, and after stating himself every fact that I have repeated to you, either from his statement, or from the evidence, he tells you that you ought to find it false and scandalous, though he almost in words admits that it is not false, and has resisted the admission of the evidence by which we offered to prove every word of it to be true.

And here, gentlemen, give me

leave to remind you of the parties before you. The traverser is a printer, who follows that profession for bread, and who at a time of great public misery and terror, when the people are restrained by law from debating under any delegated form; when the few constituents that we have are prevented by force from meeting in their own persons, to deliberate or to petition; when every other newspaper in Ireland is put down by force or purchased by the administration; (though here, gentlemen, perhaps I ought to beg your pardon for stating without authority—I recollect when we attempted to examine as to the number of newspapers in the pay of the castle, that the evidence was objected to,) at a season like this, Mr. Finerty has had the courage, perhaps the folly, to print the publication in question, from no motive under heaven of malice or vengeance, but in the mere duty which he owes to his family, and to the public. His prosecutor is the king's minister in Ireland; in that character does the learned gentleman mean to say, that his conduct is not a fair subject of public observation? where does he find his authority for that, in the law or practice of the sister country? have the virtues, or the exalted station, or the general love of the people preserved the sacred person even of the royal master of the prosecutor, from the asperity and the intemperance of public censure, unfounded as it ever must be, with any personal respect to his majesty, in justice or truth? leave the gigantic abilities of Mr. Pitt, have the more gigantic talents of his great antagonist, Mr. Fox, protected either of them from insolent familiarity, and for ought to know, the injustice with which writers have treated them? What latitude of in-
vestive

rective has the king's minister escaped upon the subject of the present war? Is there an epithet of contumely, or of reproach, that hatred or that fancy could suggest, that are not publicly lavished on upon them? Do you not find the words, "advocate of despotism, robber of the public treasure, murderer of the king's subjects, debaucher of public morality, degrader of the constitution, tarnisher of the British empire," by frequency of use lose all meaning whatsoever, and dwindle into terms, not of any peculiar reproach, but of ordinary appellation? And why, gentlemen, is this permitted in that country? I'll tell you why;—because in that country they are yet wise enough to see, that the measures of the state are the proper subject for the freedom of the press; that the principles relating to personal slander do not apply to rulers or ministers; that to publish an attack upon a public minister, without any regard to truth, but merely because of its tendency to a breach of the peace would be ridiculous in the extreme. What breach of the peace, gentlemen, I pray you in such a case? is it the tendency of such publications to provoke Mr. Pitt or Mr. Dundas to break the head of the writer, if they should happen to meet him? No, gentlemen, in that country this freedom is exercised, because the people feel it to be their right; and it is wisely suffered to pass by the state, from a consciousness that it would be vain to oppose it; a consciousness confirmed by the event of every incautious experiment. It is suffered to pass from a conviction, that, in a court of justice at least, the bulwarks of the constitution will not be surrendered to the state, and that the intended victim, whether clothed in

the humble guise of honest industry, or decked in the honours of genius, and virtue, and philosophy, whether an Hardy, or a Locke, will find certain protection in the honesty and spirit of an English jury.

BUT, gentlemen, I suppose Mr. attorney general will scarcely wish to carry his doctrine altogether so far. Indeed, I remember, he declared himself a most zealous advocate for the liberty of the press. I may, therefore, even according to him, presume to make some observations on the conduct of the existing government. I should wish to know how far he supposes it to extend, is it to the composition of lampoons and madrigals, to be sung down the grates by ragged ballad mongers to kitchen maids and footmen? I will not suppose that he means to confine it to their ebullitions of Billingsgate, to those cataracts of ribaldry and scurrility, that are daily spouting upon the miseries of our wretched fellow sufferers, and the unavailing efforts of those who have vainly laboured in their cause. I will not suppose that he confines it to the poetic licence of a birth-day ode; the laureat would not use such language! In which case I do not entirely agree with him, that the truth or the falsehood is as perfectly immaterial to the law, as it is to the laureat, as perfectly unrestrained by the law of the land, as it is by any law of decency or shame of modesty or decorum. But as to the privilege of censure or blame, I am sorry that the learned gentlemen has not favoured you with his notion of the liberty of the press. Suppose an Irish viceroy acts a very little absurdly—may the press venture to be respectfully comical upon that absurdity? The learned council does not, at least in in terms, give a negative

to that. But let me treat you honestly, and go further, to a more material point: suppose an Irish viceroy does an act that brings scandal upon his master that fills the mind of a reasonable man with the fear of approaching despotism that leaves no hope to the people of preserving themselves and their children from chains, but in common confederacy for common safety. What is that honest man in that case to do? I am sorry *the right honorable advocate for the liberty of the press* has not told you his opinion, at least in any express words. I will therefore venture to give you my far humbler thought upon the subject. I think an honest man ought to tell the people frankly and boldly of their peril; and I must say I can imagine no villainy greater than that of his holding a traitorous silence at such a crisis, except the villainy and baseness of prosecuting him, or of finding him guilty for such an honest discharge of his public duty. And I found myself on the known principle of the revolution of England, namely, that the crown itself may be abdicated by certain abuses of the trust reposed, and that there are possible excesses of arbitrary power, which it is not only the right but the bounden duty of every honest man to resist at the risk of his fortune and his life.

Now, gentlemen, if this reasoning be admitted, and it cannot be denied, if there be any possible event in which the people are obliged to look only to themselves, and are justified in doing so, can you be so absurd as to say that it is lawful to the people to act upon it when it unfortunately does arrive, but that it is criminal in any man to tell them that the miserable event has actually arrived, or is imminently approaching? Far am I,

gentlemen, from insinuating that (extreme as it is) our misery has been matured into any deplorable crisis of this kind, from which I pray that the almighty God may for ever preserve us! But I am putting my principal upon the strongest ground; and most favourable to my opponents namely, that it never can be criminal to say any thing of the government but what is false, and I put this in the extreme in order to demonstrate *a fortiori*, that the privilege of speaking truth to the people which holds in the last extremity, must also obtain in every stage of inferior importance; and that however a court may have decided before the late act, that the truth was immaterial in case of libel, that since that act no honest jury can be governed by such a principal.

Be pleased now, gentlemen, to consider the grounds upon which this publication is called a libel, and criminal. Mr. attorney general tell you it tends to excite sedition and insurrection. Let me again remind you that the truth of this charge is not denied by the noble of this prosecutor. What is it then, that tends excite sedition and insurrection? "The act that is charged upon the prosecutor, and is not attempted to be denied." And gracious God! gentlemen of the jury, is the public statement of the king's representative this? "I have done a deed that must fill the mind of every feeling or thinking man with horror and indignation that must alienate every man that knows it from the king's government and endanger the separation of this distracted empire; the traverser has had the guilt of publishing this fact, which I myself acknowledge, and I pray you to find him guilty. Is this the case

which the lord Lieutenant of Ireland brings forward? Is this the principal for which ventures, at a dreadful crisis like the present, to contend in a court of justice? Is this the picture which he wishes to hold out of himself to the justice and humanity of his own countrymen? Is this the history which he wishes to be read by the poor Irishman of the south and of the north, by the sister nation, and the common enemy?

With the profoundest respect, permit me humbly to defend his excellency even against his own opinion.

The guilt of this publication he is pleased to think consists in this, that it tends to insurrection. Upon what can such a fear be supported? After the multitudes that have perished in this unhappy nation within the last three years, and which has been borne with a patience unparralleled in the history of nations; can any man suppose that the fate of a single individual could lead to resistance or insurrection? But suppose that it might—what ought to be the conduct of an honest man: Should it not be to apprise the government and the country of the approaching danger? Should it not be to say the viceroy, you will drive the people to madness, if you persevere in such bloody councils, you will alienate the Irish nation, you will distract the common force, and you will invite the common enemy. Should not an honest man say to the people, the measure of your affliction is great, but you need not resort for remedy to any desperate expedients. If the king's minister is defective in humanity or wisdom, his royal master and your beloved sovereign, is abounding in both; at such a moment can you be so senseless as not to feel, that any one of you ought to hold such lan-

guage, or is it possible you could be so insatuated as to punish the man who was honest enough to hold it? Or is it possible that you could bring yourselves to say to your country, that at such a season the press ought to sleep upon its post, or to act like the perfidious watchman on his round that sees the villain wrenching the door, or the flames bursting from the windows, while the inhabitant is wrapt in sleep, and cries out that " 'tis past five o'clock, the morning is fair, and all well."

On this part of the case I shall only put one question to you. I do not affect to say it is similar in all its points; I do not affect to compare the humble fortunes of Mr. Orr with the faintest names of Russell or Sydney; still less am I willing to find any likeness between the present period and the year 1683. But I will put a question to you, completely parallel in principle. When that unhappy and misguided monarch had shed the sacred blood which their noble hearts had matured into a fit cement of revolution, if any honest Englishman had been brought to trial for daring to proclaim to the world his abhorrence of such a deed what would you have thought of the English jury that could have said, we know in our hearts what he said was true and honest, but we will say upon our oaths that it was false and criminal, and we will by that base suberviency add another item to the catalogue of public wrongs, and another argument for the necessity of an appeal to heaven for redress.

Gentlemen, I am perfectly aware that what I say may be easily misconstrued, but if you listen to me with the same fairness that I address you, I cannot be misunderstood. When I shew you the full extent of
which

your political rights and remedies; when I answer those slanderers of British liberty, which degrade the monarch into a despot, who degrade the steadfastness of law into the waywardness of will; when I shew you the inestimable stores of political wealth so dearly acquired by our ancestors, and so solemnly bequeathed; and when I shew you how much of that precious inheritance has yet survived all the prodigality of their posterity, I am far from saying that I stand in need of it at all upon the present occasion. No, gentlemen, far am I indeed from such a sentiment. No man more deeply than myself deplores the present melancholy state of our unhappy country. Neither does any man more fervently wish for the return of peace and tranquillity through the natural channels of mercy and of justice. I have seen too much of force and of violence to hope much good from the continuance of them on one side, or retaliation from another. I have seen too much of late of political re-building not to have observed that to demolish is not the shortest way to repair. It is with pain and anguish that I should search for the miserable right of breaking ancient ties or going in quest of new relations, or untried adventure. No, gentlemen, the case of my client rests not upon these sad privileges of despair. I trust that as to the fact namely, the intention of exciting insurrection, you must see it cannot be found in this publication; that it is the mere idle, unsupported imputation of malice, or panic, or falsehood. And that as to the law, so far has he been from the transgressing the limits of the constitution, that whole regions lie between him and those limits which he has not trod; and which I pray to heaven

it may never be necessary for any of us to tread

Gentlemen, Mr. attorney general has been pleased to open another battery upon this publication, which I do trust I shall silence, unless I flatter myself too much in supposing that hitherto my resistance has not been utterly unsuccessful. He abuses it for the foul and insolent familiarity of its address. I do clearly understand his idea; he considers the freedom of the press to be the license of offering that paltry adulation which no man ought to stoop to utter or to hear; he supposes the freedom of the press ought to be like the freedom of a king's jester, who, instead of reproving the faults of which majesty ought to be ashamed, is base and cunning enough, under the mask of servile and adulatory censure, to stroke down and pay per those vices which it is foolish enough to be vain. —He would not have the press presume to tell the viceroy, that the prerogative of mercy is a trust for the benefit of the subject, and not a gaudy feather stuck into the diadem to shake in the wind, and by the waving of the gaudy plumage to amuse the vanity of the wearer—He would not have it say to him that the discretion of the crown as to mercy is like the discretion of a court of justice as to law, and that in the one case as well as the other wherever the propriety of the exercise of it appears, it is equally a matter of right. He would have the press all fierceness to the people, and all sycophancy to power; he would have it consider the mad and phrenetic depopulations of authority like the awful and inscrutable dispensations of providence, and say to the unfeeling and despotic spoiler in the blasphemed and insulted language of religious resignation

resignation—the Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord !!! But let me condense the generality of the learned gentleman's invective into questions that you can conceive. Does he mean that the air of this publication is rustic and uncourtly? Does he mean, that when Marcus presumed to ascend the steps of the castle, and to address the viceroy, he did not turn out his toes as he ought to have done? But gentlemen, you are not a jury of dancing masters:—or does the learned gentleman mean that the language is coarse and vulgar? If this be his complaint, my client has but a poor advocate. I do not pretend to be a mighty grammarian, or a formidable critic, but I would beg leave to suggest to you in serious humility, that a free press can be supported only by the ardour of men who feel the prompting sting of real or supposed capacity; who write from the enthusiasm of virtue, or the ambition of praise, and over whom, if you exercise the rigour of a grammatical censorship, you will inspire them with as mean an opinion of your integrity as your wisdom, and inevitably drive them from their post—and if you do rely upon it, you will reduce the spirit of publication, and with it the press of this country, to what it for a long interval has been, the register of births, and fairs, and funerals and the general abuse of the people and their friends.

But, gentlemen, in order to bring this charge of insolence and vulgarity to the test, let me ask you, whether you know of any language which could have adequately described the idea of mercy denied, where it ought to have been granted, or of any phrase vigorous enough to con-

vey the indignation which an honest man would have felt upon such a subject? Let me beg of you for a moment to suppose that any one of you had been the writer of this very severe expostulation with the viceroy, and that you had been the witness of the whole progress of this never to be forgotten catastrophe. Let me suppose that you had known the charge upon which Mr. Orr was apprehended, the charge of abjuring that bigotry which had torn and disgraced his country, of pledging himself to restore the people of his country to their place in the constitution, and of binding himself never to be the betrayer of his fellow labourers in that enterprize; that you had seen him upon that charge removed from his industry, and confined in a goal, that through the slow and lingering progress of twelve tedious months you had seen him confined in a dungeon, shut out from the common use of air and of his own limbs; that day after day you had marked the unhappy captive cheered by no sound but the cries of his family, or the clinking of chains; that you had seen him at last brought to his trial; that you had seen the vile and perjured informer deposing against his life; that you had seen the drunken, and worn out, and terrified jury give, in a verdict of death; that you had seen the same jury, when their returning sobriety had brought back their consciences, prostrate themselves before the humanity of the bench, and pray that the mercy of the crown might save their characters from the reproach of an involuntary crime, their consciences from the torture of eternal self-condemnation, and their souls from the indelible stain of innocent blood. Let me suppose that you had seen the respite given, and that con-

Te

trite

trite and honest recommendation transmitted to that seat where mercy was presumed to dwell; that new and before unheard of crimes are discovered against the informer; that the royal mercy seems to relent, and that a new respite is sent to the prisoner; that time is taken, as the learned counsel for the crown has expressed it, to see whether mercy could be extended or not! that after that period of lingering deliberation passed, a third respite is transmitted; that the unhappy captive himself feels the cheering hope of being restored to a family that he had adored, to a character that he had never stained, and to a country that he had ever loved; that you had seen his wife and children upon their knees, giving those tears to gratitude, which their locked and frozen hearts could not give to anguish and despair, and exploring the blessings of eternal providence upon his head, who had graciously spared the father, and restored him to his children; that you had seen the olive branch sent into his little arc, but no sign that the waters had subsided. "Alas! nor wife, nor children more shall he behold, nor friends, nor sacred home!" No seraph mercy unbars his dungeon, and leads him forth to light and life; but the minister of death hurries him to the scene of suffering and of shame, where, unmoved by the hostile array of artillery and armed men collected together, to secure, or to insult, or to disturb him, he dies with a solemn declaration of his innocence, and utters his last breath in a prayer for the liberty of his country. Let me now ask you, if any of you had addressed the public ear upon so foul and monstrous a subject, in what language would you have conveyed the feelings of horror and indignation?—would

you have stooped to the meanest qualified complaint? would you have been mean enough?—but I entreat your forgiveness—I do not think meanly of you; had I thought so meanly of you, I could not suffer my mind to commune with you as it has done; had I thought you that base and vile instrument, attuned by hope and by fear into discord and falsehood from whose vulgar string no groan of suffering could vibrate, no voice of integrity or honour could speak. Let me honestly tell you, I should have scorned to string my hand across it; I should have left it to a sadder minstrel; if I do not therefore grossly err in my opinion of you, I could use no language upon such a subject as this, that must not lag behind the rapidity of your feelings, and that would not disgrace those feelings, if it attempted to describe them.

Gentlemen, I am not unconscious that the learned counsel for the crown seemed to address you with a confidence of a very different kind; he seemed to expect a kind and respectful sympathy from you with the feelings of the castle, and the griefs of chided authority. Perhaps, gentlemen, he may know you better than I do; if he does he has spoken to you as he ought; he has been right in telling you, that if the reprobation of this writer is weak, it is because his genius could not make it stronger, he has been right in telling you that his language has not been braided and festooned as elegantly as it might, that he has not pinched the miserable plaits of his phraeseology, nor placed his patches and feathers with that correctness of millinery which became so exalted a person. If you agree with him, gentlemen of the jury, if you think that the man, who ventures at the hazard

hazard of his own life, to rescue from the deep the drowned honour of his country, must not presume upon the guilty familiarity of plucking it up by the locks. I have no more to say; do a courteous thing. Upright and honest jurors, find a civil and obliging verdict against the printer! And when you have done so, march through the ranks of your fellow-citizens to your own homes, and bear their looks as they pass along; retire to the bosom of your families and your children, and, when you are presiding over the parental board, tell those infants, who are to be the future men of Ireland, the history of this day. Form their young minds by your precepts and confirm those precepts by your own example; teach them how discreetly allegiance may be perjured on the table, or loyalty be forsworn in the jury-box; and when you have done so, tell them the story of Orr; tell them of his captivity, of his children, of his crime, of his hopes, of his disappointments, of his courage and of his death; and when you find your little hearers hanging from your lips, when you see their eyes overflow with sympathy and sorrow, and their young hearts bursting with the pangs of anticipated orphanage, tell them that you had the boldness and the justice to stigmatize the monster who had dared to publish the transaction! Gentlemen, I believe I told you before that the conduct of the viceroy was a small part indeed of the subject of this trial. If the vindication of his mere personal character had been, as it ought to have been, the sole object of this prosecution, I should have felt the most respectful regret at seeing a person of his high consideration come forward in a court of public justice, in one

and the same breath to admit the truth, and to demand the punishment of a publication like the present; to prevent the chance he might have had of such an accusation being disbelieved, and by a prosecution like this to give to the passing stricture of a newspaper that life and body, that action and reality, that proves it to all mankind and makes the record of it inflexible. Even as it is, I do own I feel the utmost concern that his name should have been soiled by being mixed in a question of which it is the mere pretext and scape-goat, Mr. attorney general was too wise to state to you the real question or the object which he wished to be answered by your verdict. Do you remember that he was pleased to say that this publication was a base and foul misrepresentation of the virtue and wisdom of the government, and a false and audacious statement to the world that the king's government in Ireland was base enough to pay informers for taking away the lives of the people. When I heard this statement to day, I doubted whether you were aware of its tendency or not. It is now necessary that I should explain it to you more at large.

You cannot be ignorant of the great conflict between prerogative and privilege which hath convulsed the country for the last fifteen years; when I say privilege, you cannot suppose that I mean the privileges of the house of commons, I mean the privileges of the people. You are no strangers to the various modes by which the people laboured to approach their object. Delegations, conventions, remonstrances, resolutions, petitions to the parliament, petitions to the throne. It might not be decorous in this place to state to you with any sharpness the various modes

modes of resistance that were employed on the other side ; but you all of you seem old enough to remember the variety of acts of parliament that have been made, by which the people were deprived, session after session, of what they had supposed to be the known and established fundamentals of the constitution ; the right of public debate, the right of public petition, the right of bail, the right of trial, the right of arms for self-defence ; until at last, even the relics of popular privilege became superseded by military force ; the press extinguished ; and the state found its last entrenchment in the grave of the constitution. As little can you be strangers to the tremendous confederations of hundreds of thousands of our countrymen, of the nature and the objects of which such a variety of opinions have been propagated and entertained.

The writer of this letter has presumed to censure the recall of lord Fitzwilliam, as well as the measures of the present viceroy. Into this subject I do not enter ; but you cannot yourselves forget that the conciliatory measures of the former noble lord had produced an almost miraculous unanimity in this country ; and much do I regret, and sure I am that it is not without pain you can reflect how unfortunately the conduct of his successor has terminated. His intentions might have been the best, I neither know them nor condemn them, but their terrible effects you cannot be blind to. Every new act of coercion has been followed by some new symptom of discontent, and every new attack provoked some new paroxysm of resentment or some new combination of resistance. In this deplorable state of affairs, convulsed and distracted within, and men-

naced by a formidable enemy from without, it was thought that public safety might be found in union and conciliation, and repeated applications were made to the parliament of this kingdom for a calm enquiry into the complaints of the people ; these applications were made in vain. Impressed by the same motives Mr. Fox brought the same subject before the commons of England, and ventured to ascribe the perilous state of Ireland to the severity of its government. Even his stupendous abilities excited by the liveliest sympathy with our sufferings, and animated by the most ardent zeal to restore the strength with the union of the empire were repeatedly exerted without success. The fact of discontent was denied ; the fact of coercion was denied ; and the consequence was, the coercion became more implacable, and the discontent more threatening and irreconcilable. A similar application was made in the beginning of this session in the lords of Great Britain by our illustrious countryman of whom I do not wonder that my learned friend should have observed, how much virtue can sling pedigree into the shade ; or how much the transient honour of a body inherited from man, is obscured by the lustre of an intellect derived from God. He, after being an eye-witness of this country, presented the miserable picture of what he had seen ; and to the astonishment of every man in Ireland the existence of those facts was ventured to be denied, the conduct of the present viceroy was justified and applauded ; and the necessity of continuing that conduct was insisted upon, as the only means of preserving the constitution, the peace, and the prosperity of Ireland. The moment the learned counsel had talk-

ed of this publication as a false statement of the conduct of the government, and the condition of the people, no man could be at a loss to see that that awful question, which had been dismissed from the commons of Ireland, and from the lords and commons of Great Britain, is now brought forward to be tried by a side wind, and in a collateral way, by a criminal prosecution.

I tell you therefore, gentlemen of the jury, it is not with respect to Mr. Orr that your verdict is now sought; you are called upon on your oaths to say, that the government is wise and merciful, that the people are prosperous and happy, that military law ought to be continued, that the British constitution could not with safety be restored to this country, and that the straits of a contrary import by your advocates in either country were libellous and false. I tell you these are the questions, and I ask you can you have the front to give the expected answer in the face of a community who know the country as well as you do. Let me ask you, how could you reconcile with such a verdict, the goals, the tenders, the gibbets, the conflagrations, the murders, the proclamations that we hear of every day in the streets, and see every day in the country? What are the processions of the learned counsel himself circuit after circuit? Merciful God! what is the state of Ireland, and where shall you find the wretched inhabitant of the land? You may find him perhaps in gaol, the only place of security, I had almost said, of ordinary habitation; you may see him flying by the conflagrations of his own dwelling; or you may find his bones bleaching on the green field of his country; or he may be found

tossing upon the surface of the ocean, and mingling his groans with those tempests, less savage than his persecutors, that drift him to a returnless distance from his family and his home. And yet, with these facts ringing in the ears and staring in the face of the prosecutor, you are called upon to say, on your oaths, that these facts do not exist. You are called upon in defiance of shame, of truth, of honour, to deny the sufferings under which you groan, and to flatter the persecution that tramples you under foot.

But the learned gentleman is further pleased to say that the traverser has charged the government with the encouragement of informers. This, gentlemen, is another small fact that you are to deny at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are upon your oaths to say to the sister country, that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as informers. Let me ask you honestly, what do you feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every man of you, know by the testimony of your own eyes to be utterly and absolutely false? I speak not now of the public proclamation of informers with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward; I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock and from the dock to the pillory; I speak of what your own eyes have seen day after day during the course of this commission from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants who avowed upon their oaths that they had come from the very seat of government—
from

from the castle where they had been worked upon by the fear of death and the hopes of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows, that the mild and wholesome councils of this government are holden over those catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness.

Is this fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him, after his resurrection from that tomb after having been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death; a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent;—there was an antidote—a juror's oath—but even that adamant chain, that bound the integrity of a man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from the informer's mouth; conscience swings from her mooring, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim.

*Et quæ sibi quisque timebat, —
Unius in miseri exitium converja rulare.*

Gentlemen, I feel I must have tired your patience, but I have been forced into this length by the prose-

cutor, who has thought fit to introduce those extraordinary topics, and to bring a question of mere politics to trial under the form of a criminal prosecution. I cannot say I am surprized this has been done, or that you should be solicited by the same inducements, and from the same motives, as if your verdict was a vote of approbation. I do not wonder that the government of Ireland should stand appalled at the state to which we are reduced. I wonder not they should start at the public voice, and labour to stifle or to contradict it. I wonder not that at this arduous crisis, when the very existence of the empire is at stake, and when its strongest and most precious limb is not girt with the sword for battle, but pressed by the tourniquet for amputation; when they find the coldness of death already begun in those extremities where it never ends, that they are terrified at what they have done, and wish to say to the surviving parties of that empire, 'they cannot say that we did it.' I wonder not that they should consider their conduct as no immaterial question for a court of criminal jurisdiction, and wish anxiously, as on an inquest of blood, for the kind acquittal of a friendly jury. I wonder not that they should wish to close the chasm they have opened by flinging you into the abyss. But trust me, my countrymen you might perish in it, but you could not close it; trust me, if it is yet possible to close it, it can only be done by truth and honour; trust me, that such an effect could no more be wrought by the sacrifice of a jury, than by the sacrifice of Orr. As a state measure, the one would be as unwise and unavailing as the other; but while you are yet upon the brink while you are yet visible, let me, before

fore we part, remind you once more of your awful situation. The law upon this subject give you supreme dominion. Hope not for much assistance from his lordship. On such occasions perhaps the duty of the court is to be cold and neutral. I cannot but admire the dignity he has supported during the *trial*; I am grateful for his patience. But let me tell you, it is not his province to fan the sacred flame of patriotism in the jury box; as he has borne with the little extravagancies of the law, do you bear with the little failings of the press. Let me therefore remind you that, though the day may soon come when our ashes shall be scattered be-

fore the winds of heaven, the memory of what you do cannot die; it will carry down to your posterity your honour or your shame. In the presence and in the name of that ever living God, I do therefore conjure to reflect, that you have your characters, your consciences, that you have also the character perhaps the ultimate destiny of your country in your hands. In that awful name, I do conjure you to have mercy upon your country and yourselves, and so judge now, as you will hereafter be judged, and I do now submit the fate of my client, and of that country which we yet have in common to your disposal.

Mr. Finerty was found Guilty.

—000000—

The Merchant and his Dog.

A French merchant having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings frisked about the horse, barked, and jumped, and seemed to participate in his joy.

The merchant, after riding some miles, had occasion to alight, and taking the bag of money in his hands, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and, on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived his lapse of recollection, and, wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag, but it was too heavy for him to drag

along. He then hastened to his master, and, by crying, barking, and howling, seemed to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language but the assiduous creature persevered in his efforts, and after trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels.

The merchant, absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but waked to the alarming apprehension that he was gone mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook, he turned back to see if the animal would drink. It was too intent on its master's service to think of itself; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

“ Mercy

"Mercy!" cried the afflicted merchant, "it must be so; my poor dog is certainly mad. What must I do? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befall me; but with what regret! Oh, could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me!—but there is no time to lose: I myself may become the victim if I spare him."

With these words he drew a pistol from his pocket, and, with a trembling hand, took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired, but his aim was too sure. The poor animal fell wounded; and weltering in his blood, still endeavours to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could no bear the sight; he spurred on his horse, with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind: he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection, that he had prevented a greater evil, by dispatching a mad animal than have suffered calamity by his loss. This opiate to his wounded spirit was ineffectual: "I am most unfortunate," said he to himself; "I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog." Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was missing—no bag was to be found. In an instant he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly. "Wretch that I am! I alone am to blame. I could not comprehend the admoni-

tion which my best and most faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and has paid for his fidelity with his life."

Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw, with half-averted eyes, the scene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppressed and distracted: but in vain did he look for his dog—he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations! His heart was ready to bleed;—he cursed himself in the madness of despair.

The poor dog, unable to follow his dear but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled bloody as he was to the forgotten bag, and, in the agonies of death, he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail—he could do no more—he tried to rise, but his strength was gone.—The vital tide was ebbing fast: even the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for a few moments. He stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness of the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes for ever.

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE EUSTACE FAMILY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AMONG the many valuable articles which appear in your well-conducted Magazine, there are few which interest the public more than authentic accounts of ancient and respectable families, who from splendor and opulence, have fallen into decay and obscurity, not from delinquency on their part, but through the iniquity of the times and a bad government.

I am therefore, with many others to return thanks to the Reverend Father Eustace, for having brought forward anecdotes of the family of Eustace in your last Magazine. It is to supply some defects, and to correct an error in that gentleman's essay, that I beg a page in your work.

The Fitz-Eustaces were certainly a Norman family, and very early settled in Ireland, where they acquired very large possessions; in 1356 they founded the Abbey of Naas. In 1426 Sir Richard Fitz-Eustace was Lord Chancellor,—Sir Edward Fitz-Eustace was Lord Deputy to the Duke of Clarence in 1454, and that year held a parliament in Dublin; he had some time before been created Baron of Kilcullen. In 1460 Sir Rowland son of Sir Edward Fitz-Eustace, of Castle Martin, and Baron of Portlester, founded the Franciscan Abbey of New Abbey, county of Kildare. In 1462 this Lord Portlester was Deputy to the Duke of Clarence, he was Lord Treasurer, and held this year a parliament in Dublin.

MAY 1809.

Sir Richard Edgecombe was sent over in 1487, to solicit the submission and allegiance of the Irish Nobility and Gentry, to Richard II. when Lord Portlester took the oaths, and entered into the recognizance. Alison, his daughter, married in 1496, Gerald Fitz-Thomas Fitz-Gerald, Earl of Kildare; the same Lord founded a chapel in St. Audeon's church Dublin, in 1455. On a monument there was this inscription—

“Orate pro anima Rolandi Fitz-Eustace de Portlester, qui hunc locum, sin capittam dedit in honorem beatæ Mariæ Virginis, itiam pro anima Margaritæ, uxoris suæ & pro animis omnium fidelium defunctorum 1455.”

Lord Portlester died in 1496, after being Lord Deputy, Lord Chancellor, and for thirty eight years Lord High Treasurer of Ireland.

In 1543, Thomas Lord Portlester, was created Viscount Balinglass; in 1578 James Lord Balinglass was committed a prisoner to the Castle of Dublin, by Sir Philip Sidney, for presuming to petition against a Cess levied without the authority of Parliament.

The English governors at this time, exercised the most tyrannical and despotic sway in Ireland, and of course drove many of the best affected into rebellion, who thereby hoped either to have their grievances redressed, or to effect a change of government. This made Lord Balinglass join in Desmond's rebellion. On its suppression he retired

2 F

tired to Spain in 1584, and in two years after the statute of Baltinglass was enacted, which made estates tail forfeitable for treason, and also another act was passed to set aside all family settlements for twelve years prior to the rebellion; these acts were passed two years after the decease of Lord Baltinglass, who had retired to Spain and there died. Thus his removal was an injudicious step, for had he remained in Ireland, his attainder would have been reversed, as were those of the O'Neill's, Kildare, Clanricarde, and many other powerful families; even at this day, it would be considered as a gracious favour for the crown to remove the effect of the attainder, and to restore to the ancient and noble family of Eustace their former honours.

This leads me to notice an error of the Reverend Gentleman, in your last Magazine, it is that the family of Baltinglass is extinct, which I can assure you from incontestible evidences, unknown to him, is not the case.

Rowland Lord Baltinglass had four sons, James, Richard, William, and Oliver; James and Richard retired to Spain, and died without issue; William married Margaret Ashe, he had two sons and a daughter Jane, married to Captain Archbold; his eldest son Rowland, married Elizabeth Bigland, of Yorkshire. He left two sons James and Richard, they being very young in the Rebellion of 1641, were preserved in an extraordinary manner by their nurse; James died of an epidemic disorder, then called the Plague, without issue, and Richard served in the army, and married Mary, a daughter of Sir William Foster,—unable to recover any of his family's property, he

became a merchant in the town of Naas. The respectability of his name, and his own good conduct, contributed to make him rich; he had three sons, John, Charles and William: John and William never married, Charles married Elizabeth Burrows, and by her had Richard, John, William, Burrows, Alexander and Thomas; Richard married Susanna Crosby, and left one son, William, married to Elizabeth Dalton, by whom he had no children: John married Elizabeth Graydon, of Russelstown, now Rusborough, and had one son, Charles, a member of the Irish parliament, many years a Lieutenant General in the army; he married Alice M'Caulland, and left by her five sons and three daughters. The General died in 1801.

This account could be considerably extended, but is here concisely given, to prove, that the family of the last Lord Baltinglass is not extinct, but can be deduced with the most scrupulous accuracy.

A EUSTACE.

—o—

POLICE JUSTICE AND LITERATURE.

“ Head Office, Dublin Police.

1st March, 1809.

NOTICE TO PUBLICANS, &c. &c.

The Magistrates of this Office being fully persuaded that Idleness and Depravity is considerably encouraged by Persons residing in Stable Lanes, and obscure places, being allowed to follow the Business of a Publican, have determined from and after the 29th Day of September next, to *refuse* granting Certificates to enable Persons whose Houses may be situated in such Places to obtain License.”

T.113

This paragraph we extract from the decree issued at the above dated period. It is supposed to have been written and published under the most solemn and exact regard to the character and power of the learned and unlearned council who formed it. A lawyer who is one of the August body should not suffer the words *Idleness and Depravity* to be followed by *is*, it should be *are*, this is an egregious error in Law Literature, which has escaped even the Attorney their Secretary. As to the Alderman, or the Major, the public never expect any thing from them above their humble capacities, their respective mechanical and military education. The words *Idleness and depravity*, in addition to their ungrammatical situation, bear with them in this case a very partial tendency, that must reflect no small degree of impropriety on the writers of the Police B. LL. We would advise, if taken into the confidence of their High Mightinesses, not to rummage so seriously for *illness and depravity* in *stable lanes* and *obscure places*, among public houses, where the industrious regale themselves after their labour, to avoid the uncharitable censures of the pampered intemperate rich glutton, who although himself the daily victim of every species of excess, would without reluctance, send the poor labourer or artisan to Botany Bay, for the high crime of imitating his example. No person must be drunk but lazy opulence, as nobody can eat but them. Whilst a gambling house stands at the very door of justice, the motives for vigilance in men who would travel from Palace Street to Dolphin's Barn to interdict *idleness and depravity*, must be very doubtful indeed, do they mean to insinuate that the incessant use of a Dice-box in Pa-

lace Street, where the sons and clerks of our tradesmen squander the property of their parents and employers, is not a place of *idleness and depravity*, and that a Porter pot in the hands of a tradesman, is an evident proof of idleness and depravity. Though the Magistrates of Palace Street, were the most upright of mankind, and the most learned, we will insist that their conduct in this case is at variance with the Law. The Statutes in several instances discountenance the manufacture of Dice-boxes, and encourage that of Porter-pots, therefore, the latter should not be put down by the interested whims of ignorant vigilance, domiciliary visits and arbitrary exactions. If pecuniary understandings at this particular period, should prevent the suppression of Gambling, and violently apply its zeal to prevent Porter drinking, let even the appearance of decency be preserved; the seat of his Majesty's government should not be disgraced by a common Hazard Table at the Castle-gate, nor should the Seat of Justice be found in the neighbourhood of such company. Let them, in the name of common manners, at least separate, and take other positions, be no longer in such a "tangible shape." If Val Dulsimer insists on remaining at his present post, let even the Castle be removed, rather than longer remain in such company, or, if the expense of such a measure should be so considerable, in these times of public embarrassment, as to make it inconvenient, let the Police Office, however, be removed farther from Val. and more contiguous to the obnoxious "Stable Lanes and obscure places," and such suspicious retreats of *idleness and depravity*.

PAVING BOARD,

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH MAGAZINE,

SIR,

AS the Paving Bill now before the House of Commons, has created a general ferment among all ranks, I take the liberty of addressing a few remarks to you on the conduct of the persons comprising the Paving Board, since their appointment by government in 1807.

The Board consists of three persons whose salaries amount (annually) to £1,600*, this sum they are allowed by the act of the 47th of the king, as an adequate compensation for regulating the paving, cleansing, and lighting the streets of Dublin; they are sworn to do justice, to hold no second employment, and to husband the public funds with œconomy; not foolishly, vindictively or otherwise, squander the same in unnecessary litigation, prosecutions, persecutions or in any other unjust manner, contrary to the true spirit and meaning of that act.

Now Mr. Editor, that they have not adhered to the regulations laid down by that act, that they have not done public justice, that they have not prosecuted and persecuted, that they have not husbanded the public funds, but have profligately expended the same, that to increase their consumptive funds they have resorted to the most cruel and unjust exactions, that they have done more than they should do, and not what they should do, I shall prove in the sequel.

Mr. Editor, their predecessors, (tho' but a temporary Board) left them an example of frugality and integrity, they done more than

could be expected in the short period they had the regulations of paving, &c. They had the principle streets repaved some of which remain good to this day, but the example they set was not followed; the present commissioners immediately after their appointment, dismissed men (who had been in the employment upwards of ten years) to make room for the outcasts of a neighbouring clime, wandering mendicants, who are to be found rich and faucy in every country but their own, they put the public to expense in having the different contracts &c. made by their predecessors renewed in their own names; their law charges since their appointment are enormous and for the most part unnecessary, as appear by the public papers, which state several of their trials before the Recorder, a few of which I shall instance—a young lad who lives in James's-street they prosecuted for taking an apron full of what was proved on the trial to be rubbish, that lay as an nuisance in that street; a Mr. Kelly, in Watling-street they indicted for refusing to pay taxes which he insisted they had no right to demand, on this occasion to ground an indictment, they got a collector a man of a plyable conscience to swear that Mr. Kelly put him in dread and fear of his life, by presenting a carbine at him, the fact turned out contrary on the trial, as it was proved Mr. Kelly, was preparing to cleanse the piece for inspection and so far from presenting it, that

* Note, The salaries of Commissioners, Supervisors, Clerks, &c. amount annually to 7,350l.

the but actually rested on the ground. Another person who sold sticks on Essex Bridge, they indicted for resistance to their bailiffs, who wanted to seize the poor man's property, but it would be endless as well as difficult to state the numerous prosecutions carried on, carrying on and yet in embryo, or the different bills of indictment that have already, and will be, when presented ignored, by the conscientious and respectable jury's of this Metropolis; suffice it to say, that they have by their tyrannic conduct subjected themselves to the censure of the public as well as the lash of justice, they have in part revived the feudal system of our unpolished ancestors, by imprisoning, and fining every person who becomes inimical to them, or rather to their doughty chieftain the head Commissioner, thus the frog blown efforts of this inexorable junta and the petty villainy of their underlings, have subjected them to several actions of a serious nature, the issue of which, I hope and expect will put a period to that power, perverted to the vilest of purposes, by men of the most depraved principles.

But, Mr. Editor, to return to the subject of this letter, I must bring you back to their appointment in 1807, after dismissing the old established officers, as I mentioned before, their next oppressive and injurious act was, in depriving the public of a great portion of their lamps, (to the number of 900 or 1,000) although by the act of the 47th of the king they had actually increased the paving and lighting tax to one half more than was ever before demanded, thus they reduce the lamps and increase the taxes.

Now, Mr. Editor, the employing a great number of smiths in taking down so many lamp irons, must of course (with other weighty and extravagant expenses) fall on the public, exclusive of the injury done to the houses of individuals, to the contractors for lighting the city, who suffered by the decrease, and to the public at large; can this be called justice? Can this be called an improvement? Did they stop here? No, they immediately issue a mandate to pull down the public conduits several of which were in part destroyed, but they change their mind and the mutilated fountains, remain to this day a monument of their imbecility and wantonness.

Another grievance the public labour under, look to our streets do they present a smooth surface, when were they paved? To what purpose have the large paving funds been applied? Certainly not to the lighting of the city, not in keeping the streets paved, nor in clearing the streets, for the profits arising from the sale of the city soil or manure nearly defrays its own expense, then the query is, how is it applied? The head commissioners best can answer.

But to return to the subject, would not one imagine, Mr. Editor, on taking a peep into Devon street, on Board-days, that the Commissioners were preparing to pass sentence on some patriot who deserved well of his country, what murmurs, imprecations, &c. I methinks I hear the voice of loyalty proclaim aloud the injustice of their judges, methinks I hear them reprobate the system which produced this intollerable evil, but what this evil is I shall mention.

The

The Commissioners assume to themselves the disposal of situations to increase their influence with the rich and powerful, thus they receive persons on their recommendation, but how employ them? they must do something to keep up appearances, well Mr. Editor, I shall thus explain it, you must have seen some half dozen of decrepit old men and women endeavouring to sweep the streets, only endeavouring; bands of these poor wretches are distributed through the city, and over each group is placed an Inspector (with a salary of £60. a year) to see, not the work done, but that the different members of the emaciated sweepers shall be in motion, that the discerning eye of the public may be dazzled with the extraordinary shew of attention bestowed by the Board, exclusive of these Inspectors, there are also six others of a different description two of whom have £120. each, and four £60. each, their business is to see that the footways are well washed and otherwise cleansed before 9 o'clock in the morning, and also that each respectable housekeeper shall aid and assist the decrepit old men and women I mentioned before, by sweeping one half the street in front of their respective houses, this humane plan of the Board in getting assistance gratis for their journeymen sweepers, is not only pleasing, but also very profitable to them, as the Board in default of such assistance summon the most respectable men before their awful tribunal once or twice a week, to answer the complaint of their Inspectors, the complaint is made that a few oyster shells lay scattered in the street, or that some other offensive dirt was not swept away; it is no matter

who threw the oyster shells opposite your house, nor will an exculpatory oath be taken, that such dirt was not thrown out of your house; their doctrine is "find the person who laid down the dirt"? and immediately, they levy a fine of five or ten shillings for the supposed offence; each week there are from two to three hundred fines levied in this kind of way, must not this plan of raising money be therefore very profitable, and pleasing to the Board, at once to have it in their power to cut out employment for so many dependants without encroaching on the public funds, and please the patrons of those offsprings of vice and wretchedness who are thus paid by the fines so extorted from the public, for the Head Commissioner, as well on this as every other occasion, calculates with true Scotch policy, to wit, 'this man's returns for so many nuisance each day, deduct thereout his wages, balance in my hands so much aye that will do,' but should the balance appear against the Inspector he is dismissed as of no use, not being able to earn his crust at the expense of his conscience, now according to this calculation what a large ballance still remains in the hands of the treasurer each year (after paying the six Inspectors £480. annually) for snuff money, or to be applied to any charitable purpose that might strike the fertile brain of the most polished men that ever vegetated in the frozen regions of north Britain, this part of the subject I shall dismiss by observing that if by any chance an ignorant country horse should pollute with profane foot the sacred property of the Commissioners (the flags) not knowing the etiquette of town breeding the ignorant blunderer

derer is seized, and a fine immediately levied on his unpolished master, for a contempt of the Head Commissioners idea of good breeding.

Now, Mr. Editor, I will if you please, take you for a few moments into the liberties of this city, which by the act of the 47th came under the control and direction of the present Board, it is true they have within six months last past erected lamps therein, but too scanty and consequently insufficient; the desired purpose of improving the neighbourhood is not effected although the paving funds are materially benefitted by the tax received thereout, they having (as I have been informed) called on the Inhabitants for and actually made them pay one half years tax previous to their lighting a single lamp, as for the pavement, when the most public streets in the city are in such a wretched state of decay, it is not to be supposed the liberties of the city ever trouble the head of our First Commissioner, it is quite the same to him, whether his majesty's liege subject break a leg or an arm in Cattle-street, or the extremities of Marowbonelane, yet the satellites of this northern phenomenon assert that he is improving the city, How? is it by depriving us of a fifth part of our lamps, by neglecting the pavement and footways, by employing decrepit old men to execute the public work, is it by employing a croud of Inspectors, Supervisors, Clerks, and Constables, to levy fines and imprisonment, by which the public funds are swallowed up, and no benefit arising to the public? If this be called improvement, good lord deliver us!

It must be acknowledged by the greatest votaries for war, that the country in general particularly the Metropolis, has from that and other causes suffered much, and still continues to labour under the most extreme indigence, he indeed is a sceptic who will not believe, or blind by prejudice who will not see industry struggling with want, and many branches of trade totally suspended, from that cause as well as the alarming price of every article requisite for carrying on business, the dearness of provisions, and the more vexatious and unnecessary increase of the taxes, particularly that tax, extorted for the supposed purpose of paving, cleansing and lighting this city, yet, Mr. Editor, at this period have you not seen with surprise and sorrow, the extravagant plans proposed by the Paving Board, and actually carried, and still carrying into effect, that of building immense Sewers at an immoderate price all which exclusively fall on the Inhabitants of the street so excavated, would that the injury was only momentary; but alas! it does not cease here, vehicles of every kind, fly the hideous chasm with terror, foot passengers avoid it, trade flies from it, and the industrious shop-keeper may see his best customers lay out their money in another part of the town that had the good fortune to escape the mad project of a spendthrift Commissioner.

Now, Mr. Editor, I appeal to your candour, is this a period for carrying Scotch jobs into execution, can the struggling Shoe-maker, the decayed Milliner, or the Grocer, on the eve of Bankruptcy, bear up against this weight of impudent extortion, you will answer with honest

nest indignation, No ! Did any one convertant with the history of this ancient and respectable city ever read of, or witness the like imposition, yet, this is called improvement ; this under more favourable circumstances might answer very well, had we peace, was our parliament restored, our absentees no longer gulled by the superior glare of vice and dissipation, restored to the bosom of their neglected parent (what we should have) an equal participation of trade, in that case the Head Commissioner might tickle his Don Quixotic fancy with schemes of improvement, the Supervisors and the whole tribe of Scotch Engineers might fatten on the pampered citizen, nor would the public ever think of dragging before the tribunal of justice this offspring of a corrupt party.

This subject brings to my recollection a very old proverb which is " give some people an inch and they'll crave an ell" this unjust Board, not content with the powers granted by the act of the 47th of the King, proposed to government an extension of their powers and privileges; and under their authority and by their direction, a bill has been lately presented to the Imperial Parliament titled " A Bill to explain, amend and enlarge the powers of an act passed in the 47th year of his present Majesty's reign, for the more effectual Improvement of the City of Dublin, and the environs thereof," which if passed into a law would give them sufficient power to fine, imprison and

otherwise injure at their discretion. Now, Mr. Editor, that government acquiesced in, and aided in bringing this unjust Bill to maturity, is fully exemplified in two instances, First, the Board however daring in other respects, would never venture to incur the more than popular hatred the abhorrence, attached to its introduction, if they were not promised the " powerful assistance" of place-men and pensioners ; Secondly, this odious Bill was introduced to the Imperial Parliament, by Sir Arthur Wellesly, the Secretary for Irish affairs, and the doubtful conqueror of Vimeira, these in my opinion are cogent reasons, for adopting this presumption, and however now the advisers, abettors, and framers of this Bill, may twist and turn, to avoid the torrent of popular odium ready to overwhelm them, the convicted silence of the one party, and the mean prevarication of the other, is a triumph to the Citizens, who though insulted by the ribaldry of, (and a misplaced confidence in) a too successful faction, have still sufficient strength and confidence in each other to unite in putting down the worst of corruption, that which tends to violate the liberties of an already depressed, and too much degraded people, the Citizens of Dublin.

I remain Sir,

Your humble Servant,

ARGUS.

ORIGINAL,

ORIGINAL POETRY,

“THE following beautiful verses, are founded on a statute enacted in Ireland at a Parliament held at Trim, by John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord Lieutenant in the year 1447, the 25th Hen. VI. The law compelled the Irish to shave their upper lips, and to cut their hair in a particular manner, the latter was so very oppressive to a people who considered long hair a becoming ornament, that many abandoned their Country sooner than submit to the painful degradation imposed on them, by their tyrannical invaders.”

The song describes a Young Woman, who flies with her lover, to avoid the infamy of losing his hair.

“ Air Coulin.”

1

Though the last glimpse of Erin, with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me,
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

2

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the STRANGER can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin and think the rough wind
Less rude than the FOKS, we leave frowning behind.

3

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft Harp, as wildly it breathes,
Nor dread that the COLD HEARTED SAXON will tear,
One chord from that Harp, or one lock from that Hair.

THE MIMIC MONARCHY,

IN VERSE.

DEDICATED TO F———E———J———, ESQ.

(Continued. from our Magazine for April.)

Yet still—you never scarce offend
Sobriety with meekness blend,
Which must thy trifling worth enhance
'Mongst PLAYERS it is such a chance,
Whar dull half crying thing's that on?
Zounds! don't you see 'tis NORMAN
JOHN!

The greatest antidote to mirth!
That ever trod th's globe of earth!
With arms pinion'd to his ribs,
Spinning each sentence thro' his lips,
He makes folks laugh—indeed 'tis true!
—But Johnny! Johnny! 'tis at you.

Before my race be farther run,
The most ACCOMMODATING—N—
Sure claims some thought, from ev'ry
mind
(A lover of the female kind)
With voice once good,—but which no
more,

'Bove mediocrity can soar—
To no ONE vicious practice prone
But freely sharing—what's her own!
Ah! could I 'mongst the motley throng,
Omit poor L——s in my song,
Forbid it Momus! God of folly
Banisher of melancholy!
Yet what to say! or what to think!
Or shall I waste my time and ink,
On such a being! such a head,
Whose brains (if any) must be lead,
Who words from meaning will disjoint
Without a feeling, sense, or point,
Alike in Tangent or in Vapid
In O rick—Diddler—and Rapid,
Without a change of looks or tones!—
—Ah what a SUBSTITUTE for Jones?

Who yonder strides with scoffing lea'r!
Luge as a PRUSSIAN GRENADIER!
Most bra'ssly 'mongst the—glossy brazen,
—'Tis the poor HALF-WIDOW'D M——

Who acts (with nature for her aid)
Our modish dames of nought afraid,
Tho' lady fine in modern life,
The queen, the dutchess, maid or wife!
Her figure only in her favour—
A noted——and so I leave her.—

H——k veteran of the stage,
Thy merit heightens with thy age,
See poor M'——arduous pant
To soar above thee!—yet she can't,—

Of sentiment behold a bungler
In the mere STAGE WALKING Y—r,
Who snuffs like a bagpipes drone!
Delivers in a "SEE SAW TONE"
Steps tho' as if on glais he trod
And ends each sentence with a nod!
Yet always perfect—ne'er offends,
Has fewer enemies than friends.—

Player, I Performer, I Actor!—stuff!
What shall I call then—nameless D—
" 'Tis pity I pity 'tis 'tis true!"

He for a play'r ne'er will do!—
Slovenly, conceited, pert and vain,
He spurns advice—with PROUD disdain!
Which if pursued—will surely tend,
His reign of ACTING!—soon to end!—

But to characterize the crew,
And give them each their proper due,
More strength, more genius would
require,

More talents and poetic fire
Than dwells within the authors' breast,
'Or Swift or Pindar e'er possess,
O muse then grant one favor more
Let not the ireful critics roar,
Let not the Cam—els or the B—'s
Pour forth invectives from their skulls,
Grant me some anti-optic kind
To make the argus tell tales blind,
That they may ne'er these sheets peruse,
Nor sketch my blunders in REVIEWS!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IN your *Independant* publication, I trust will appear, the following lines addressed to the present sitting Committee of the Dublin Society, who have so distinguished themselves in giving every possible encouragement to men who generally have no other quality to recommend them, than the most extravagant assurance, (while real and sterling merit is constantly neglected and despised,) as to render a public knowledge of their characters a most charitable act, no matter how communicated. It would be untimely and impertinent, to enter into any particular or enlarged account of their proceedings; I shall reserve that for a future communication, 'tis at present only necessary to be understood, that these lines were occasioned by some pictures having been submitted to this Committee, for inspection and exhibition, painted by a leather breeches-maker who seems to possess a greater taste for the *Ball* than the *Pencil*.

I am Sir,

Yours,

E F.

DEDICATION.

To the *present sitting Committee* of the Dublin Society, gentlemen who have been formerly as eminent in the *low* as they are now in the *high* arts; whose taste, genius and learning, improved by consummate experience in every scene of life, equally qualify them for fattening a *Sheep* or an *Artist*; whose critical sagacity is as distinguished for espying the *latent star*, on the *cloudy* surface of a *glass bottle*, as the *slightest fault*, or *finest touch*, in the sublime management of the *Pencil*; at whose awful shrine humbly bend the hungry and griping Sons of Painting, Statuary, Mechanism, &c. &c. with a whole *P—ck* of egregious impudence and hypocrisy; the following lines are most humbly inscribed.

* Ye Butchers, Bottle-blowers, Bakers,
Excisemen, Huxters, Undertakers
Whom toy'reign Pious dubbs with PARTS
And social sets o'er all the arts,

'Mongst whom the † MAJOR, ruling chief,
Distinguish'd shines in BASS RELIEF;
(Who like the huge Titanian crew,
From BLOOD his germination drew,

* 'Tis truly to be lamented, that the most important concerns, of that GENERALLY respectable and learned body of Men, the Society of Dublin, should be entirely resigned to the management of those whom fortune only has empowered to preside; it is not therefore at all surprising that they should, by the injudicious decisions in many controversial cases of the greatest moment, very frequently betray their PROPER and PRIMITIVE taste.

† This Gent'leman having formerly distinguished himself as a MAJOR and a MYRMIDON, and a ROBBER, and a BLOOD-SUCKER, is now suddenly transformed into an ADMIRER, and ENCOURAGER of the FINE-ARTS, a PICTURE-DEALER, and a P—MAN, quo teneam vultus mutantem, Protea nodo.

AND

* And now his odious head would rise,
O'er HILLS of carnage to the skies;
Sure, jove thou must profoundly snore,
O fly thy rapid bolts no more,
Where now does Vulcan idly lurk?
Or is the LIMPER out of work?
Why lies not this son of plunder,
A sample of thy vengful thunder,
Why hurl you not one well aim'd BREAK-
ER,

And lay him flat in BULLY'S-ACRE;
Or, if it please your highness more,
A prey to Vultures on the shore,
Or, since he's of such † MONSTROUS
growth,

Deep plung'd beneath the † HILL of
HOWTH,
Who now as once he did a CAPTURE
Beholds the TITIAN TOUCH with rapture;
At whose luxurious levies fatten,
§ Pe-t-je, || Br-c-s, ¶ P-ck and * * Gr-tt-n
If e'er you sacrific'd together,
Your conscience and a rotten weather,
Or with distended cheek blew strong,
To swell the bottle WIDE and LONG;
Or e'er upon a market-day,
Made your dup'd Chapmen over pay;
Or pensive scratch'd your wily head,
Because you failed to sell LIGHT BREAD;
If

* Highly ambitious to maintain as much as possible, the learned character he has of late assumed, he now makes it a constant practice to be present at every Book and Picture sale, where he is always determined to be the highest bidder. In short he imagines no sacrifice too great to be considered a Gentleman of perfect and elegant accomplishments; all who call themselves Artists, (a name now assumed by the most insignificant dauber) when assembled at his morning levies, are as high in the praise of his taste and judgment, as of his SALLELONS. This extravagant profusion is unaccountable, if it proceeds not from a strong expectation of his reaping another harvest of sanguinary plunder; I would advise the speedy diminution of his expenses as most expedient, as he will be disappointed entirely in THAT HOPE of restoring his dissipated fund.

† Since '98, he has grown most wonderfully corpulent.

‡ Encel-dus, poor Devil! lies this way kicking, turning, and gasping, under the huge weight of Mount Ætna, for only attempting an AERIAL VOYAGE without the assistance of a BALOON. I write this note for the information of the MAJOR and his DEPENDANTS to prevent their viewing the PICTURE submitted to their inspection in any WRONG LIGHT.

§ I would most sincerely exhort this Gentleman, if he wishes to escape the suspicion of being one of the INFORMING Squad of '93 or '83, to pay no future attention to the MAJORS sollicitati ons.

|| Truly appreciate this Gentleman's merits, we have only to look on the ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, now PUBLICLY EXHIBITED in C liege-Green, an admirable performance eminently superior to any of the kind ever EXHIBITED in * BARRACK STREET, we cannot therefore deny him the well earned reputation of being the best SIGN PAINTER in the City.

¶ Mr P—ck is an Englishman, who, I suppose on that account, has been honoured by the Society with the most signal attention; whom he amuses with the ridiculous farce of his having discovered the fine VENETIAN mode of colouring. I am confidently informed some other professional Gentleman has lately submitted to the consideration of the Society, certain propositions of a very weighty and important nature, no less than the vast probability of his discovering the PHILOSOPHER'S STONE;—nay, I am told he is actually on the hunt, under the benign auspices of the Committee; it would certainly be a valuable and precious acquisition to the MINERAL DEPARTMENT.

* * A young man, certainly of some little abilities as an Artist, but unfortunately for his own material interest and general improvement, has conceived too extravagant an opinion of his own merit; which however, is in a great measure pardonable, as it entirely proceeds from the want of a liberal education, too often the case with Gentlemen of this profession. I sincerely hope he will profit by this salutary hint, and in future by a studious application, overcome the vast and numerous difficulties which will otherwise greatly oppose, perhaps destroy his future prospects. This Gentleman has a brother as much his

* Remarkable for Sign-boards.

inferior

If at rungools your rage e'er rose,
 Or to a bung-hole clasp'd your nose;
 Or BRIB'D e'er let a smuggler trudge it,
 And bring UNPLUCK'D ashore his budget;
 If e'er you pounce'd up ne LOE,
 Or undertook a dirty job;
 If e'er you spent the public money,
 (Feeding DULL DRONES with PRECIOUS
 HONEY.)
 On hypocritic knaves and fools,
 Who tide you as they would their mules;

While genius unencourag'd lies,
 And merit unrewarded dies;
 In fine, if e'er you shew'd YOUR SKILL
 Now you can do it, if you will;
 Exhibit now your proper favor,
 And take J-ck Carr-ll into favor;
 'Tis for this, poor soul! he liches,
 For this declines to CLEAN the BRERCHES;
 Ah! then, to consummate your SIN,
 Receive his CLASSIC-SUBJECTS in.

inferior in ABILITY as he is in STATURE, a little contemptible, abortive brat, but of most intolerable presumption; he is a perfect DEMIGOD in his own consideration, and will tell you with the most confident and daring assurance, THAT HE AND HIS BROTHER ARE THE ILLUSTRIOUS MODERN CARACHII.

N. B. He is a great choney of the MAJOR'S.

ON THE BREWING TRADE.

THIS business narrowly escaped extinction in the present session of the English Parliament, by the exertions of Sir John Newport. A conspiracy formed by three companies against the other Breweries, has been countenanced by a certain Irish patriot, and their suggestions not only connived at, by the same high authority, but warmly advocated in parliament, and would have succeeded, to the destruction and bankruptcy of the remaining body of the Brewers, whose capitals are known to be not equal to such a formidable competition as that of Messrs. F— Guinness, Trevor and Conolly, had not the same interference been so generously used.

Under this serious and heavy plan had it been carried into operation, the public must be compelled to use such chemical adulterations and at such prices, as the privileged body of *three* would please in their generosity or avidity to decree. Their views cannot be more evidently demonstrated, than by referring to their own proposals. Mr. Foster,

when opposed, offered to read a letter, written by one of the monopolizers, inviting the legislature to lay on an additional duty of 50 per cent on porter, and as we since understand, a license of from three hundred to four hundred pounds annually: this enormous imposition which these men prayed for, must have operated to destroy every other Brewer in Dublin.

Had we a resident legislature, profuse and corrupt as they usually and invariably were, yet possessing a local knowledge of our means, which an English assembly must ever be strangers to, they would never hazard the public tranquillity to aggrandize a few proud upstarts. If plunder or speculation were deemed worthy of protection, an Irish parliament would not countenance them only where the individuals of the senate, or their families were to reap the profits. They would not second the views of avaricious tradesmen, at the expense of other tradesmen. We hope public spirit is not yet so worn down by the at-

ject condition we are reduced to, by the treachery of a parliament that sold us, or by the imposing appearance of numerous armies scattered over the country, to protect us against enemies with whom we never disputed, as to let such impudent frauds and flagrant dishonesty, to pass without seasonable reprehension. We do not advise any of the intemperate effusions of words, that spontaneously flow at painful intervals, from abject servitude; silence, dignified silence, is an imperious duty. We may possibly be worse, our masters can do more to humble us, we should not irritate them collectively, or individually, not even the name of *Foster* should we mention without the decent, moderate appearance of due respect, any

man who remembers Messrs. Bird, Hamill, Delahide, or Fay, and has any feeling for his own safety, will not sport with great names, nor with their measures or connections. If any great man from Scotland, London, or Louth, advises us to petition and pay any member of the Paving Board, who may be a brewer, for a few hogsheads of his drink we should submit; if he desires we should buy from a Guinness, or a Connolly, we should submit; submission in these days is prudence, soldiers and executioners, and Bastilles are not red and repaired for nothing, if a Louth mower comes into your field leave him all the work, if another *Grimes* meet you in the court or at the bar, say your prayers for to-morrow you may die.

NEWSPAPER ELOQUENCE ON THE MURDER OF MR. TISDALL.

THE Murder of this Rev. Magistrate by some unknown miscreant adds another enormous act of atrocity to the many thousands which have disgraced the country, and evinced in a variety of horrid instances the divided state which Irish society unfortunately continues in. The Rev. Victim; is described by his charitable panegyrist as a person who possessed every virtue allowed by a little *warmth* of temper; *warm* tempers often destroy the most elevated principles, warm Magistrates, and warm loyalists, warm Majors, and warm Police, warm Tythe proctors, have been numerous and are numerous in this country, such warmth imprudently used under the auspices of authority is epidemic, it sometimes not very unfrequently by unskilful collisions, communicates warmth where

it intended coolness, and like a gun lock, the hammer that received the blow becomes as warm as the flint that gave it. A warm tormentor has the gift of inoculation, and a Gentleman has often been killed by a warm slave, that is a warm Gentleman, like those in Armagh, Down, and Antrim, who are habitually so warm, that they encrease their *hate* in so rarified a convex, until it actually burns, but so cautious are they of the irresistible impulse they possess, that they kindly advise certain people to fly "to Hell or Connaught," before their warmth is roused to its burning crisis. Mr. Tisdall's little children are recommended to public benevolence in an unusual file of well dressed Newspaper eloquence, this must be admitted is a proper application of talents, it matters not

not what principle regulates the writer, the claim is legitimate, and suffering innocence, will we trust meet from opulent generosity adequate protection; the affecting applications the news-writer makes to our hearts on the part of the orphans, appear so artfully made, and so studiously drawn out, and with such an knack in this line of writing, as the editor of the *Cork Chronicle* possesses, that we are surprised such literary benevolence is not exercised at some charitable intervals, like the good one that now exercises his pen, and that sixty thousand naked Catholics driven from their burning cabins to encounter nakedness and labour, in the savage climate of Scotland, and at present suffering under the most odious and brutal persecutions, are not real objects to be recommended to public commiseration, 'tis a misfortune inseparable from all countries reduced to the humble condition of a province, that no voice dare be raised, no pen wielded for the poor, they may be whipped, burnt, or expropriated, and a slavish canting press is either silent or aggravating, no praises are manufactured to encourage the efforts of the industrious, nor public odium attached to their proud persecutors, the Orange murderer pursues his work of death, often drunk in blood, and incautious from the usual success in his game, tumbles into the hands of some proscribed victim, enraged by the loss of a parent or a child, turns on the privileged huntsman whose soul and blood he pours out on the soil which he often moistened with the tears of the widow and the blood of the innocent.

Were a stranger to our manners and to our history, to read the appeal made in the *Cork Chronicle*, to the country in favour of Mr.

Tisdall's children, he would naturally think the deceased Magisterial divine, was little less than a saint, that his murderer was the only person, who ever committed such atrocity in our happy island, he would not understand by the tone or silence of the *Cork Chronicle*, that such men as the Walking Gallows, the Majors, Jemmy O'Briens, Hawtry Whites, Hugos, Verners, Claudius, &c. &c. were of Irish growth, and were even the objects of legislative panegyric!!

—o—

OBITUARY.

Died at his House in New-street, the well known Justice Bell, death in this case has kindly removed from Society a trading Justice, under whose hands the poor and innocent, have frequently suffered the most poignant distresses. In the year 1798, when Military atrocity had the sanction of an Irish Parliament, modelled by our English masters, when a Foster, and a Clare patronised the violation of our wives and daughters in defence of the Constitution. The Justice exerted all his talents to suppress the sensation that every rank expressed at the horrors committed by the Ancient Britons, the walking Gallows, and such gallant persecutors; the Major and the Justice hunted together and separately agreeable to their respective interests, they quartered the County and City, and beat for game with the keenest avidity, with Jemmy O'Brien, Hanlon, and other trained assistants, no hamlet, nor cabin escaped their vigilance, no inhabitant that did not shed a tear, poverty and industry, were crimes that exposed the unprotected to the justice and mercy of every authorised monster, and every face was sad but the villains who thus banquetted on plunder and blood, but heaven, that appears tedious in its interference, to impatient suffering, cannot be accused of lengthening the existence of Irish parricides, Jemmy O'Brien, Fitz-Gibbon, Hepenstal, and Bell, have not long survived their triumphs, nor have they departed in peace, the gallows, or excruciating disease, have convinced them that the visitation of punishment is not always postponed to another World.

BAKER'S MEETING.

AT a general meeting of the BAKERS of DUBLIN, convened by public Notice at the Market-house, on Friday the 21st of April, 1809, to take into consideration a Bill now pending in the Imperial Parliament, entitled, "A Bill for Altering and Amending, an Act passed in the 45th Year of his present Majesty," entitled, "An act to repeal several Acts passed in the Parliament of Ireland, for regulating the Baking Trade in the City and County of Dublin, and Liberties thereof; and for better regulating the said Trade, and preventing frauds in the buying and selling of Corn."

A Copy of said Bill having been produced and read,

RESOLVED, That it appears to this Meeting, that the principal object which the advisers of said Bill, is the repeal of certain clauses in the late Baking act, which the wisdom and impartial justice of Parliament considered as necessary to the protection of the Dublin as the London Baker, against the abuse of Magisterial Authority; and to guard against the consequences of an Error in calculating the Price and Affize of Bread from the numerous and complicated returns of sales made to Bakers of Wheat and Flour, amounting to the aggregate average value of 12,000l. per week, and upwards.—The other clauses, which are not mere transcripts of the late Act, bearing evident marks of defective information in the Farmer, and are consequently worded in such loose and ambiguous terms, as to produce perpetual dissensions in the event of their enactment.

RESOLVED, That since the passing of the said Act, no instance has occurred, or could occur, of any effect produced by said clauses injurious to the public interest; whilst, on the contrary, the salutary effects of their operation, as originally intended, equally prove their necessity, and the equitable policy that dictated them, as appears by the following facts;—Error have been detected and corrected in ascertaining the Weekly Average Price of Wheat and Flour; discoveries have been made of extensive purchases of Flour, for the purpose of Forestalling and raising the market, by certain Persons concerned in the manufacture and sale of that article, who kept back the sale of their own Flour in order to obtain the advanced price which their illegal

conduct was intended to produce, if Magistrates in the County and in the City Liberties, have frequently since the passing of the late act, admitted the incorrectness and illegality of their conduct in the indiscriminate seizure of bread, some by paying the value of such illegal seizures to evade the consequences of civil actions; and others, by restoring bread proved to be weight on reinspection, two days after its seizure as being light: and finally, by the recently adopted general practice in the City, of seizing bread in the shops of retailers, exposed on open shelves to the action of the air from three to six days, if not of equal weight with the fresh bread, though it is well known the customers of such retailers must have their bread quite stale, from motives of economy, as it then goes much farther in supplying their families therewith, which practice, founded in justice, is equally vexatious, oppressive and illegal.

RESOLVED, That by the secrecy adopted and observed during the progress of said Bill, until its arrival from England for reconsideration in a printed form, according to the conditional practices of Parliamentary Proceedings, and to which circumstance alone we are indebted for the discovery of its existence, the adviser, and framers of said Bill have tacitly admitted their opinion and full conviction of the very partial and limited effect of its intended operation, and their consequent unjustifiable attempt to compel the inhabitants of this City and County, by a particular clause, to pay the undefined expenses of an Act of Parliament, from which they can derive no benefit, not already enjoyed by them under the provisions of the present Baking act.

RESOLVED, Therefore, That a Committee be forthwith appointed to prepare a Petition, and procure its presentment with all convenient speed to the Imperial Parliament, praying that said Bill may not pass into a Law, being unjust in its principle, oppressive in its tendency, and unproductive of any consequences to the Public but that of paying the expenses of its enactment.

RESOLVED, That these Resolutions be signed by our Secretary, and published three times in all the Dublin Newspapers.

G. MACENNIS, Sec.





*The Three Jacks at the
Hunt of Erin.*

Irish Magazine June 1809.

THE
IRISH MAGAZINE,

OR
Monthly Asylum

FOR
NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR JUNE, 1809.

A Mere Irishman's Letter.

Castlebar May 14, 1809.

SIR,

On my arrival this week, after an absence of thirty years from my native country I chanced to meet with an old acquaintance, now residing in your city, with whom I spent the day. The cloth being removed, the state of unfortunate Ireland was immediately brought on the tapis—the sad subject was scarcely introduced when a long train of reflections overpowered me, involuntary tears trickled down my cheeks, and I could not help crying out with Eneas in the beautiful language of the poet,

Poor Ireland's wrongs are told in every place,
Midst nations polish'd or with savage race.

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris. My friends said I pardon this weakness of mine, if you will call it so, I left this country in 1779

JUNE, 1809.

when the light of toleration first dawned upon our too long benighted country—in the ardour of my youthful imagination I had hopes of seeing prejudice and bigotry for ever destroyed in a very few years, but in this I was woefully mistaken. From that year to the present I have been tossed about in all quarters of the globe

O'er lands and oceans day and night I roam,
In quest of *Nature's rights* denied at home.

Terris jactatus et alto, in pursuit of a property which thank God I now enjoy. Still, though absent in person, I was present in spirit, and took a lively interest in the affairs of Irishmen, and I can with safety aver that nations the most enlightened as well as those which the *polished* English, writers call *savage*, have uniformly sympathized with poor, degraded
insulted

H h

insulted Ireland. I have, said a Persian prince to me one day as we sat alone in his closet reading the battle of New Ross, I have studied the character and history of Ireland with much interest; her virtues I must own are of the very first order, whilst her vices are the fruit of a foreign plant not the natural growth of her own soil. Her harbours are unrivalled, her extensive population brave, intelligent, kind hearted: her climate healthy and her situation for trade by far the best in the universe. Still she was unknown and her name blotted out of the map of nations, till her unmerited persecutions for the last twelve years brought her into notice."

"Unmerited," Sir, sneeringly remarked my friend's eldest son, who had just returned home after a grand tour, performed under the guidance and liberal instruction of a *French Emigrant*—"Give me leave to set you right as to the affairs of this country—I declare upon the honor of a gentleman (not of a prince observe) that Irishmen, particularly Catholics, have themselves alone to blame for all their misfortunes—had they left their business to government without attending to the Belfast or Dublin democrats, all would have been well—and who could have expected friendship from ministers on whose generosity we refused to rely? Placed in their situations, would not our conduct have been more cruel, and if you compare the private characters of Cl—e, F—t—r, and B—f—d for example, with those of T—nd—y, G—tt—n, and C—rr—n, will not the advantage appear on the side of the former? He concluded by remarking that his own family had, in the present happy order of things risen from an humble rank to a state of opulence, and that they had strong

hopes of shortly receiving a title and a comfortable pension!!!'

My friend, said I, though young in life, you have already imbibed principles of the most dangerous nature—your heart is already corrupted by the intoxicating love of gold, or the company you keep must be very bad indeed; you owe gratitude, eternal gratitude to your protestant and presbyterian brethren of Belfast and Dublin, and this, believe me, is a very bad way to repay them or to encourage new friends. Give me leave to ask you, did the British minister ever grant us *one* privilege which was not extorted from his fears? When France and Spain held out a terrible threat of invasion in the American war, did not the meeting of Dunganon (set on foot by Belfast) force the minister to restore our constitution, and enabled us to take long leases? And was it not the same enlightened town that in 1793, when the arms of France had covered Holland and the Netherlands, cooperated with the Catholic convention, in procuring us the elective franchise? and have they not since that time suffered in the flesh for the same friendship? To your observations as to the probability of our acting with more severity by Englishmen, in case of our situations being changed, I shall only say, that I, the supposition comes very badly from one calling to himself an Irishman and a Catholic. 2dly, that I cannot possibly conceive a system of greater cruelty than that alluded to—and lastly that a *fancied* possibility of *our* acting ill hereafter can badly sanction or apologize for *their* past or present misdeeds—add to this the very worst vice of slaves is the attributing of bad motives to the best *public* acts of our friends, and searching for the (perhaps imaginary) *private* virtues of our avowed

ed enemies, for the mean purposes of praising them. This conduct goes to invert the whole order of nature by refusing virtue its due reward and withholding from vice its merited censure—as to your own family prospects, that matters little in the scale of the nation—we do not live for ourselves *alone* in society, and altho' providence has been kind to us perhaps beyond our merits I can hardly flatter myself that your father and I are *more* virtuous and industrious than our own late fathers, who spent their days together as fellow servants in the house of the same nobleman. To conclude, let me tell you, young man, when we see millions around us, starving in the midst of plenty, which is carried off before our eyes to feed insolent pampered *Strangers*, when we are insulted by the descendant of a L—th mower, who says potatoes are our “favourite food,” thus insolently increasing the bloated prejudice of John Bull's offspring, by representing us as beings of an inferior cast, incapable of distinguishing between the luxuries of beef and claret, and the miserable artificial flavor of *Blind Herring* heightened by a

sober draft of the passing stream, let me tell you, sir, this decidedly proves “that there is something rotten in the state of Denmark.”

This last topic seemed to give pain to the young gentleman, who asked me rather abruptly to see some paintings in the next room. There Sir, said he, (pointing to a very large beautifully framed piece) is a fine likeness of the first financier this country ever gave birth to. That great statesman consults our house on all his financial plans, and my father is always *graciously* received at his levees. Gracious heavens. I exclaimed, are these the sentiments of the rising generation amongst our rich Catholic merchants, and landed gentlemen! and is it for this vile, this unnatural purpose of calumniating their country that such miscreants employ their newly-acquired influence and wealth? In grief and indignation I instantly retired to my closet and dipped my pen in gall to write the following hurried lines, which if you think worthy of insertion shall be followed by more on the same mortifying subject from

A MERE IRISHMAN.

THE
IRISH CERBERUS,

OR

Three Jacks,

OF

WHIPPING, SCALPING, AND PICKETTING
NOTORIETY.

TO

Frederic,

DUPE OF CLARKVILLE,

Who was lately Acquitted on a Charge of

PUBLIC CORRUPTION,

BY A JURY OF

HONOURABLE MEN ;

AND " UPON THE HONOR OF A PRINCE."

TO

Castle-Fish M'Gregor,

OF TRUCK-BOROUGH-LODGE,

LATE OF

Fort Union,

Acquitted on a similar Charge by the same

HONORABLE JURY.

AND TO

Sawney Fellville,

OF PURITY-HALL:

Also duly Acquitted on a Charge of the same Nature

UPON

THE HONOR OF HIS PEERS,

The following Cantos are respectfully Dedicated,

BY

A MERE IRISHMAN.

IN the midst of yon grouse, who's that monster so fell?
On whose forehead is stamp'd, 'Darling offspring of Hell ;'
With assassin like traitor-like, grin on his face,
Ne'er surpass'd, no, nor equalled by Belzebub race,
Of ascendancy—Orange—foul work of his hand
Fatal source of disunion thro' Erin's fair land.
'Tis yellow Jack F——r, cheer'd by favourite labor
Of cutting down Papists: a *Scythe* for his sabre ;
Which by birth he inherits from ancestor strong
Who pulled away, *mowed* away all the day long ;
But when dreading that vict'ry should not be his lot,
He stripp'd off, and worked on a *pur Sans Culotte*,
And tho' teaz'd by strong Med'cine, well plied to give fun
He these "family arms" most triumphantly won.

In T——l——n plains, on the feast of Saint Peter,
(To this blood thirsty despot no feast ever sweeter)
Poor papists assembled, to honor their patron,
When all on a sudden, each man, child and matron,
Were, without provocation, cut down by Jack's troop,
Or were locked up in jail like young chickens in coop.
Oh ! blest shades of B——yl——n, of M——rmi——k and H——y
And of thousands of others, this fiend did destroy,
On the scaffold, by torch light, in his own country town,
On the green fields of Armagh where "Croppies lie down ;"
Delighted his rakers—and drown'd doleful cries
Of the child that in * sight of its dear parent dies ;
To your brother *enslaved* act as kind guardian spirits,
Bid him *union* promote in the land he inherits.

Strike the string breathe the lay, let all patriots rejoice,
That curs'd bigotry's strangled the heart-cheering voice
Of the genius of Erin in snow white array
Calls aloud to her children, *burned out*, and astray.
In the dark gloom of night, where no hearth their frame warms,
Nor roof save from "Peltings of the pitiless storms."
You, my sons, who've escap'd from the bay net and ball
Of those workmen of death, too intent on the fall,
(Of their brethren in Christ, *whom ere long they will love*,
When their error they see) praise that being above.
All your sufferings are crown'd, you've protection from those,
Who were long taught by *Strangers* to hold you as foes.

To *Belfast* § fly with speed, love each other e'er more,
Your *Ga lic'* now taught there, and on her *free* shore
She'll strike your sweet harp 'spire of F——r the mower.

* Ante ora parentum. The poet describes this as one of the most cruel deaths ever invented by a Tyrant.

§ In Belfast the Ladies correspond with each other in the pure Irish characters ; the inhabitants have established a Society to preserve in existence our harp, and it is our dissenting Brethren of only Derry, Keady and Belfast who have as yet as bodies, presented their thanks to Colonel Wardle.

P S. In my next *galling* verses to *Angelic Cl——e*,
 For in regions of Tartarus, *dark ange's* are,
 My muse shall attend, I propose to exhibit
 The crimes of this wretch, who too long scone'd the gibbet.
 For the Irish he threatned to silence and tame
 As he would noisy cats, so he fell by the same *
 Operation—eternal disgrace to his name!
 When my devoirs I pay to the *Riding house Knight*
 Then three Jacks, all victorious, all glorious, all right,
 (If by victory's meant, power brutally shewn
 And by glory, base titles—by right, wrong alone)
 Shall be faintly pourtray d, may the Lord of our birth,
 Never yawn forth such monsters again on the earth.

* As our hero, who since that period is commonly called Jack the Cat
 G—ld—r, was a well known enemy to Christianity or Gospel Law of Grace
 it is to be presumed that he fell a victim to the Jewish law of 'Lex Talionis'
 —Treacherous Haman was executed on the Gallows which he had himself
 prepared for the innocent Mordecai—and Irish Cats persecuted Jack Fitz-
 petulant to his grave.

—000000—

Dublin Library Society.

A party in this society, under the pretext of discountenancing publications, tending to disunite the people, have succeeded in keeping the Irish Magazine out of the Library.

A gentleman of a learned profession a member of the society, who could not be persuaded that exposing corrupt Magistrates, cowardly house burners, torturing Majors, or privileged murderers, came within the discription, which affected liberality, and real ignorance, would affix on any publication not countenanced by power, or licensed by Silly fashion, had the spirit to remonstrated with a *small* Attorney, whose effrontery obtrudes itself on any society where admission can be had, by the merit which a trifling sum of money can purchase. Five shillings in a Theatre, or a Guinea in a Library may place any half fool or whole puppy, in the public company of any rank

or fashion. Doctor D—— received a message from Mr M——y, who would demonstrate his spirit to those despised his ignorance, but the fighting failed in its first effort. The gentleman who checked his forwardness by contempt, advised the use of the same weapon to correct his courage, and the claims of honor fell into the same hole with those of literature. Mr. M——y's aspiring mind in the worlds of letters, and chivalry now being happily reprov'd, we hope he will return to his office if he has one, and cultivate his taste for letters, under the authority of a dictionary, or at least as much as will teach him to compose his Briefing in better spelling than what he usually gives in the technical pages of parliament notices, letters of attorney and such important branches of the profession he exercises.

Description of Madrid.
Continued from Page 118.

This Christ, said they, *seems to be of stone*. I was induced to think the same, until one day accompanying some foreigners who adopted the criticism, I heard one of them exclaim with transport in condemnation of the truth of the colouring; *Surely*, said he, in a low voice, 'this painter must have seen many dead bodies, to have been able to imitate them so well.' The author of the reflection was an experienced surgeon, who, until that moment had not opened his lips upon the subject. The critics were silent, and we recollected the ancient proverb, *ne futor ultra cre idam*.

I shall not attempt to enumerate all the pictures in the palace of Madrid, an account of the principal ones alone would fill a volume; but I thought the works of Mengs, scarcely known except in Spain and Rome merited an exception. I shall only take notice of a cabinet entirely decorated with porcelain, a curiosity more singular than pleasing, which the Cicerone of Madrid wishes to have admired, but concerning which it is most prudent to be silent. We will pass on to other apartments, where admiration stands in no need of being excited.

The chamber, that from the apartment in which the throne was placed, leads to the residence of the prince and princess of Asturias, is too much filled with the admirable paintings crowded into it. Among the twelve capital pictures of Titian, is a Venus blindfolding the eyes of Love; Venus, at her toilette, whose image is half reflected in the glass; a Sisyphus; a Prometheus; a painting of Adam and Eve, which has for its companion the copy which Rubens disdained not to make from it; and several heads all possessing

that exactness of expression and colouring which Titian alone knew how to give. Two pictures by Paul Veronese, several by Bassan, and a Judith by Tintoret, are seen with pleasure in the same chamber. The next apartment contains a few by Lucca Giordano, among which are a dying Seneca: three or four of the school of Rubens; and Isaac blessing Jacob, whom he takes for Esau, by Spagnoletto. The dining room of the prince of Asturias is in like manner hung with pictures; there are several by Murillo and Spagnoletto, a few by Titian, two by Teniers, and particularly two admirable pieces by Velasquez, one of which represents the forge of Vulcan, the other a panish general, to whom the keys of a city are given up.

In the adjoining apartments among a great number of paintings by the first masters, are an adoration by Rubens, and a carrying of the cross by Raphael, which alone are worth a collection. In the first Rubens has displayed all the magic of his pencil, his richness of drapery, and all the magnificence of composition. It is impossible not to be struck by the noble air and grandeur of one of the kings. His carriage, attitude, retinue seem to announce him commissioned by the universe to congratulate its divine author upon an event of such importance to all mankind; he seems to command at once respect, admiration, and devotion.

The painting of Raphael inspires sentiments more affecting, though not less profound. The Saviour of the world sinking beneath the weight of his cross rather than that of grief, and preserving in the midst of his persecutors' who force him along and ill treat him, a resignation and serenity which would disarm cruelty itself, appears less concerned for his own sufferings than earnest in endeavouring

vouring to console his afflicted mother, who strives to soften his persecutors, and the supplicating women who are overwhelmed with grief. This sublime conception penetrates the coldest hearts with the august truths of religion, and preaches them in a more eloquent manner than in which they have ever been delivered from the mouths of sacred orators. The impression which results from these two great compositions, renders the mind almost insensible to the beauties of other paintings near them, in which Titian, Vandyck and Raphael himself have displayed less affecting ideas. A tribute of admiration must however be paid to two master-pieces of Corregio, one of which represents our Saviour in the garden of olives, and the other the Virgin dressing the child Jesus.

Paintings of a different kind in the apartments of the Infanta, daughter to the king, receive a different homage. In the first chamber, one by Giordano, in imitation of Rubens, presents the painter himself, working at the portrait of a princess; there are also voluptuous paintings by this master of the Flemish school; a combat of gladiators, in which the vigour of Lanfranc's pencil is easily discovered; and a capital piece by Poussin, the subject of which forms a singular contrast to the devotional paintings of which we have already spoken. This is a dance formed by a troop of nymphs about the statue of the god of gardens; the variety of their attitudes, all expressive and graceful, their easy shape and the beauty of their form, all breathe the pleasures of youth and love; some crown with garlands the statue of the lascivious god, others——But we will draw a veil over this part of the painting, which the modesty of the painter has purposely placed in the shade.

The adjoining apartments are filled with paintings of lesser merit, if we except a grand composition by Paul Veronese, and a piece by Lanfranc, the figures of which, although a little tinctured with grimace, discover in them the vigorous and energetic touch of the painter. The dining-room of the Infanta is highly embellished by the indefatigable pencil of Luca Giordano, whose fertile imagination at first astonishes, but afterwards becomes fatiguing. In a cabinet adjoining to the dining-room are also some pieces by Rubens; for this painter, who was twice in Spain left there, perhaps, more production of his brilliant and easy pencil, than any where else. This cabinet contains likewise one of the best portraits Titian ever produced; that of Charles V. reaching to below the knees. An engraving was lately made from it by a young engraver of Madrid, named Selena, who promises to become an excellent artist.

The apartments of the Infanta contain as great a number of admirable paintings as those already mentioned; some are by Murillo, and several by Rubens, which abound in fire and expression. With these I shall conclude my list, lest I should fatigue my readers with a barren catalogue which can only excite disgust; it is sufficient to remind them, that according to the opinion of those who have seen the different collections of the "sovereigns of Europe, there is no one which is superior to that in the palace of Madrid, either with respect to choice or number.

It is true there are but few paintings of the French school, but the best productions of those of Italy, Flanders and Spain are found in abundance; those of the latter especially, less known than the two
others

others, although of equal merit, are worthy of all the attention of connoisseurs; they perhaps may not excel in nobleness of form, or in grace but whoever has seen the productions of Spagnoletto, Velasquez and Murillo, both at Madrid and in the Escurial, cannot but admit that the Spanish school is not inferior to any other in correctness of design, the art of perspective, and especially in the vivid carnation of its colouring.

The chapel of the palace contains nothing remarkable of this kind, but its architectural proportions are exact and beautiful: and what more particularly contributes to its decoration, are sixteen columns of black marble which extend to the frieze. It is to be regretted that in order to procure this number, the eight blocks which were whole, have been perpendicularly sawn. However, as by their position they were not to stand without support, they are placed against the wall, in which they seem to be half sunk.

The palace of Madrid is entirely new. That which Philip V. inhabited, having been burned, the monarch wished to have it rebuilt upon the same foundation. An architect, from Piedmont, laid before him a most magnificent plan, the model of which is preserved in a neighbouring building. Philip V. was deterred by the expence necessary to carry the plan into execution, and adopted one more simple. But it is to be regretted that the palace in its present state, cost as much as that of the Italian architect would have done, and yet it is not finished. When I left Spain two wings were building to it, which will give to the whole a more majestic form, but must hide the principal front in such a manner as to render it inaccessible, except

from the great square that can never be made regular without an enormous expence. At the end of the square is a large edifice, not sufficiently seen which contains a curious collection of ancient and foreign arms, arranged with great order and carefully preserved.

This is called the Armeria, or arsenal. The most remarkable things here are neither cimeters set with diamonds, nor complete sets of armour, not even that of St. Ferdinand; but those of ancient American warriors. A long enumeration of all these curiosities is carefully made to the traveller, when he is admitted into the arsenal, for which he must have an order from the grand equerry. and if he be a Frenchman, even the sword worn by Francis I. at the battle of Pavia is not forgotten. Neither Philip V. nor Ferdinand VI. ever resided in the new palace of Madrid; Charles III. came not to it until some years after his arrival at Spain. These three monarchs had confined themselves to that inhabited by the Austrian family, in which Philip II. endeavoured to overturn the system of Europe, whence Philip VI. calmly saw his vast empire dismembered where the weak Charles II. learned that the powers of Europe previously divided it as a vacant heritage, where the famous princess des Ursins played off and repelled the intrigues to which she at length became a victim, and whence Philip V. sent armies into Italy to conquer the Parmesan and the kingdom of Naples, and in which he died.—I mean the palace known to foreigners by the name of Buen Retiro.

This palace is situated upon an eminence, at the extremity of the city. Never had a royal mansion

less the appearance of a palace. It is a very irregular building, and exhibits nothing majestic in any point of view. It contains, however, not a long suite of apartments, which, at a small expence, might be made habitable. The gardens into which they have a view are neglected. The want of water, and the nature of the soil render them little susceptible of embellishment. There are a few statues worthy the attention of the curious; that of Charles V. trampling upon a monster, which is supposed to be the emblem of heresy; and an equestrian statue of Philip IV. by an able sculptor of Florence. The palace of Retiro contained also many valuable pictures; but the greatest part of them have been removed to the new palace. Some very valuable pieces however still remain; a few by Rubens, several by Giordano, and portraits of princes and princesses of the two last families. The most remarkable piece is that called the Cason, not on account of the rich gilding with which it is overloaded, but because all the pannels of the inner balcony are painted in fresco by the fertile pencil of Luca Giordano. The ceiling is one of the noblest paintings of this artist. It represents allegorically the institution of the order of the golden fleece.

I shall mention only two other paintings in this palace. One of Philip V. seated by the side of his wife Isabella of Farnese, and surrounded by all his family of both sexes. The monarch is forgotten; nothing appears but the good father of a family. It is extremely affecting to see, united in the same piece, so many princes and princesses, who have had an influence on the destiny of Europe, and who, laying aside

the splendour of majesty, seem to be wholly employed in enjoying the happiness of seeing themselves assembled. Charles Vanloo perhaps erred in displaying too much magnificence in the decoration of the hall. The figures he has painted have a paleness from the too brilliant colour of the furniture.

The other picture is less remarkable from the merit of its composition than from the scene it presents. This is a faithful representation of the solemn Auto da fe, which was celebrated in 1580, in the Plaza Mayor of Madrid in the whole court of Charles II. It is equal to an exact description of this festival, the last of the kind which has been celebrated in Spain. The balconies appear full of spectators, excited equally by devotion and curiosity. The fatal tribunal is raised in the middle of the square. The judges there wait for their victims, who pale and disfigured, covered with melancholy emblems of the torments prepared for them, go to hear their sentence. Some receive the last exhortation of the monks, others tremble and stagger faint upon the steps of the tribunal, and all shew greater marks of terror than repentance. How many reflections must naturally rush on the mind of the spectator; pass them over in silence, because I have forbidden myself all declamation. But let us now turn our attention from these afflicting objects, and direct it to the temple of Thalia.

The theatre of the Buen-Retiro is still in good preservation: the house is small but well contrived. The stage, which is spacious, opens at the bottom into the gardens of the palace, with which it is on a level, this was frequently favourable to the

atrical

atrical magic, in extending the perspective and permitting the display of bodies of troops and sometimes a train of cavalry. All these illusions are vanished; the theatre is deserted and its decorations are covered with dust. In the reign of Ferdinand VI. it resounded with the most harmonious voices: it is now condemned to silence, which for twenty years has been but once interrupted. This was at the marriage of the princess Asturias. Thus do courts change their appearance according to the taste of the sovereign. That of Ferdinand VI. brilliant and ostentatious naturalized in Spain the fairy scenes of the Italian theatre under the direction of Farinelli the musician who owed to his talents a distinguished favour, at which no person murmured because no person suffered by it, and because that he modestly enjoyed without abusing his good fortune: Under Charles III. Euterpe and Terpsichore have lost their influence: the monarch, more uniform in his taste, and insensible to profane pleasures, has banished them from his residence, and confines himself to the protection of the fine arts, the sciences and virtue. His favour still better placed than that of his predecessor, can neither irritate the envious nor give offence to the weak.

The gardens of Buen-Retiro are at present a public walk. The monarch has established there a China manufactory, which hitherto strangers have not been permitted to examine. It is undoubtedly intended that experiments should be secretly made, and the manufacture brought to some perfection before it is exposed to the eyes of the curious. Its productions are to be seen nowhere except in the palace of the sovereign or in some Italian courts, to which

they have been sent as presents. Certain kinds of inlaid work not yet much known in Europe are wrought in the same edifice. I entered one day, under the protection of a foreigner of distinction, in whose favour the king had for a moment suspended the rigorous prohibition which excludes every one. I observed with what patience and address several small pieces of coloured marble were cut and joined, to form pleasing and not a little complicated figures. This art, whilst it produces nearly the same effect as painting has the advantage of having, by its everlasting colours, overcome the ravages of time, which spare not the finest productions of the pencil. The gardens of the Retiro are in other respects little ornamented, and almost abandoned. In recompence, however, Charles III. has richly embellished his environs.

This ancient palace commands a public walk, which has long been famous in Spanish comedy and romance: at first, indeed, these alone were what gave it celebrity. There was nothing remarkable in the place itself: its reputation rose from what passed in it. Measures were there concerted to deceive the vigilance of a mother or the jealousy of a husband. The courtiers, escaped from the presence of the monarch perhaps came thither to watch a rival, prepare a plot, or disconcert an intrigue. The proximity of the palace, the obscurity and inequality of the ground were all favourable to these purposes the Prado was a rendezvous equally convenient to ambition and malignity, but more particularly so to love: those who appeared there had generally some sinister design or encountered some hazard: but Charles III. by levelling it, planting it with trees

admitting more light into the alleys, ornamenting it with statues and vases, and providing water to allay the dust, made it a most elegant walk which may be frequented in all seasons with safety and pleasure. It forms a part of the interior inclosure of the city, and is in length about the space of half a league. Several of the principal streets terminate here. That of Alcala, the widest in Europe, crosses it, runs by the side of the gardens of the Retiro, and terminates at the gate of the same name, which is one of the finest pieces of architecture in the capital, and built in the present reign.

The inhabitants from all quarters resort hither on foot or in carriages to meet and bask beneath the shade of the long alleys, an air freshened by waters spouted from the fountains and embalmed by exhalations from the fragrant flowers. The concourse of people is frequently prodigious. I have sometimes seen four or five hundred carriages filing off in the greatest order, amid an innumerable crowd of spectators; a spectacle which at once is a proof of great opulence and population. But a better taste in the carriages might be wished for, and a greater diversity for the eye. Instead of that motley appearance of dresses, which in other public places of Europe afford variety without which there would be no pleasure, there is nothing seen in the Prado but women uniformly dressed, covered with great black or white veils, which conceal a part of their features: and men enveloped in their great mantles, mostly of a dark colour; so that the Prado, with all its beauty, seems to be the theatre of Castilian gravity.

The botanical garden adds not a

little to the embellishment of the Prado; it was formerly upon the road which leads from Madrid to the castle of the Prado; but Charles III. a few years ago removed it to the side of the Prado with a low inclosure, by which it is ornamented without being hidden. This monarch is endeavouring to make it one of the most precious collections of the kind, by laying under contribution all the vegetable kingdom of his dominions, some part of which it has been long said, is perpetually warmed by the rays of the sun, and which in such different soils and climates must alone produce every kind of tree, shrub, and plant which grows on the bosom of the earth.

While viewing the Prado I have frequently given to this idea the greatest possible latitude; I have even extended it to the animal kingdom; I have allotted in imagination all the space which the botanic garden leaves vacant by the side of the walk to a destination certainly extraordinary in Europe, and which the monarch of Spain only could be capable of carrying into effect. I divided it into as many parts as this sovereign has principal colonies under his dominion; in these I settled, in supposition a family of Peruvians, another of Mexicans another from California, another from Louisiana, another from Paraguay, from Buenos Ayres, the coast of Caracas, from Porto Rico, from Cuba, from the Canaries and the Philippines. All to preserve their peculiar dress and manner of living, to erect a simple habitation upon the model of that they had quitted; to cultivate the plants brought from their own country; so that surrounded by those pleasing

pleasing allusions they might still suppose themselves in their native soil. Here the Mexican would be seen beneath the shade of his fig tree, shaking it and gathering the precious spoils which colour our European garments; there the inhabitant of Guatemala would cultivate his indigo and he of Paraguay the herb which constitutes his principal riches; the native of Soconusco would attempt to naturalize his valuable cocoa tree in a foreign soil; the Peruvian, accompanied by the docile animal, which feeds and cloaths him; would in concert with the Luconian endeavour to introduce the same cultivation they had been accustomed to at home. Thus the exulting inhabitant of the metropolis, without going from the capital, might pass in review, as if delineated on a map, all the colonies to which his sovereign gives laws. The transported colonist would become accustomed to an exile, which every thing would concur to render agreeable: and his fellow citizens, separated from him by immense seas, informed by him of the benevolence and magnificence of their common monarch, would form a higher idea of his power, pride themselves upon being his subjects, and become more attached to his government. Who know but these first essays would make them form a more favourable opinion in general of the mother country? That in accustoming themselves to see in the Spaniards of the old world, their country men, instead of their oppressors, they would not strive to approach them nearer? and that Spain formerly depopulated by her colonies would be repopled by them, or at least in this community, acquire new securities for their love and fidelity.

Such a project may be considered

as romantic, yet the king of Spain has entered upon one of the same kind which proves his zeal for the advancement of the arts and sciences. In the street of the Alcala is a large building in which the king has established a cabinet of natural history, which was first committed to the direction of Don Pedro Davila, who died since I left Spain; he was succeeded by Don Eugenio Iquierdo whom we have seen at Paris. The institution over which he presides, cannot but prosper under his auspices; his indefatigable zeal and knowledge cannot but ensure success. The cabinet already contains one of the completest collections in Europe in metals, minerals, marble, precious stones, corals, madrepores, and marine plants.

The classes of fishes, of birds, and especially of quadrupeds are yet very incomplete; but the measures taken by government will in a little time make them equal to the others. The viceroys, governors, intendants and other officers of the Spanish colonies received orders some years ago to enrich the cabinet with all the productions which should offer to their researches in the three kingdoms; and the intelligence and activity of the minister who presides over the department of the Indies, gives the most flattering hopes to the lovers of these sciences, that the orders will be faithfully executed. The minister last year received an ample contribution from Peru: this was half the rich collection made during an eight years residence in that country by Mr. Dombey, an able naturalist, whom the court of France, with the consent of that of Spain had sent thither, and whom the patrons of the sciences received upon the

his return with all that respect which talents, accompanied by modesty, must inspire. He left at Peru several Spanish naturalists, who were soon to follow him, and whose learned researches will greatly contribute to enrich the cabinet of natural history at Madrid.

The same edifice that contains this cabinet, and which with the custom house, built also by Charles III. constitutes the principal ornament of the street of Alcala, is the place of meeting for the academy of fine arts; a circumstance which produced the inscription on the building, a motto equally happy and just.

Carolus III. naturam et artem sub uno tecto conseciavit.

The honour of instituting this academy is, however, due to Philip V. but it has received great encouragement from his two successors. The minister of foreign affairs is president, and every three years distributes premiums to the young students who have produced the best pieces in sculpture or painting, and the best plans and designs in architecture. But though there are several members who have distinguished themselves in these three arts, it must be confessed that their works of real excellence are yet but very few in number.

I was twice present at the distribution of premiums and cannot but confess that they ought rather to be looked upon as encouragements than merited rewards. The Spaniards are too just to expect unlimited encomiums; their pride would indignantly refuse the degrading homages of adulation. They, however maintain at Rome young students, who

give the most flattering hopes; and and from what was seen of the productions of Don Francisco Agustin and Don Ramos at the last exhibition, there is no doubt but these artists may soon be classed with the best painters of France and Italy.

It is not only by forming artists that the academy contributes to the progress of the arts in Spain, it is also the supreme tribunal to whose decision the plans of all the sacred and profane edifices erected in the kingdom are to be submitted: an institution which in the end must establish fine taste upon the ruins of that barbarity which is but too visible in most of the edifices of former times, and of which traces still remain in some of the gates in the ancient fountains, and in most of the churches of the capital; deformed efforts of art, then in its infancy, which took more pains to bring forth monstrous productions than would be necessary at present to produce works of transcendent merit. Modern edifices already prove the revolution that has taken place under the house of Bourbon. Besides the new palace of Madrid, we may instance in the gates of Alcala and St. Vicente, the custom-house, and the post office: except these, there are but few buildings which merit attention from the traveller.

Madrid is in general well laid out; the streets although not in a direct line, are for the most part wide and tolerably straight. The infrequency of rain, and the vigilance of the modern police, for which it is indebted to the count d'Aranda, make it one of the cleanest cities in Europe. But except the Prado and its avenues, the city has no elegant quarters to boast.

The Virtues of a Rope Dancer, by Dr. Johnson.

APRIL the 20th, I dined with him at Sir J R——'s. I regret that I have preserved but few of the minutes of his conversation on that day, though he was less talkative, and fuller of capriciousness and contradictions than usual; as the following dialogue may shew — whilst at the same time it proves that there is no question so entirely barren of matter and argument, which could not furnish him an occasion of displaying the powers of his mighty mind. We talked of public places and one gentleman spoke warmly in praise of Sadler's Wells. Mr. C——, who had been so unfortunate as to displease Dr. Johnson, and wished to reinstate himself in his good opinion, thought he could not do it more effectually than by decrying such light amusements as those of tumbling and rope dancing: in particular, he asserted that "a rope dancer was, in his opinion, the most despicable of human beings." Johnson (awfully rolling his eyes, as he prepared to speak, and bursting out into a thundering tone,) "Sir, you might as well say that St. Paul was the most despicable of human beings. Let us be ware how we petulantly and ignorantly traduce a character which puts all other characters to shame. Sir, a rope dancer concentrates in himself all the cardinal virtues."

Well as I was, by this time, acquainted with the sophistical talents of my illustrious friend, and often as I had listened to him in wonder, while he "made the worse appear the better reason," I could not but suppose that, for once, he had been betrayed by his violence into an asser-

tion which he could not support. Urged by my curiosity, and perhaps rather wickedly desirous of leading him into a contest, I ventured, leaning briskly towards him across my friend the Duke of ——'s chair, to say in a sportive familiar manner, which he sometimes indulgently permitted me to use, "Indeed, Dr. Johnson! did I hear you right? A rope-dancer concentrate in himself all the cardinal virtues?" The answer was ready — Johnson, "Why, yes, Sir, deny it who dare. I say, in a rope dancer there is temperance and faith, and hope, and charity, and justice, and prudence, and fortitude." Still I was not satisfied: and, desirous to hear his proofs at full length: Boswell, "Why, to be sure, Sir, fortitude I can easily conceive." — Johnson (interrupting me), "Sir, if you cannot conceive the rest, Sir, it is to no purpose that you conceive the seventh. But to those who cannot comprehend, it is necessary to explain. Why, then Sir, we will begin with temperance. Sir, if the joys of the bottle entice him one inch beyond the line of sobriety, his life or limbs must pay the forfeit of his excess. Then, Sir, there is faith. Without unshaken confidence in his own powers, and full assurance that the rope is firm, his temperance will be but of little advantage; the unsteadiness of his nerves would prove as fatal as the intoxication of his brain. Next, Sir, we have hope. A dance so dangerous who ever exhibited, unless lured by the hope of fortune or of fame? Charity next follows: and what instance of charity shall be opposed to that of him, who, in the hope of ad-

ministering

ministering to the gratification of others, braves the hiss of multitudes, and derides the dread of death? Then, Sir, what man will withhold from the funambulist the praise of justice who considers his inflexible uprightness, and that he holds his balance with so steady a hand, as never to incline, in the minutest degree, to one side or the other. Nor, in the next place, is his prudence more disputable than his justice. He has chosen, indeed, a dangerous accomplishment; but, while it is remembered that he is temerarious in the maturity of his art, let it not be forgotten that he was cautious in its commencement and that, while he was yet in the rudiments of rope-dancing, he might securely fall in his footing, while his instructors stood ready on either side to prevent or to alleviate his fall. Lastly, Sir those who from dullness or from obstinacy, shall refuse to the rope-dancer the applauses due to temperance, faith, hope, charity, justice, and prudence, will yet scarcely be so hardened in falsehood or in folly, as to deny him the laurels of fortitude. He that is content to totter on a cord, while his fellow mortals tread securely on the broad basis of *terra firma*; who performs the jocund evolutions of the dance on a superficies, compared to which, the verge of a precipice is a stable station; may rightfully snatch the wreath from the conqueror and the martyr; may boast that he exposes himself to hazards from which he might fly to the cannon's mouth as a refuge or a relaxation! Sir let us now be told no more of the infamy of the rope-dancer." When he had ended, I could not help whispering Sir J. R. Boswell, "How wonderfully does our friend extricate himself out of difficulties! He is like quicksilver: try to grasp him in your hand, and he makes his escape between every

finger." This image I afterwards ventured to mention to our great moralist and Lexicographer, saying, "May I not flatter myself, Sir, that it was a passable metaphor?" Johnson, "Why, yes, Sir."

The humble Petition of the Roman Catholic Prelates of Ireland to King James II. praying Permission to make use of the University of Dublin.

To the King's most excellent Majesty.

The humble Petition of the Catholic Prelates of Ireland,

THAT the royal college of Dublin is the only university of this kingdom, and now wholly at your majesty's disposal, the teachers and scholars having deserted it;

That before the reformation it was common to all the natives of this country as the other most famous universities of Europe to theirs, respectively and the ablest scholars of this nation preferred to be professors, and teachers therein, without any distinction of orders, congregations or politic bodies other than that of true merit, as the competent judges of learning and piety after a careful and just scrutiny did approve.

That your petitioners being bred in foreign colleges and universities, and acquainted with many of this nation, who in the said universities purchased the credit and renown of very able men in learning; do humbly conceive themselves to be qualified for being competent and proper judges of the fittest to be impartially presented to your majesty, and employed as such directors and teachers (whether secular or regular clergymen) as may best deserve it; which as it is the practice of other catholic universities, so it will undoubtedly prove a great

great encouragement to learning, and very advantageous to this nation, entirely devoted to your majesty's interest.

Your petitioners therefore do most humbly pray, that your majesty may be graciously pleased to let your Irish catholic subjects make use of the said college for the instruction of their youth, and that it may be a general seminary for the clergy of this kingdom, and that either all the bishops or such of them as your majesty will

think fit, may (by your royal authority and commission) present the most deserving persons to be directors and teachers in the said college, and to oversee it to the end that it may be well ruled and governed, and pure orthodox doctrine, piety and virtue, be taught and practised therein to the honour and glory of God, propagation of his true religion, and general good of your majesty's subjects in the realm; and as in duty bound, they will ever pray. &c.

—000000—

Catholic Meeting, May 24, 1809.

WE have frequently expressed our opinion on the passion certain men have for appearing in public life. Conscious abilities is an excuse for obtrusion, but when incapacity and impertinence force themselves on our notice, and volunteer in our service, we should in defence of our reputation as well as our interest dismiss such men with every mark of dignified reprehension. Certain barristers of little notoriety in the profession have been particularly active in agitating the Catholic question, soliciting signatures and calling meetings, and reporting speeches in print, they are incompetent to pronounce in public. Many of our Catholic-brethren have in this manner ingratiated themselves with the government and have acquired ease and opulence, as the reward of their zeal and industry. The late doctor and counsellor McKenna had written himself into a decent pension which he retained to his death, tho' his great abilities did not amend the condition of four millions of suffering men, the suspension of them relieved the government, and that government very candidly provided for

JUNE, 1809.

K k

him, thus one Catholic was made comfortable, and the four millions lost their advocate. Counsellors Bellew and Lynch enjoy a decent share of affluence from the same quarter, and we expect the services of the other young and adventurous candidates will not long remain neglected. Their ingenuity is considerably supported by the agency of certain newspapers, elegant speeches are printed for their respective uses and dispersed through the country and the empire, at the earliest notice. While the classic energy and manly eloquence of the veteran Keogh have been excluded any insertion until the public feeling had been surfeited with the artful trash and unmanly adulation which the place hunting confederacy dressed up for their own purposes. Mr. Keogh's animated and instructive speech and resolutions, would have been ever concealed had not the Evening Herald first published them, for, Mr. Keogh it appears, is not accustomed to have his speeches revised and ready for the press, a day or two before they are spoken. After all the artifice that has been used the public will

will never be persuaded, even by the eloquence of an O'Gorman, or the hired varnishing of a Lynch, that clumsy flatterers are good speakers that pension hunters or pensioners can be honest advocates, or that patriots can be transformed into steady loyalists, without the indulgence of power or the assistance of the Treasury. Mr. Perceval though a bigot and an anticatholic is too good a statesman to refuse a subsidy to a plebian papist, which he often bestowed to popish kings.

Exhibition Room, William-street.

Lord Fingall being unanimously called to the Chair, and Mr. May the Secretary to the Catholic Body, having read the requisition for which the meeting was convened.

Mr. O'Gorman rose and addressed the meeting. He began by observing that he laboured under that peculiar kind of difficulty, which was experienced by those who argued in favour of a self evident proposition. That the Catholic cause was that of justice and policy it was not now necessary to discuss at least in that assembly. The only possible difference of opinion that could be entertained, referred merely to the means of carrying their object into execution, and to the time of introducing the proposition. Upon this ground, and upon this only, he understood that the antagonists of petition meant to rest their objections. He had only "a round unvarnished tale" of the sufferings of the Catholics, and of a history of their claim to deliver, in order to annihilate the objections which were urged against the time and instruments. After a lapse of 120 years of degradation and severity, the Catholics in 1774, presumed to petition, and what was granted them? why, they were allowed by

a special Act of Parliament, to take the oath of allegiance, and it was considered a mighty boon! In 1778, a Bill was introduced to relieve them, and what did this Bill enact? They were allowed to take leases for nine hundred and ninety nine years. Rousing again from their apathy and indolence in 1782—that period so renowned for a restoration of the Constitution to the Protestants of Ireland, so dear to the country on many accounts, they obtained—what? Why, in that period of Liberty and Freedom, of Emancipation from the yoke of a British Parliament, and of a Restoration of Ireland to all the honours and substantial blessings of the British Constitution, they obtained an act of Parliament to empower them to take leases for lives! This was a history of the Catholic cause in early times; and it was to be observed, even at this period, that not even these concessions, trivial as they must appear, were granted without repeated application and continual struggle. From this period, the Catholics rested in tame and miserable acquiescence, until the year 1792. Did the Commons did the Lords, did any branch of the Legislature, did any public man, any patriot of the day, arise and advocate their claims? Were not laws made for Ireland, were not commercial arrangements adopted as if there were not such people in the island? Did not representatives of the people legislate, without regarding their cause more than they did the cause of Chili or Peru? Why? Because they did not petition—because they lay back with servility, and, he was almost inclined to add, with baseness—However they awakened once more to a sense of their degradation, and petitioned in the year 1792. He was almost ashamed to recal to the recollection of that assembly the reception

tion of that petition. It was moderate, and heaven knows! humble enough—yet how was it received? Why, out of an House of Commons consisting of more than 300 members it found 23 supporters! Mark, however, how this very same parliament acted, when our gracious Monarch, to whose recommendation only the Catholics are indebted for most of the rights to which they have been restored, espoused their cause: why this very parliament unanimously granted, in 1793, the very claims which they had almost unanimously scouted but six months before! It was unnecessary to recall to the recollection of the meeting the period of Lord Fitzwilliam's administration, and the calamitous consequences of his recall. The petition, seconded by almost all the Protestants of Ireland, was rejected by the Irish Parliament in 1795; but the progress it had made was irresistible. Mr. Pitt felt it, and promised total emancipation to the Catholics of Ireland, as a reward for the support which he demanded from them, to carry the Union. In 1801, that minister resigned the government of the state upon this principle or pretence. In 1805, when he had returned to power, the petition was presented for the first time to a British House of Commons. During the preceding period the cause of liberality and good sense had made considerable progress. Although rejected, it was discussed at that period with great moderation and good sense. We obtained not only all the unprejudiced and enlightened part of the community, but the powerful abilities of a Fox, a Grenville, and a Windham were arrayed on our side. He would also mention those ornaments of the Episcopal Bench—the bishops of Landaff and Norwich; superior to mere theological feelings, those prelates raised

their voices in favour of universal toleration. Now, he would ask, how had we gained such advocates? merely and solely by keeping our claims alive, by reminding our fellow-subjects of the Protestant persuasion that there were four millions of Catholics who prized religious and political liberty as highly as they did, and who felt as ardent a desire to participate in the blessings and enjoyment of that most admirable constitution to which they were so justly and so entirely attached. He would now come to a period when their friends were in power—these orators and statesmen who so warmly supported their claims while in opposition. Aggregately and as individuals, for those gentlemen he had the highest respect; but in 1803 when a petition was proposed, he did not feel inclined to accede to the general wish of postponing its presentation solely for their comfort or convenience. He gave them every credit, he trusted implicitly in the sincerity and candour of their professions, but he was unwilling to sacrifice to them or to any men under the vital and sacred principle of emancipation. The Catholics however, judged it expedient to postpone their claims, and in their judgment he acquiesced, although reluctantly. Well—when they were dismissed for endeavouring to grant to the Catholics of England a slight boon we deemed it expedient to come forward with our petition again. How was it received? Why there never was a measure more temperately, more candidly discussed. All the prejudices that were entertained in the most obdurate quarter, were dissipating gradually and indeed were almost extinguished. Now he would contend, that this gradual amelioration of the public sentiment—this perceptible retreat of bigotry and prejudices that solely to be attributed to the system
latter!

latterly adopted by the Catholics, of frequent, respectful, but vigorous petition. We made progress every year by this means—if continued, if persevered in with respect, he entertained not the shadow of a doubt of the final consummation of the Catholic wishes. Here Mr. O’Gorman referred to the cry of “No Popery,” and contended that the clamour reached only the surface of society, and never extended to the people of England in general. Every revolving Session demonstrated that the prejudice of that enlightened portion of their fellow subjects were on the wane. Why the Parliament might be said to be favourable to the claims of the Catholics—for not an individual in either house opposed their petition on *principle*. Latterly the Press was unanimously in their favour. If it were only such an article as appeared in one of the most illustrious journals of the day, he meant *The Edinburgh Review*, he for one would petition. He would be bold to say that that Review did more to remove prejudices, and to enlighten the people of England, than all the literary and oratorical advocates the Catholics could boast on this side the Irish channel.

Mr. O’Gorman further in a very animated and forcible speech, and which was received throughout with marked approbation. He concluded by apologizing for having occupied so much of the attention of the assembly—particularly as it was not his object to address them, having expected that Mr. Burke of Glinsk would have opened the proceedings of the Catholic Body that day; he regretted his absence, but hoped he would arrive before the meeting was dissolved. Returning to the lateness of the Session, he alluded to a cogent and excellent argument which Mr. Keogh used in 1807; and then moved a

Resolution, similar to the one proposed at that period by that Friend and Father to the Catholic cause.

Mr. Lalor (of the county of Tipperary) rose and seconded the motion.

Sir Francis Gould rose to propose an Amendment. He disclaimed, most pointedly, any intention to impede the great and vital object of Petition. He therefore moved, that a Committee be appointed to frame and prepare one against next Session; and that a Member of Parliament, upon whose friendship and advocacy we could rely, should be requested during this Session, to give notice that it would be presented early in the next. This he was anxious to have done, lest our brethren in England might suppose we intended to sleep upon our grievances, or to rest upon our oars.

Mr. O’Gorman immediately expressed his readiness to withdraw his motion, and to allow that of Sir Francis Gould to remain as the original question in the hands of the Chairman.

Mr. Boile expressed his perfect and hearty concurrence with what had fallen from the hon. mover, in reference to the grievances, under which his Catholic fellow-subjects had so long, and so unjustly groaned; as likewise with respect to the general expediency of petition for their removal—He could not, however, assent to the propriety of having recourse to that measure immediately in the present instance. This, surely, could not by any construction, be called a meeting of the Catholics of Ireland. Neither could such a meeting, with convenience, and therefore with success, ever be assembled in the capital. He was himself from the South of Ireland, and had he not been upon business in Dublin, should not then have the honor of addressing them. It was not to be expected, it could not be expected, that

Gentlemen

Gentlemen at so great a distance should, upon a requisition signed by any number of individuals, abandon their domestic affairs, to attend to what, after all, although of transcendent importance in itself, was, as it regarded the individual, a concern of secondary consideration. He then adverted to the supposed expediency of petition upon the present occasion, which he reprobated in the strongest terms, as calculated to keep in office a set of the worst men that had ever disgraced it; and who were now, from the discovery of their own wickedness and corruptions, tottering in their places. The measure, recommended by the hon. mover, would, he asserted, by turning the current of public observation from them to another object, have the effect of rescuing them from their critical situation. "No Popery" had placed them in office, and "No Popery" would keep them there. Another circumstance he thought not irrelevant to the present discussion. A meeting of the Roman Catholic Prelates had lately taken place in Dublin, to consider the propriety and expediency of conferring upon the Crown a negative voice, of as it was called, a *veto*, in the nomination to vacant sees. He did not mean to speak in the slightest degree disrespectfully of their motives or functions, but certainly their refusing that prerogative to the Throne ———

[Here some marks of disapprobation, from a certain quarter, took place, so as to interrupt the Speaker.]

Mr. Lawless rose to order—upon which Counsellor O'Connell observed, that it was not seemly to interrupt any gentleman who addressed the meeting, nor consistent with the dignity of the Catholic Body to suffer it. Every one should be allowed to express his sentiments, and if the motive was good it would appear.

If the gentleman wanted only by plausible interference to throw back the Catholic question, that too would appear.

"I say," continued Mr. Boile, that the offer of a *veto* to the Crown procured us many friends—that cannot be denied; if so, it follows the withdrawing it must have procured us some enemies.—Let us not imagine that those who are now hostile to Ministers are therefore friendly to the Catholics of Ireland—far from it. Many, who have lately returned their thanks to Colonel Wardle, would if called upon, vote against them. He should say little more, but could not conceal his astonishment, or repress his indignation at hearing a learned gentleman insinuate at least that he wanted to *throw back* the Catholic question. He had no private motives, no pecuniary interests, no professional pursuit to warp his sentiments, and while his expressions were correct and respectful to that Assembly, how dared any individual, attribute them to any but the purest and most honourable motives?

Lord Fingal, as Chairman, allowed that the member was out of order, as the question respecting the *veto* was irrelevant to this meeting.

Mr. Baggot then addressed the assembly, saying that, upon the subject of grievance, there could be no difference of opinion; they were severe, they were oppressive, and sufficient, if any thing could do it, to render the Catholics of Ireland indifferent to the issue of the arduous contest in which the Empire was engaged. He therefore was a friend to petition, but he wished that the sense of the whole people should be taken upon it. Meetings of the Catholics in every county, and in every town should be held for that purpose, and then the voice of his Majesty's subjects would reach the seat of the

Throne

Throne with effect. Of its beneficial effects and final success he would entertain no doubt, when he considered the increased and increasing liberality of his protestant countrymen, as well as those of the sister kingdom, but above all, when he viewed the character of the Prince and his august family. He saw his protestant fellow subjects contributing largely and generously to the erecting of Catholic places of worship, and for every charitable purpose. He saw in London itself a more magnificent establishment than any in this country could boast of, of the same kind for the support of distressed Irish Catholics, patronized by the chief nobility of the realm; and by all the members of the Royal Family. He reminded the meeting that it was at the recommendation of the King himself, that every concession to the Catholics of Ireland had been made, and that the elective franchise was the consequence of royal liberality. He insisted particularly upon the condescending, mild and conciliatory manner, in which the Catholic Delegates had been received at St. James's and which had made a profound, a lasting, an indelible impression of gratitude upon his mind. From all these circumstances, Mr. Baggot enforced the certainty of success to a petition brought forward in the manner and under the auspices he alluded to.

Mr. Keogh — "I, my Lord, was one of those delegates, and I am sorry to say that the impression which our reception at Court, especially the last of the three times I had the honour of visiting it, has left my mind, is, although profound, and perhaps undelible, yet of a very different nature from that experienced by the Gentleman, who spoke last, who was not there, and who certainly

was not instrumental in sending forward that delegation. — But he has told you, and I perfectly concur with him in sentiment, that, upon the subject of our grievances, there can be no difference of opinion. — Certainly not; we all, in our several departments of life, feel the galling chain that embitters it, and, however we may vary as to the *mode*, we are unanimous as to the *necessity*, of getting rid of our shackles. All equally anxious for the common cause, we are not divided into parties — and united by a communion of interests, and a sympathy in suffering, faction and factious motives are unknown amongst us. Attached, as I may be supposed (and God knows I am not!) to the resolutions, which I hold in my hand, and mean to propose to this meeting, I will with this hand burn them before you if any individual in this assembly can produce what, in my apprehension, is better calculated to forward the object for which we are convened. Petition, in our present circumstances, is not, in my opinion, best calculated to forward that object, and before I sit down I shall, as well as my infirmities permit, assign my reasons for entertaining such opinion.

And let me begin by asking your Lordship, to whom, to which of the parties in the house are we to present our petition? Is it to the Ministry, who have come into power, upon the express condition of excluding us even from a prospect of admission into the constitution? Is it to the interior Cabinet, which is said to controul the Councils of the Administration, and which is known to be invicibly adverse to our cause? Or is to the liberal and enlightened mind of the efficient Minister himself, Mr. Spencer Perceval, who has
openly

openly and ingenuously declared that were he the subject of a Catholic state, he would use his utmost endeavours to subvert the establishment for the purpose of substituting his own? I am willing to believe, however, that that Right Honourable Gentleman would, if brought to the proof, be a little more circumspect in his zeal, and that there is at this moment a CATHOLIC POTENTATE in the world, under whose government if chance or fortune had placed him, the Right Honourable Spencer Perceval would ponder, and reflect, and look about him for a considerable time, before he took the first step towards subverting, or even *touching* any one of that Potentate's establishment. Neither is it to what is, or was called, the opposition in parliament that we ought to look with confidence for any thing like effectual support. The character of both parties is now perfectly known to us, and ought to have been so since the period of agitating the question of UNION. At that period, advantage was taken of the unsuspecting temper, peculiarly characteristic of our countrymen. Each of the factions applied to them for their support, each with promises of emancipation as the reward; but when severally called upon to give some substantial, some unequivocal pledge of the sincerity of their intentions, both refused, both chose rather to lose the favourite object of their pursuit, than to consent to the emancipation of four millions of their countrymen. Had it been otherwise, had the Catholics of Ireland upon that occasion, a Parliament to support, and a country to vindicate, they would have raised a cry against the measure that would have been heard by the advocates of Union with terror and acquiescence. But let us next consider what was the

conduct of our friends, when they came into power; those friends, who had declared the restitution of our rights, not merely just or expedient, not merely essential to the welfare, but absolutely necessary to the very existence of the State; those friends, who advised us to come forward with our claim, session after session and never to desist until they were granted. Why those friends acted exactly as their predecessors would have done; with the dignity, they assumed the manners of office; they were formal, they were frigid; "that was not the time to press our petition"—it was not, indeed, and had they retained their places, the time would never have come, not more than it is likely to arrive during the Administration of their successors, who have with comparative candours declared that, under no possible circumstances, are the Catholics of Ireland to expect any amelioration of what their condition was at the enactment of the Union. This is not a matter of conjecture—it was practically proved by their conduct in office. They did bring in a bill, not for our relief, but merely to put the military in England upon the same footing as those in Ireland, as to the laws respecting religion. This was considered by the besotted rabble of England, at the suggestion of their present rulers, as an attack upon the established faith. The vulgar, venal herd of every rank joined in the infernal yell of "No Popery," and an act of, to us, a nugatory nature, and devised by the then Ministry to impose upon our understanding, was dropped like something noxious, with a promise never again to resume it—This, however, was not sufficient to keep them in their places. The King, they are reported to have said, would not take their word; his Majesty insisted upon a written pledge, upon the

the refusal of which they were dismissed from his service. So much for the conduct of our "illustrious friends," while they had an opportunity to evince the sincerity of their attachment to our cause.

But the Gentleman, who last addressed your Lordship, recommended particular meetings for each town and country, for the purpose of collecting the general sense of the people. I make no doubt of the sincerity of his intentions, nor of the purity of the motives by which he is actuated; but after this, I may be permitted to doubt whether Doctor Duigenan himself, or Sir Richard Musgrave could have given advice more decidedly hostile to our views. We all know what effect such a mode of collecting the sense of the people would produce; besides is not that sense already sufficiently known? "Lives there who loves his pain?" Is it necessary to enquire now a days whether the Catholics are tired of their degradation? No, no my Lord, no matter *when*, or *where*, or *who* petitions for the removal of that degradation, he is sure to express the sense of the people, and to have the heart of the people along with him.

Those who argue that Ministers, when they see the inefficacy of standing armies for the defence of thrones will at length enlist the people in their cause by spontaneous concession, I certainly admire much more for their ardour of their imagination than the depth of their understanding. Ministers have had this experience long before them; and what effect has it produced? Nothing, certainly, in point of concession. This has been proved to a demonstration in the late revolution in Spain. The two Princes of that country were trepanned; their standing armies were either transported elsewhere, or had abandoned their cause. A hundred thou-

sand Frenchmen were in the very bosom of the country, in possession of their fortresses, their harbours, and their fleets. The People of Spain were delivered over bound hand and foot to the omnivorous ambition of Bonaparte. But a sudden burst of popular indignation took place, and that people after having given him more trouble than all the military nations upon the Continent still remains unsubdued. It is no exaggeration to say, that the Supreme Junta have uniformly acted under the guidance of the English cabinet, and that their measures, whether good or bad, must be attributed to its Ministers. Yet those Ministers, although entirely and completely depending, in that country upon the *voluntary* support of the people, never once thought of redressing any one of their grievances, and left the abolition of vassalage of feudal tenures, and of the Inquisition to Bonaparte. Is it not astonishing, can any thing but intellectual blindness account for such infatuation? Suppose the possibility of invasion in this country and it requires no enormous stretch of imagination to suppose it. Suppose that artful politician, as well as consummate General, to say to the People of Ireland, "tithes are abolished." Religious distinctions are abolished"—the UNION is abolished"—and suppose, what, I trust, will never happen, that the Irish people were weak enough to be seduced by his specious promises, what topics of encouragement would the English government resort to counteract that seduction, and to recall their once loyal subjects to the duties of allegiance? Would they say, "Come, gallant Irishmen, take up arms against the invaders of your *property*, and the *tithes* shall be restored to you; vindicate your oppressed religion and the *penal laws* shall be re-enacted; rise
against

against the destroyers of your *National Independence*, that you may recover the blessings in *Union!*" These would be dangerous topics to be insisted upon in such a case; and to anticipate the designs of an insidious enemy, to turn them against himself, to convert the very abuses of our own Government, by redressing them, into arms for its defence, would be the work of real patriotism, of genuine loyalty, but a work which I much fear, the present Ministry of England will never perform or undertake.

And yet, it is to this Ministry that our petition is to be presented, the only effect of which will be to turn the observation of the English public from themselves to us, and merge their wishes for Reform in the terrors of "No Popery." Nothing that they have not already heard can be now urged in our favour. Argument has been exhausted, eloquence strained to her utmost pitch, and conviction enforced upon the dullest minds—but in vain—to what new topics, then, must our petitioners resort, in order to obtain, what ought long since to have been granted, if eloquence, and reason, and conviction had their due weight. Danger itself has lost its powers of persuasion; the destroyers has knocked at our gates, and yet we do not take the alarm. More anxious to procure converts than soldiers, our English Saints attempt to raise recruits for their spiritual kingdom by sending over to the poor Irish cheap *prayer books* and *Irish bibles*, which they require them to read and understand although scarcely any two of themselves are agreed about their meaning. Alas! this is not the way to check the strides of Bonaparte. He is no respecter of religions, any more than of persons. "The Catholic, he says is welcome"

JUNE, 1809.

to me—the Protestant is welcome to me—the Presbyterian is welcome to me—nay the man of *liberality* that is of no *religion at all*, is right welcome to me. Attached to no particular form of faith, but an honorary member of all, submission to *my* power is the only article in any man's creed that I insist upon, and that I shall take care to enforce." Such in reality is the man, we have to encounter, and by such conduct, and by such principles, has he subjugated the continent of Europe. It should be our business, that is the business of the government, to use every means to avoid falling into the same gulph, that has swallowed up state after state, kingdom after kingdom, and empire after empire. This can be done only by calling into action the whole energy of the people of Ireland, which can be effected only by the unqualified emancipation of the Catholics, that is by raising them to the rank of subjects. While I insist that petition to the present ministers is not calculated to procure that emancipation, let no man say that I wish to relinquish our claims. This may be the last time I shall address you. With my dying breath, with my last words, as a testamentary bequest to my beloved countrymen, I recommend to them never to relinquish, never even to relax in the pursuit of their undoubted, and indubitable rights. Standing on the very verge of life, I should wish to shake off my trammels before I die, I should not wish to carry my chains into the grave. But still I insist that this is not a time for petitioning for their removal, and under this impression I move that, after the word *RESOLVED*, the following be inserted.

Resolved, We, the Catholics of Ireland, have made repeated Petitions for the relief of our grievances —

L 1

The

The greatest and wisest of men, both in and out of Parliament, both in and out of Office, were decidedly in favour of the expediency and justice of our claims; and they further insisted that it was necessary to the very existence of the empire to interest in its defence a population of from four to five millions of Catholics, constituting more than a fourth of the united kingdom.—We are now unhappily and experimentally convinced that no principle of justice, no force of reasoning, is sufficient to counteract a malignant influence which threatens the empire with general contamination, and consequent destruction.—Public delinquents and defaulters would put to hazard the existence of the reigning family and the integrity of the empire, rather than restore the people to the privileges of the constitution, which would produce such wholesome reform of abuses as must deprive themselves of the opportunity of undue influence and speculation.—Under these discouraging circumstances without hope of success at present, we are unwilling to agitate our claims by petition to parliament, feeling that rejection might encrease the discontent already existing in our body; and we cannot be indifferent to the pernicious effect of acquainting authentically, through the debates of the British Parliament, our potent and too successful enemy with the internal divisions, the corruptions of the state, in the only powerful nation not yet subject to his controul.

This motion was seconded by Sir Thomas Esmonde, Bart. and supported by the Hon. Mr. French.

Mr. O'Connell commenced his speech by lamenting the extraneous topics which had been introduced as he conceived most injudiciously and

improperly, by some gentlemen who had preceded him in the debate. He deprecated altogether that feeling which led to the introduction of matter irrelevant to the grand object in view—that of obtaining complete and speedy Emancipation for the Catholics of Ireland; no petty hostility, no mean gratification of personal prejudice, no individual ambition should interfere to the preclusion of that wise, energetic and collective effort, which, and which only, could crown their cause with final success. He admitted that to be Leader of the Catholics was a proud and ennobling distinction; but he could not sufficiently reprobate the idea of raising up separate interests among the Catholic body—of palsying the main principle of Union, and frittering down the grand elements of action by paltry plans and ill-digested projects. It seemed to be the wish of many persons in the present meeting, to enforce the imperative necessity of presenting a Petition to the Imperial Parliament during the present session. He confessed himself decidedly hostile to this proposition—because he could not satisfy himself as to the result proposed from its adoption. He was anxious to petition every session—he was convinced of the policy of enlightening the public mind, by the discussion of their case every successive session; but he could not see the benefit of petitioning *after* the session. What! was it to be supposed that their advocates in parliament should address the thunders of their eloquence to deserted walls, and untenanted benches? Was it to be supposed that the cause of the Catholics of Ireland was to be pleaded before the remnant of the Treasury Bench, and the bigoted battalion of the “No Popery” faction? He was against every suggestion of this kind, and he trusted

trusted that the good sense of the meeting would ultimately reject it. For himself he was free to confess, that, if so humble an individual might be permitted to offer an opinion, the course that appeared to him most judicious to pursue, under the present circumstances, was, to appoint a committee for the purpose of preparing a petition, couched in the most proper and respectful terms, in order to be ready for presentation early in the next session. A great consideration at the present moment was the state of parties in England. The nation was divided into two great parties : one of which he could not better describe than by recalling to the meeting their historical recollection of the Puritans. In those days of fanatic folly and intolerant enthusiasm, there was a parliament composed of men, who, in arraying themselves in the degrading garb of ignorance and bigotry, conceived themselves to be "putting on the whole armour of Light." One called himself "Praise God Barebones," and another, not knowing that Mesopotamia was a country, made himself geographically evangelical, by assuming the appellation. We could match these wretches in our own times. We have *Praise God Perceval*, *Barebones Castlereagh*, and *Mesopotamia Wilberforce*. These were the men who moistened with their tears the chains of the fable savages of Africa ; these were the men who poured out a deluge of sensibility in conjuring the legislature of Britain to blot out from the catalogue of enormities the national crime of continuing the Slave Trade ; yet when the Catholics of Ireland came forward humbly to prefer their claims for Freedom, they scouted their petition and vilified their cause. The petitions of negroes were countenanced, and their objects pro-

moted : but when the prayer of five millions of Irish Catholics, professing the religion of the "fair bosomed daughters of Erin" came to be considered, humanity justice, even wisdom, seemed to fly from the hearts and minds of the ministry. What is it we ask ? Is it permission to overturn the state, or to destroy the hierarchy ? Is it to exterminate our Protestant brethren, or eradicate their faith ? No—we simply request to be allowed a share in the privileges which are now limited to Protestants ; we entreat to be admitted to the bosom of that constitution which we are willing to present our bosoms to defend ; we seek for participation in those rights and immunities, which as fellow-men we have a moral right to require and enjoy ; we wish to enter into the generous competition for the dignities and honors of the liberal professions—and to render services to our country by the exertion of talents and industry which without meaning to offer an insult to Protestants, we may assert that Protestants are not exclusively possessed of.—Mr. O'Connell here took occasion to pay a warm and elegantly turned compliment to the unvarying liberality and parental benevolence of his Majesty. It should ever be remembered with gratitude and loyalty by the Roman Catholics of Ireland, that all the boons which they had now to acknowledge, had been conferred upon them during the reign of the present monarch ; and he attributed not the slightest portion of veracity to those persons who described the king as decidedly unfriendly to further concessions. These, said Mr. O'Connell, are the sum and substance of our claims—and we contend that the concession would contribute most signally, to bind round the throne with additional securities, and most effectually

usually repel the designs of the Ruler of France, whose implacable enmity we are unceasingly experiencing. The other consideration by which he was acted in endeavouring to postpone the petition, arose from contemplating the progress of another party in England, totally different from that which he had previously tried to delineate. His party was composed of those persons who anxiously exerted themselves to procure a Reform of the Commons House of Parliament. He was desirous that the meeting would by their resolutions express their strong and unequivocal concurrence in the object professed by the Friends of Reform, and he was the more particular on this head, because he felt a decided conviction that the final triumph of the Catholic cause would be obtained by the infusion of new principle and intelligent liberality into the House of Commons, by a calm and temperate Reform.

Mr. O'Connell then concluded a most animated speech, by again entreating the meeting to divest themselves of all personal animosities or party feelings, but to rally round the real spirit of the Catholic cause with undivided energy and combined effort. He pronounced a most chaste and elegant panegyric upon Counsellor O Gorman, who had, he said, evinced himself an industrious advocate and expounder of the Catholic cause, and deserving of the highest confidence which could be placed in any individual. Mr. O'C. then sat down, amidst the universal and long continued plaudits of the whole assembly.

Counsellor Lynch in a speech full of animation and warmth, opposed the resolution proposed by Mr. Keogh. He lamented that the Catholic body had been convened at

this particular period—at the close of a session, and when it was physically impossible that any thing effectual could be accomplished with respect to their claims. But he was more than surprised, when, instead of coming to a decision on the subject for which the meeting was called a gentleman should propose a string of resolutions which could only tend to inflame the minds of the Catholic body, without attaining any one advantage. The object of the meeting was to consider the expediency of petitioning this session, and that the measure was found not to be practicable. Mr. Lynch said, he considered the dignified line to adopt was an adjournment of the meeting. Mr. Lynch said, he could not submit to the observations which had been made on the conduct of the present ministry when the Catholic petition was introduced into Parliament; he was not an advocate for Mr. Perceval or Lord Castlereagh, but he would do justice to those gentlemen on that occasion; never was a measure treated with more respect—never was a measure discussed with more temper and moderation. He would appeal to the candour of the gentlemen present, whether the present ministry, though the measure was rejected, did not act with the utmost propriety and respect, in the discussion which took place on the petition. A great deal had been said, Mr. Lynch observed, on the success of France and the extent of its power; and also on the population of Ireland as affected by Catholic restriction. For his part he deprecated all connection of French success with Catholic claims—The rights of the Catholics stood on a distinct independent ground, and no way connected with Continental affairs. Their claims were built on the basis of public peace and

and public happiness; and it would be a most fortunate circumstance for the empire that there existed no difference of religion, but that every person in the community were united in a determination to resist the common enemy of all human tranquillity. He conjured the meeting to be unanimous—to act with dignity and temper, and to leave no open to their enemies to charge them with any disposition to excite public disturbance or public fermentation. The time would come when the prejudices of their protestant fellow subjects would die away, when the necessity of opposing effectually the power of France, would constitute the prominent feature of Imperial politics, and it would then be discovered that the apprehensions entertained on the Catholic claims was without foundation.

Mr Burke, of Gloucest. said—My Lord, I have little to add to what my honourable friend Sir Francis Gould, has said. I beg leave to support his amendment in the strongest manner. I look on the emancipation of the Catholics to be the certain way of securing the prosperity of this country, and the safety of the constitution, by uniting us all in one body, to oppose that tyrant, who overruns and conquers, almost the rest of Europe. And I move, my Lord, that a subscription be forthwith entered into, in order to defray the expenses attending our patriotic undertaking, which was accordingly done to a large amount.

Mr Fallon spoke to the same purpose.

Dr. Drumgold objected against

the violence of Mr. Keogh's resolutions, and after a few appropriate remarks, moved a string of resolutions, which having been seconded and put from the chair, a warm debate ensued, when at length the question being put upon them, they were negatived without a division.

Counsellor O'Gorman, in a very able and animated manner, expatiated on Mr. Keogh's resolutions. He called them too intemperate and violent, and tending, as such, to mar the very object they had in view. He said, without hesitation, that the best friends to the constitution, to the consequent safety of the country, to the peace of Ireland, and to the success of the cause they were engaged in—were they who fought by temperate and becoming means to accomplish it; and that he conceived should be best done by petition.

Mr. Keogh replied at some length: and Mr. McDonnell supported him.

Mr. Mahon, in a clear and comprehensive speech, opposed the Resolutions of Mr. Keogh upon nearly the same grounds as Counsellor O'Gorman. While the liberality of our protestant fellow-subjects were evinced by uniting their voice and vows with those of their Catholic brethren, he earnestly deprecated any division among these latter.

A division then was loudly called for, when the numbers were.

For Mr. Keogh's resolutions 830
For Sir F. Gould's amend-

ment 110

Majority 750

On

On the adoption of Christian Names.

PROVINCIAL degradation has so reduced the public mind in this country, that the remembrance of former independence, with the manly struggles of our oppressed fathers, appear so obliterated by ages of unceasing persecution, and the gradual adoption of foreign manners which ignorance or meanness imitated, had so apparently reconciled us to our servitude that every trace of Irish character appears receding from what was Ireland, or cancelled from the page of our history. We cannot pretend to vindicate our feelings by insisting on a restoration to the rank of nations from which we have been removed, nor to a resumption of that commercial intercourse which the boundless ocean offers to industry and enterprise. The latter privilege which tempts even the avidity of slaves, is so firmly placed out of our reach and even our hopes, that nothing but the most romantic temerity would once give it entertainment in the understanding which a temperate mind should be governed by, on recollecting not only the strength of our masters, but the numbers of our fellow-countrymen whose respective jealousy and subservient tempers would unite against any effort of extending our communications, lest, consequent opulence should lead to a contemplation of independence. Laying those dangerous subjects aside, as they are not topics for the prudent, nor themes for abstract theorists. We might presume to grapple for humble fame, and safe character, where trifling subjects neither dishonour our penetration, nor excite jealousy in our brethren and rivals. If we have wisely given up the use of our country to others for prudential and loyal motives,

such as the wise weak, sacrifice to the strong, we should not at the same time render our intelligence so contemptible, as to abandon the cultivation of our minds, to those who have the management of our country. One loyal sacrifice we are reconciled to, because the tranquillity of the empire depend on it, and the security, trade and dominion, of our English neighbours, should be a first consideration with every man who values the unity and indivisibility of the countries. An English legislature we believe is the most competent judge of these important points of discussion, and to that high and august body we implicitly renounce any right, title or power, which rambling, unconnected, unthinking patriotism may impose on weak minds. Politics and trade, and power are better understood in England than in any other country, and let England long continue to make our laws, as she does our clothes; but as the manufacture of christian names, we hope will never give her any offence, suppose we are to make our own names and cease to import. If great names such as William, and Frederic, and George, and Augustus, and such other high appellations were in such request for the piety and heroism which distinguished the men who bore them, we do not think either the sound so elegant, or the men so eminently conspicuous, as to make it so serious an object of Irish consideration, that we need resort to England or Germany or Holland, to import names into a country where great names have been as numerous of our own growth, and have wanted nothing but the splendour of victory, or the glory of martyrdom, to make them equal to any other men,
that

that ever supported the truths of religion or vindicated the rights of their country. Irish history furnish names enough not only for our children but for our streets and squares, and might be consulted whenever a child or a street, were to be christened. Roderic or Phelim have as much claims on our national taste as any William or George, and would be as elegant. Roderick-square or Phelim bridge would grace our metropolis equally as much as Mountjoy or Essex. Desmond-street, is not inferior in tone to William-street or Georges lane. Boirhne, or Clontarf square would appear to an Irishman as appropriate as Cavendish or Granby. If a filthy passage like Hanover-lane were to be christened, we have names exactly fitted of our own, such as Major-lane, Reynolds-lane, O'Brien-lane, Clare-lane, Ponsonby-lane, Foster-lane, and innumerable others. If a market was to be named, and we would wish a becoming title for

it, why not call it Grattan market? Gallows-hill might be changed to Hep-nistal hill, we have Beresford-place, which is something of Irish manufacture, but if a change were in contemplation, it might be called Pitchcap-place or Whipcord-avenue.

he beautiful seat Marino, though not of German or English origin, is notwithstanding foreign, it would be as well known by naming it Mount HOBISH, *Soot-green*. The names of our public places by being thus domesticated, would record events and men, a species of analyzed history, where infamy or virtue would be immortalized. Smithfield being a mere copy of a name from a cattle market in London, ought to be altered to acquit us of the meanness of plagiarising, as we are furnished with incidents at home that would afford appropriate terms, it could be changed into Parliament-street, Foster-place, Union-place, O'Grady-place, Norbury-place, &c. &c.

—00000—

On Cruelty to Animals.

LORD ERSKINE has brought a bill into the house of Lords of England to prevent cruelty to Animals. This is a very honorable example of British feeling, we would be glad to hear of a clause introduced into the bill to extend the meaning of the Act to protect the poor Irish from the ill use which privileged tormentors apply their power, and thus by delivering them from the wantonness of Majors, Trading Justices and Orangemen, raise them at least to the rank of animals, this might be done by revising an old statute made by the first English invaders, which

imposed a fine on any person who killed a mere Irishman.

Lord Erskine's act has a clause in it to punish persons impounding cattle, for not giving them adequate food, this clause might be enlarged by inflicting a small penalty on country gentlemen who suffer their labouring tenants to perish in unwholesome huts, without allowing sufficient wages to keep them from starving. The want of food in a pound, is caused by not sending it to the pound, the want of food, which the Irish animals universally feel, is by removing it to other countries. What

ever

ever manner things is caused cannot diminish the cruelty of the persons who promote it, and an Irishman ought at least to have as much protection, as an English Hog or Horse, he should not be starved. The sensibility which English gentlemen affect for the brute creation, would not be diminished in the public estimation, if a like anxiety appeared for the hunted and famished poor of

Ireland. Mr Grattans measures of midnight vigilance over the cabins of Ireland, would be rendered somewhat more palatable, if more of our gentry and beef were kept at home, and thus under the encouragement of education and eating, cruelty would diminish, and civilization be promoted by removing the causes of exasperation and tumult.

—000000—

Interesting Extracts from Newspapers.

THE Hibernian Journal has lately undergone a thorough repair, several gentlemen, whose performances at the riding house Marlborough-green in 1798, gave such warm marks of patriotism and public spirit, are retained, to manufacture all the cutting paragraphs.

A new and convenient Water-Closet three Stories high, has been handsomely erected adjoining the Castle gate at Ship-street, this useful addition to the entrance of the seat of our Vice King is intended for the privates of the Commissariat department. It has only one defect which we hope to see speedily removed by adopting the use of some toned instrument, to drown the grumbings of the military votaries of Cloacina during their sacrifices, would spare the feelings of the female passengers who visit Dublin Castle and give general satisfaction to that populous neighbourhood.

By letters received from Glasnevin, we understand, a spirit of fashionable improvement has been adopted in that ancient village under the authority of the SCOTCH governor,

all the disgusting huts usually filled with ragged old women and naked children have been thrown down, and the spaces they stood on, have been reduced to the neatest order, by the plough, or converted into handsome pleasure grounds by the hand of taste. The inhabitants who intrenched themselves in some neighbouring ditches to be convenient to their labours, have got notice from the episcopal deputies to depart from their new positions under pain of military censure.

We understand that the Major has become a Methodist, this extraordinary act of grace, is to be attributed to the Apostolic labours of Mr. Grabbin of Barrack-street old Clothes man and Coal factor, whose preaching has had the deepest effect on many obdurate sinners. In consequence of this call several valuable paintings, silver cups, and bank notes removed from several houses in Dublin and the vicinity in the year 1798 are expected to be restored to such of the owners as have survived half hanging and flogging.

MISERABLE CONDITION OF DUBLIN.

THE injuries we sustain and are exposed to by the act of Union, may be collected in many recent instances, where bills have been fabricated of the most pernicious tendency; and in the most silent and studied obscurity forwarded to England for adoption, by men who from personal and interested motives would wish to monopolize power and emolument at the expence of a city, already labouring under all the privations and sufferings which a departed gentry, an extinguished legislature, and a long and disastrous war have accumulated. The Police Bill, the Paving and the Pipe Water bills have been transmitted, and have passed rapidly through the Commons before the People, or even what is termed the City of Dublin, that is, about one sixteenth part of the population, had any knowledge of the existence of such projected laws, and were literally as much strangers to such transactions as the people of Indostan were to them. The want of a legislature, we regret to say, the loss of our independence, has exposed us to the most oppressive burthens, which any privileged set of iniquitous men may choose to contemplate. Had our parliament not betrayed us, and still continued to remain in Collegegreen, such gross and disguised machinations would have been detected in their first attempts. The expence of agents in England to explain our local condition to an assembly of strangers would not

JUNE, 1809.

be added to our public burthens, nor would it be necessary to be every hour hurrying off petitions to a distant people, who confess frequently in the houses of parliament, their ignorance of Irish affairs. As an evidence of our assertions, we quoted the following resolutions of St. Thomas's parish, which express in the most unanswerable words the condition of a city, that a few years since was rising to the highest degree of opulence and population that independence and peace could possibly bestow. A melancholy and dejecting picture is now before us. Decline has followed, and domestic oppression, unfeeling avarice, and ignorant authorities, like the pestiferous diseases and living reptiles that fill the ruins of ancient cities, have succeeded the active principles which former days and former senates had given to a brave and intelligent people.—Marius sat on the ruins of Carthage, a city his country had erased.—The agents of Castlereagh are not yet resting on the ruins of Dublin, but they are busied pulling it to pieces.

ST. THOMAS'S PARISH VESTRY ROOM.

May 22, 1809.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of St. Thomas's Parish, held this day pursuant to notice.

Richard D. Meredith, Esq. Church Warden, in the Chair:

Resolved, that we have heard with surprise and concern, that the Corporation of the City of Dublin, have, by most extraor-

2 M

dinary

inary exertions, procured to be passed through the House of Commons a Bill, within much less than the usual time for passing bills of a local nature, tending to increase the pipe-water tax now payable by the inhabitants of the city of Dublin, by a sum of 10,000*l.* annually—and at a time when they well knew that a petition was in progress against the bill.

Resolved, That it becomes necessary to declare, that the tax now levied is payable to the corporation of the city of Dublin, who are composed of a small body, elected by the freemen alone: that those freemen form but a small proportion of the inhabitants at large—the freemen paying the said pipe-water tax amounting to about 3000*l.* only, in a population of at least 170,000.

Resolved, That on a minute examination of the printed and audited accounts of the pipe water establishment, for several years past, and of the necessary expenditures thereon, such enormous increase of tax under a pretext of supplying the city of Dublin with water, appears to be utterly unnecessary, and a wanton addition to the burden of the inhabitants of this city.

Resolved, That it appears to us, that prior to the year 1776, the Corporation of the city of Dublin had supplied the city with pipe-water as a trading company, and made thereby an annual profit of 982*l.*—That in 1776, the corporation of the city of Dublin, obtained an act of parliament, under the colour of amply supplying the city with pipe-water, whereby they converted the profit so made as aforesaid, into a permanent tax on the inhabitants at large, amounting to seven thousand a year, and by such act the corporation were enabled to borrow so much money on the security of such taxes, as might be necessary for the purposes of said act, viz. extending and improving the pipe-water works—and that the corporation did, under the powers given by that act, borrow no less a sum than 27,000*l.* between the years 1776 and 1809.

Resolved, That that sum, together with the funds arising from the said yearly tax, would have been abundantly sufficient to have answered all the purposes of said act, and have left a considerable redundancy in favor of the establishment, had not the corporation of the city of Dublin most unjustifiably, and without legal authority, transferred from the funds of the pipe-

water establishment, to the funds of the corporation, and for the sole benefit thereof no less a sum than 29,358*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.*—thereby charging the pipe-water tax, with the interest of that sum, and thereby violating the trust on which said funds had been committed to their care for the benefit of the inhabitants of the city of Dublin at large, and not for the benefit of the corporation.

Resolved, That in 1802 the corporation of the city of Dublin, without any necessity for increasing the tax on the inhabitants of the city of Dublin, obtained another act of parliament, on an incorrect suggestion of facts—whereby an additional tax of 4,500*l.* a year, was laid on the inhabitants of the city of Dublin.

Resolved, That the said last-mentioned act was obtained on the sole and uncorroborated affidavit of a clerk in the office of the city treasurer, sworn before one of the masters in Chancery in Ireland, and grounded on hearsay and belief—and which appears to have been utterly insufficient, and without foundation.

Resolved, That the revenue of the pipe-water establishment, as it has been managed by the corporation, has been much abused; no less a sum than 12,323*l.* 6*s.* being charged against the establishment for mere poundage to one officer, after a previous poundage of 5 per cent. had been charged on the collection of said revenue; and that there are other extravagant and useless charges audited and allowed in said printed accounts.

Resolved, That the revenue of such tax, as it at present stands, if fairly or prudently managed, would be ample, not only for supplying this city with water, but also for any reasonable and necessary improvement.

Resolved, That the present bill now pending before the house of Lords, was brought into parliament without any intimation to the citizens at large, though imposing a new and additional tax to the amount of 10,000*l.* a year and upwards on the said inhabitants—and has been carried through the house of Commons with a rapidity which proves to us that that honorable house has been imposed on, by persons who have an interest in the passing of that bill, directly opposite to that of the inhabitants at large.

Resolved, That the application has been made

made to the lord mayor and corporation, for a copy of the affidavit on which said bill is sought to be obtained; yet no copy thereof could be procured for public information—so that the alleged grounds of necessity for said bill remain unknown to the public.

Resolved, that we consider it our duty to submit these facts to our fellow-citizens, in order that they may be apprized of the very heavy additions about to be made to their local taxes, without any ground of reason or policy, but for the mere benefit of the corporation of the city of Dublin, who are endeavouring to acquire an absolute estate in the pipe-water tax, and the new works and establishment belonging thereto—and who appear to have so far succeeded, by having procured all new grounds purchased for basons to be taken in the names of commissioners, who declare

themselves trustees for the said corporation of the city of Dublin

Resolved, that we will concur with our fellow-citizens in any measure which they may suggest to prevent said bill from passing into a law; and that in the mean time a petition may be presented to the house of lords, against said bill now pending before them.

Resolved, That a subscription be opened to defray the expences of presenting and soliciting said petition. The subscriptions to be received by Mr. Meredith, 20, N. Earl-street, and Mr. Nayler, No. 90, Great Britain-street, Church Wardens.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published three times in the *CORRESPONDENT*, and three other Dublin papers, and three times in the *Sun* and *Courier*.

Signed by Order,

WILLIAM HARRICKS, Vestry Clerk.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Dispatch of the 16th of August, sent to Gen. ANDREOSSY through Count de CHAMPAGNY.

Monsieur l'Ambassadeur,

"His majesty the emperor is returned from his journey into the South of France. He arrived on the evening of the 14th at St. Cloud, and on the 15th, being his birth day, with the usual ceremony, received the princes, ministers, great officers of the empire, the senate, the council of state, all the public functionaries, and, finally, the diplomatic body. The audience which he gave to the diplomatic body was rendered remarkable by a long discourse his majesty held with the Austrian ambassador, of which I will, at least, transmit you a short sketch:—

Austria means to make war upon us," said the emperor, "or to frighten us." M. de Metternich bore testimony to the pacific dispositions of his Govt. "If so, why such enormous preparations?" "They are merely for defence," said the minister. "But who attacks you, that you provide for defence in such a way? Who threatens you, that you should think of being at-

tacked? Is not all around you quiet? Has there been the least dispute between us since the peace of Presburgh? Have I asked any thing of you? Has not the whole of our intercourse been friendly? And yet, all on a sudden you have set up cry of war. You have put your whole population in motion. Your princes have been running through the provinces, and you have sent abroad the same proclamation, and taken just the same steps you did when I was at Locben. Was this only a new organization, you would have done this more slowly, at less expence, with less violence, without creating such a ferment at home, or raising such a disturbance abroad. But your measures are not merely for defence. You have added 1300 men to each of your regiments. Your militia will furnish you with 400,000 men, which you can dispose of as you please.—These men are put into regiments. A part of them are clothed, your fortresses are supplied with provisions. In a word, a sure

sign that you are preparing for war is this ; that you have been purchasing horses. You already possess 14,000 for the artillery. Such extraordinary expences are never made in the bosoms of peace. These expences are increased by those of your military organization.—Your men are paid with money ; you have clothed a part of them, and found them with arms. This cannot be done but at great expence ; and yet you confess yourselves the depressed state of your finances. Your exchange, which has been for a long time low, has fallen still lower ; your commerce has decayed. It is then without an object that you have bid defiance to all such difficulties ? Do you say that you were forced to think of your own security. Confess that all our relations have been friendly. You know that I ask for nothing and want nothing ; and that I consider the maintenance of your power at the present, as necessary to the European system, and the prosperity of France, I have put my troops in camp, in order to keep them in good discipline and activity. They do not encamp in France, because it costs too much. They encamp in countries, where it is not so dear. My camps are scattered about. Not one of them threatens you. I should have had no camps, if I had projects against you.

“ M. Von Metternich having observed that there had been no movements of troops in Austria. The emperor replied you deceive yourselves ; you remove your troops from places, where they could be with least expence. You send them to Cracau, that if necessary you may be able to menace Silesia. Your whole army is collected together and has taken a military position. In the mean while what do you want ? Do you mean to alarm me ? You won't succeed in that. Do you think the circumstances are favourable to you ? You deceive yourselves. My policy lies open before you, because it is honest, and because I feel my own strength. I shall take 100,000 of my troops from Germany, in order to send them into Spain, and I still have enough remaining to oppose you. You arm—I will arm too, and if it is necessary, I can spare 200,000 men. You will not have a single power on the continent in your favour. The emperor of Russia, I can almost venture to speak for him in his name, will urge you to be qui-

et. He is already little pleased with your connections with the Servians. He, as well as I, may feel offended by your preparations. He knows that you have designs upon Turkey. You pretend that I have such myself, I declare that that is false, and that I want nothing from Austria or Turkey.

Nevertheless your Emperor does not wish for war ! I believe it. I reckon upon the promise he had made when we had our interview together. He can have no feelings of revenge against me. I had possession of his capital ; I occupied the greater part of his provinces he had all back again. I did not keep Venice for myself, merely that I might not leave any ground of dispute, any occasion of war. Do you think that the vanquishers of the French, in case they had been in possession of Paris, would have acted with the same moderation ? No ; your emperor does not wish for war. Your government does not desire it. The principal men of your country do not seek for it ; and yet the movements which you have occasioned are such, that the war will take place in spite of you and myself. You have caused it to be believed that I have demanded provinces of you ; and you have roused in the breasts of your people a national and generous sentiments which I am far from depreciating ; they have run into extravagancies unknown to arms. You have issued a proclamation, with a command not to talk about war ; but the proclamation was equivocal, and the people said it was merely political, and while your measures were opposed to your proclamation, they believed your measures, and not your proclamation. Hence the insults offered by a troop of your new militia to my Consul at Trieste hence the murder of three of my couriers who were on their way to Dalmatia. If there are any more of such insults, war is inevitable ; for you may kill us but cannot insult us with impunity. It is so, that the authors of the troubles of all Europe incessantly excite war. It is so they provoked the war by the insult offered to gen Bernadotte.

“ You are drawn by various artifices into a situation contrary to your wishes. The English and their partizans induce you to take all these false measures. Already they rejoice in the expectation of once more lighting up the flame of war in Europe

rope. Their funds have risen 50 per cent, in consequence of the impulse which they have communicated to Europe. It is they whom I blame for all this; they are the cause that no Frenchman can go to the baths of Bohemia without subjecting himself to insult.

‘How can you permit such licentiousness? Do you meet with any examples of such conduct in France? Are not your travellers, your consuls, treated with respect and distinction? The slightest injury done them would be punished in the most exemplary manner. I repeat it, you are hurried again in spite of you: the ferment which has been improvidently excited in the minds of your people, the intrigues of the English partizans, of certain members of an order, who have carried with them, into the midst of you, all the bitterness of vexation and revenge—all tend to involve you in a war. The emperor of Russia will perhaps prevent this result, by declaring to you, in a positive manner that he is averse to it; and that he will be against you. But if it is to his interposition only, that Europe is indebted for the continuance of peace, neither Europe nor I shall owe that obligation to you, and we can by no means consider you as friends; and I shall consider myself as completely at liberty to call upon you to make those arrangements which the state of Europe demands.

‘What may in the mean time happen? You have levied a force of 400,000 men; I will levy a body of 200,000 men. The confederation of the Rhine, which had disbanded its troops, will re-assemble them and arm the mass of the population. Germany, which had begun to breathe after so many destructive wars, will find her wound bleeding afresh. Instead of evacuating, as was my intention, the province of Silesia, and the Prussian states, I shall again put the Fortresses of Silesia in a state of defence. All Europe will be in arms; the armies will be drawn up in the presence of each other, and the slightest occurrence will occasion the commencement of hostilities.

You say that you have an army of four hundred thousand men, a force more considerable than you possessed at any period of your monarchy. You intend to double it; if your example were to be followed, even the very women would soon be made

to take up arms. In such a state of things, when every spring is on the stretch, war will become desirable, for the mere purpose of unbending them. Thus it is, that in the physical world, the state of suffering which nature experiences at the approach of a tempest, excites a wish that the thunder should burst forth, in order to unbend and give relief to the contracted sinews, and to restore the sweets of a pleasing calm to heaven and earth, a violent but short illness is better than a long suffering.

Mean while all hopes of a maritime peace disappears; the efficient means of attaining it are rendered of no avail. The English smile with satisfaction at the prospect of discord being revived on the continent, and to her it is they confide their interests.

Such are the evils which you have produced, and that too, were I to credit your profession altogether unintentionally. But if your intentions are as pacific as you pretend you must give proofs that they are so; you must recall the measures which have produced so dangerous a ferment; and this impulse, involuntarily impressed must be opposed by a direct contrary impulse; and whereas from Petersburg to Naples nothing has been talked of but the war that Austria was on the point of beginning, and which all your merchants represented as inevitable, all Europe must I say, be completely convinced that peace requires that your pacific intentions should be universally talked of and confirmed by your actions as well as your professions. On my side you shall receive every assurance you can desire.

Such, Sir, as far as I have been able to describe it, is an authentic statement of what his majesty addressed to M. Von Metternich, his majesty seemed to be moved, as men naturally are, in discussing matters of such importance! He, however, only exhibited that degree of animation, which such a motive was calculated to produce. He spoke of the Emperor of Austria and his government with the greatest reserve, and paid many personal compliments to M. Von Metternich. This ambassador, who, it should be observed, has always given us assurance of the pacific intentions of his court, was not, for a moment, placed in a situation of embarrassment; I had a conversation with him in the evening, and he solicited himself on being employed at a court where communications

nications of this description could be personally made by a sovereign to a foreign minister. M. Tolstoy concurred with him in this sentiment. The emperor, to those who are capable of comprehending him, appears noble, magnanimous and frank — It might be clearly discovered that, equally prepared for war or peace, he wished for the latter without dreading the former; and it was the general opinion that to so frank and magnanimous a discourse, no other answer could be given than by declaring either that war is actually intended or by proving the existence of a pacific disposition by deeds, rather than by words.—

You may make this dispatch, sir, the object of your conferences with M. Von Stadion. The Austrian government can entertain no doubts with respect to the sincerity of the Emperor's pacific intentions. But the Emperor will have tranquillity as well as peace. If Austria attaches but an equal degree of value to this place, she will neglect no means of completely tranquillising the Emperor, with respect to her dispositions, and she will most effectually contribute to the object by giving another direction to public opinion; but this direction can only result from a change of measures."

SWADLING PREACHERS.

THERE is a practice in the places of confinement in this city, of allowing Methodist causers to enter and molest the unfortunate prisoners against their inclination with their preaching. To people who believe not in their systems, who know that their chief renet is a hatred of popery, and their chief object its extermination, such visitors, with more accomplishments than crazy Michael knaves can pretend to, would be unacceptable, but under the pretence of charity to obtrude their nauseous doctrines of justification and impecability upon the unfortunate who despise it, is a trespass upon their feelings, which would not, with reasonable persons, easily find an apology. Two unfortunate men, Roman Catholics, convicts in Kilmainham goal, last summer, were bated by two Swadlers, and had every anathema and damnation thundered in their ears, in case they persisted in Popery. The feelings of a dying man are sacred, and to allow such

vagabond religionists to assail them is neither just nor politic.

—o—

THE POPISH OFFICER.

A Popish officer quartered in the outlets of the town, who has lately distinguished himself by his conscientious crimping of a respectable widow's daughter and his mode of coming at her money, willing to shew his brother orange officer his liberality, gave orders that his men should go to church on the Sunday following. A clergyman wrote to Lord Harrington upon the assault upon the consciences of the soldiery by this gallant Munsterman, and in a manner worthy the general character of that nobleman, he countermanded this order and spoke upon this subject in a manner honorable to his judgment and to his heart. We hope to give his letter in our next. This circumstance may be a useful hint to papist officers who would wish to conciliate favor by despicable forfeiture of their professed tenets.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. CON.

I MEAN to give you a Physico-chirurgical Review of Dublin in Alphabetical Lines.

A

It was A, a doctor of singularskill,
Who saved but one life when he swallow'd his pill;
His patient a life most invaluable really,
The Killcoachman son of old burn-chapel W—y.
His disease would you know without jesting or joking,
Was Cynanche Legalis, that kills men by choaking:
And such was the pill that he swallow'd whole, as
Would be unto Jemmy O'Brien* a bolus.†

(To be continued.)

THE ATTORNEY.

Tune—"The Bold Dragoon."

I

There once was an attorney-man who knew he'd go to hell,
Says he if I fare ill hereafter faith I'll here fare well.
With six and eight pence,
Three and four pence,
Oh, he'd have his bill of costs, with latitat, subpoena and arrest,
Swear through a deal board.
Whack, fol de rol, de rol, de di.

* A man noted for his loyalty and capability to perjure the fida achates of the swadling Major.

† Bolus is a larger sort of pill, divided generally into many pills for the use of Apothecaries, by the complainant Doctor.

2

This intimate of Belzebub so that your purse was long,
 Did never care three half pence if your cause was right or wrong,
 So he get 6s. 8d. ; 3s. 4d. all he'd take to your last penny.
 Then he'd furnish bill of costs,
 And latitat, subpoena and arrests,
 Swear through a deal board.

Whack, fal de dol, de dol, de di.

3

So mighty was his genius for the niceties of law,
 That in the ten commandments he'd engage to find a flaw,
 For six and eight pence,
 Three and four pence.
 He'd break the seventh for a penny.
 Oh, he'd have his bill of costs, with latitat, subpoena and arrests;
 Swear through a deal board.

Whack, fal de dol, de dol, de di.

4

His client's poor antagonist he never would distress.
 So that he was polite enough to send him more or less,
 Even six and eight pence,
 Three and four pence,
 Then his client should pay cost, or he'd latitat, subpoena and arrests.
 Swear through a deal board.

Whack, fol de dol, de dol de di.

5

To eat his breakfast any day this gentleman was loth
 Till first he took a persury or swallow'd a false oath,
 For six and eight pence,
 Three and four pence,
 He'd take three false oaths for a penny,
 And he'd have his bill of cost, with his latitat, subpoena and arrests
 Swear through a deal board.

Whack, fol de dol. de dol, de di.

6

His heart was made of polished steel, his head was made of clod,
 He proved there was a devil, but he'd swear there was no God,
 For six and eight pence,
 Three and four pence,
 Then swear there was one for a penny.

Oh,

Oh, he'd have his bill of costs with his latitat, subpœna and arrests,
Swear through a deal board.

Whack, fol de dol, de dol, de di.

7

He sent for the French Doctor, and swallow'd down his pill,
And when the Frenchman ask'd his fee, he handed him his bill,
For six and eight pence—three and four pence,

Your pill says he is not worth a penny,

But I'll make you pay my cost,

Or I'll latitat subpœna and arrest.

Swear through a deal board.

Whack, fol de dol, de dol, de di.

8

Some called him Balfe the robber, some called him C——wal,
Some swore 'twas Billy Keiler, for the three would rob Saint Paul

For six and eight pence,

Three and four pence,

They'd rob Saint Peter of his penny,

Oh, they'd make Saint Paul pay cost,

Or they'd latitat, subpœna, and arrest.

Swear through a deal board.

Whack, fol de dol, de dol, de di.

9

He once did a good act, 'twas the first of all his life,
He cut his throat, and made a jolly widow of his wife,

Left six and eight pence,

Three and four pence,

Of all he robb'd 'twas the last penny,

Tho' he ne'er mist bill of costs,

Nor latitat, subpœna and arrest,

He swore through two deal boards.

Whack, fol de dol, de dol, de di.

THE HARP.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Air—"Banna's Banks."

The Harp that once, thro' Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's wall,
As if that soul were fled.

2 N

S

So sleeps the pride of former days;
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts that once beat high for praise,
 Now feel that pulse no more.

2

No more to chiefs and ladies bright,
 The Harp of Tara swells:
 The chord alone that breaks at night
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives,
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

CHARLEY JALAP.

Tune—"Mog of Wapping."

I for twenty long years work'd away at this town,
 With bolus, and with blister and vomit;
 And I doctor'd them all, and I gained such renown,
 That they look'd up to me like a comet.

If the cholic, or the mulligrubs made any body ill,
 A sight of me they thought would insure 'em,
 And when they all died, after taking my pill,
 'Twas said the art of man could not cure 'em,

With a fine powder'd wig and a mock diamond ring,
 And gravity, I first open'd shop, sir,
 Scraps of Latin, I assure you, I found no bad thing,
 To account why my patients did drop, sir.

Thus my judgment was bell'd, and the fair blew my fame;
 And the Duchesse found an echo in the Trollop,
 Send away, send away, sick or well, send away,
 To ————street, for old Charley Jalap.

FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

The history of Rome Presents innumerable instances of heroism, this however, like most Heathen virtues, has been often extravagant, and caried to excess. Where is the person who does not condemn, at this day, the act of suicide that raised the name of Cato so much in the admiration of the Romans of that time? Abstracting from the guilt of such an action (which must be censured as rashly interfering with

with the Divine Dispensation) we cannot avoid praising the spirit which could dictate such a desperate sacrifice in the cause of freedom. The fate of Arria, the wife of Pœtus, who was condemned to die, in the reign of Claudius, is not among the least of such examples of courage.

“Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus”

let it however be considered that the following composition is by no means intended to panegyriize the detestable crime of suicide which it relates.

POETUS AND ARRIA.

When Rome replete with empire awed mankind,
And sunk from stubborn virtue, grew refined,
Then abject indolence, corruption dire,
And fear degenerate, damped the patriot's fire ;
Then did the shade of Brutus grieve to view,
In vain in Cæsar's death he tyrants slew
In vain, for still the Hydra form arose,
To blast his country's hopes, and swell her woes.

Four chieftains had the Roman name disgrac'd,
And feeble Claudius on the throne was plac'd,
In pamper'd luxury and Ideot pride,
E'en by his plundering sycophants decried,
With every vice that vicious man could suit,
In act a murderer, and in sense a brute.

Among the crouds his terrors doom'd to bleed,
Cæcinnæ Pœtus own'd the gen'rous deed
Of having join'd a virtuous band, designed,
To crush the tyrant, and to free mankind,
And yet his heart, scarce Roman, shrunk with fear,
He lov'd his country much, but life was dear ;
Her sex's pride, his consort Arria came,
She, noble woman ! caught the glorious flame,
With tender challenge, half reproachful look,
From Pœtus's trembling hand the sword she took.
Deep in her breast she plung'd the glittering blade,
Then gave it to her spouse, and smiling said,
“My Pœtus 'tis not painful, bravely try,
“Come, strike, and from a WOMAN learn to die.”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH MAGAZINE,

SIR,

Having seen Hadrian's address to his departing soul, translated into English in your Magazine; a thought struck me of turning it into Greek.

Ἀδριανὸς εἰς τὴν αὐτοῦ ψυχὴν.

Ψυχὴ πλῆνῃ, καὶ ἐρασμῇ,

Ὀχρεῖσσαι σωματίῳ

Ξενῇ τε καὶ φίλῃ ἐμοῦ,

Ποι νυν ἄπει δὲ χωρίων,

Ὀχρεῶ, φίλῃ τε καὶ ψυχρῶ;

Οὐδ' ὥς παροῖτε παύσεις.

D. HICCAEUS.

C l m m l.

MATHEMATICS.

Question, By Mr. Timothy Dillon, teacher of Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Mensuration, Gauging, Navigation, Geometry, Gunnery, Fortification, Astronomy, &c. &c.—No. 30, Poolbeg street.

Being called upon by a certain gentleman, to measure a conical piece of timber, he told me it should be measured in the usual way of taking $\frac{1}{4}$ of the girth in the middle for the side of a mean square; having complied with his request, it evidently appeared that the content thus found differed from the truth by $237\frac{1}{2}$ solid feet; and in order to give this gentleman an additional proof of the erroneousness of the customary mode, I desired a section to be made at a certain distance from the smaller end, and having measured both pieces according to his method, he was not a little surprised to find that the contents of both frustrums amounted to $63\frac{3}{4}$ cubical feet more than the entire piece. But his astonishment was

still increased when he found that the greater of the two pieces measured more than the whole.

Hence your ingenious correspondents are required to determine the dimensions of this conical piece of timber, when the slant height thereof exceeds the sum of the girths of both ends by 15,174 feet, and the difference of the convex surfaces of the greater and less frustrum 347,52 square feet.

Mr. Editor, the above question is proposed with a view to correct the erroneous method of measuring timber that has been so long established and is generally practised, to the manifest loss of thousands. And the amazing difference of 237 solid feet (see question) that arises from the measurement of a single piece of timber by the true and false methods is an incontestible proof of the egregious fallacy of the common method of measuring timber, and therefore should be for ever exploded.

In

In a future number of your truly excellent magazine, I shall offer some general observations on the system of timber measuring in general, point out the defects of the common rules, and exemplify the same by a variety of ap-

propriate examples selected for the purpose.

I shall also take notice of tables that have been lately published in Dublin, on the mensuration of timber.

BRITISH PROWESS IN PORTUGAL.

Veni Vidi Vaci.

The gallant Sir Arthur Wellesley's victories in Portugal are brilliantly reported in the London gazette, dated the 24th of May, 1809. Among other *important* military stores taken from the common enemy, he recapitulates the following articles of which he deprived the French army, which we trust will be duly appreciated by every heart and understanding of British growth and feeling, who sees the importance of the victory that has wrested, by unparalleled bravery, such valuable articles and means of future aggression from

the flying cohorts of Soult and his upstart master. We expect these documents of *British* valour will not only confer the meed of glory on the brave and gallant Sir Arthur, but tend to put an end to a sixteen years war.

600 Flannel Cartridges
74 good wheels
60 handspikes
12 tarpaulins
3000 flints
10 slow-matches
100 sponges
30 copper ladles.

OBITUARY.

Died in Townsend-street, the Rev. Michael Divine, of the Trinitarian order. He was a gentleman much esteemed for his piety, exemplary life and extensive knowledge. Death has in him deprived society and religion of an amiable friend and a devout pastor.

Died in Temple-street, aged 87, Mrs. Darcy, formerly of Tullow-hill, County-Carlow, where she resided until the year 1798, when an armed Banditti of Orange murderers, by burning her house and furniture, farming utensils, destroying her orchards and cattle, reduced her from opulence to penury.

Ad

An Inscription for the proposed Monument to
MR. PITT, respectfully dedicated to the Sub-
scribers to his Statue.

THIS MAUSOLEUM
entombs

WILLIAM PITT,

Who died January 23d, 1807, aged only 47 years :

With unprecedented Influence,
for 23 Years, he was Prime Minister of
THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

He possessed great Talents and transcendent Eloquence :
but his worth may be best estimated

“ By experience and the evidence of facts.”

He was the Advocate of Reform, which did not succeed :

The Opposer of the slave trade, which increased :

The Patron of the Irish Catholics, who were not Emancipated :

To England a professed Protector, and the avowed Enemy to France.

During his Government

the Bulwarks of British Freedom were subverted,
the Ancient Nobility degraded, the Poor additionally depressed,
and the Middling Classes of Society annihilated ;

Popular Associations prohibited,

and

the sources of Corruption deepened and enlarged.

Paper was substituted for Gold ;

and real Opulence transmuted into imaginary Wealth.

He doubled the prices of Provisions :

trippled the amount of the Poor's Rates and Tares :

added Three Hundred Millions to the National Debt :

and sacrificed Two Hundred Thousand Britons in

“ Just and necessary Wars.”

He assisted in the subversion of the balance of Power,

witnessed the destruction of every Ally he obtained,

and survived the overthrow of

FLANDERS, HOLLAND, PORTUGAL, SWITZERLAND, SPAIN, AUSTRIA,

ITALY, AND THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

Let Nations glory in such Friendship !

FRANCE

FRANCE,

during his administration, has risen
from "the verge and very gulph of Bankruptcy," to Wealth,
has annihilated her National Debt,
doubled her Population,
quadrupled her Revenue,
and

OBTAINED THE EMPIRE OF THE WORLD.

Let Nations deprecate such enmity.

BRITONS,

would you appreciate his character,
reflect upon the Past, observe the Present,
and
anticipate the Future.

The Committee of Lloyd's Coffee-House,
the Collectors of Taxes,
the Purchasers of Loans, and Contractors for the Army, &c.
the Modern Nobility,
LORD MELVILLE,
and

NAPOLEON, EMPEROR OF FRANCE,

enriched, ennobled, protected, and aggrandised by

"this Friend of the People!"

"this Saviour of Britain!!"

"this Protector of Europe!!!"

"this Heaven-born Minister!!!!"

"and this Pilot who weathered the storm!!!!"

His Country erected this Memorial, indicative of his unequalled merit
and of their eternal Gratitude and inconsolable regret.

WILKS INR.

Theatre-Royal.

For the *BENEFIT* of
LUNATICS AND REDUCED GENTLEMEN.

Shortly will be performed
At the express desire of several Persons of Distinction.

The Favorite Comedy of
ALL IN THE WRONG.

The part of
Sir John Restless, by DON FRANCISCO DE HAPSBERGO
Who has already appeared in that Character with distinguished *effect*.

Between the Play and Farce, a new Dance will be exhibited, called
THE THREE EMPERORS.

To which will be added,
The Popular Melo Drama of
THE EXILE.

In which will be introduced
A Grand Exhibition of a Ship-Wreck.

The whole to conclude with
A Magnificent Polish Spectacle,
denominated
THE RESTORATION.

N. B. The Play of the WANDERER; or THE RIGHTS OF HOSPITALITY, is in a state of *forward preparation*.—The Comedy of THE ROAD TO RUIN, is also in *rehearsal*, and will *shortly* be performed.

☞ As this is positively the last Season of Don Francisco's appearance on the Stage, it is hoped that the Public will not omit to avail themselves of this favorable opportunity.

As this season has become very *hot*, the Company intend to make an excursion into the *Provinces*.



HENRY LUTTRELL
The Traitor.

Eng^d for the Irish Magazine.

THE
IRISH MAGAZINE,

OR
Monthly Asylum

FOR
NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR JULY, 1809.

Memoirs of Colonel Henry Luttrell of Infamous Memory.

THIS man whose treachery had such an unhappy effect on the liberties and religion of his country was the son of Thomas Luttrell of Luttrellstown, by a daughter of William Seagrave of Cabragh in the county of Dublin, Esquire. Luttrell took a very active part in the cause of his sovereign James II. under whom he enjoyed many honorable and lucrative employments he was some short time before the invasion of Ireland by the Prince of Orange, governor of Sligo and a brigadier general. He commanded a considerable body of horse raised at his own expense, at the battle of Aughrim and at Limerick. The loss of the battle of Aughrim is principally attributed to his treason, though Lodge and Harris and other writers deny or conceal the treachery of Luttrell, yet, the odium of his conduct appeared so evident to his contemporaries that neither time nor artifice has been ever able to remove the infamous stigma from the

name of Luttrell, * a name that is so detested from his perfidy and that

* In the year 1796, when the Act passed for putting the country in a state of disturbance under martial law, one of Lord Carhampton's informers was employed prosecuting a man of the name of Butler for sedition &c. &c. at the Quarter Sessions Kilmallock. The noble lord as governor of the county, and a magistrate sat on the bench with the judge; the unfortunate culprit was so poor that he was not able to employ any professional assistance, higher than an attorney; the attorney who undertook his defence was the late George Fletcher, who on cross-examining the prosecutor, asked why he should be from home at such a late hour as he swore he observed the prisoner doing the act for which he was then on his trial, the fellow answered he was authorized to be out, as he had a *pass* from Lord Carhampton. Fletcher again addressing himself to the prosecutor, Sir, said he, *Was it an Aughrim pass, or a Limerick pass?* This last query though it did not serve the prisoner, highly gratified a crowded court by the visible embarrassment it caused in the countenance of the peer.

of his successors, that it expresses in the face of an Irishman and comprises all the villainy that is to be found in the catalogue of human offences.

The writers of the times insist that Luttrell was innocent, but his influence with Ginckle after the capitulation of Limerick, and the subsequent honors he received from William whose confidence he possessed until the death of that monarch are the best evidences of his infamy. Luttrell in appearance implicitly adhered to the Catholic faith, a religion which the Dutchman detested, for by renouncing the religion of his fathers it might fasten the opprobrious character of a traitor on his name with more indelible effect.

His influence with Ginckle, was such that he had a grant of his brother Thomas's estates, who was then a fugitive attainted of high treason by William, this grant was not only confirmed by William but he was made a Major General in the Dutch army in the year 1702. The account of Brigadier General Kane, who served in the army under Ginckle before Limerick, we give in his own words; "Our general marched in the greatest haste to Limerick, where we found the enemy had taken up the same ground on the Thomond side of the river, they had done the preceding year, and for the convenience of being supplied with necessaries we were obliged to take up the ground on the other side, but our general soon found that Limerick was not to be taken in any reasonable time unless he could dislodge the enemy and to invest it round. Now the difficult matter was, in passing the river upon them at this place for we could not quit the ground he was on for the above reason, and the enemy being sensible of this, they kept strict guards constantly patrolling by night on the river side, but drew out to reach of our cannon by day.

However our general found means to have a correspondence with Colonel Luttrell, who having a plentiful fortune in the kingdom, and loth to lose it, promised when he had the guard of the river to give us an opportunity of laying bridges over it, and when the night came that he had the guard he gave us notice, and ordered his patrols to a different way from the place where the bridges were to be laid, so that we laid our bridges and passed part of our army before day; and the morning proving foggy we marched up to the enemies camp, and were the first that carried the news of our passing, which was such a surprize to them, that the foot, most of them naked, without making the least resistance fled to the town; where the gates being shut against them, great numbers were killed, from the walls, and also a great many of ours killed from the walls, by their too eager pursuit of them.

The horse also fled half naked, most of them without bridle or saddle, towards the farthest part of the county Clare, and now he invested Limerick, which brought on the capitulation, by which they surrendered both town and kingdom! and put an end to the wars in Ireland."

He continued to reside at his seat at Luttrellstown until his death, but with such apprehensions of falling a victim to popular fury, from the indignation expressed against him, that he was little removed from the condition of a prisoner, notwithstanding all his care he at length fell by the hands of what Lodge calls assassins, who shot him in a sedan chair, in Stafford-street in the city of Dublin, October 22, 1717, in the sixty-third year of his age.

The writer of this article when a boy, frequently conversed with an old man of the name of Strong, who had

had been an eminent farmer, cotemporary and tenant of Luttrell's on the lands of Peeblestown near Luttrell's castle. Mr. Strong perfectly remembered the death, and the reports then in circulation of the person who killed him; they stated, that the man who committed the fact was a blacksmith of the name of Luttrell and one of the family, living in Bridge-street in Dublin, that his reasons for shooting the colonel, were on the hopes of succeeding to the family estate, as he understood Luttrell had never been married to the woman who was mother of the children, who were afterwards acknowledged his heirs, one of them his eldest son was father of the present well known Lord Carhampton. Whether private or public spirit influenced the persons who killed Luttrell, we have no doubt that every rational and religious mind will admit this interposition of divine providence, in allowing the chastisement of an infamous man who betrayed his sovereign from whose

hands he received the greatest honor and ample rewards, who betrayed his religion and his country, and by laying both at the feet of an enemy to one, and a stranger to the other, perpetuated those miseries which Ireland feels to the present day.

His descendants have invariably been regulated by the conduct of the ancestor, or as Lodge expresses it revolutionary opinions in which they have been carefully brought up by an English education. The years 1797 and 1798, record the practical application of this revolutionary education and illustrate the hereditary infamy of the house of Luttrell. Our fathers were despoiled of their estates and expatriated by one man, and ourselves have been tortured and expatriated by the son. We trust that the cup of Irish misery is full at last, and ardently hope, from the horrors we entertain, from what we have read and what we suffer, that our children may never be cursed with the progeny of a Luttrell.

—000000—

On Humanity to Animals.

LORD ERSKINE'S bill to prevent cruelty to animals has already had a most marked effect particularly among the fashionable part of the Irish. Every novelty emanating from power is received and caressed by every person who aspires to polite and even loyal distinction. The fair sex have with their accustomed feeling evinced their ready patronage to the measure, by expressing the tenderest tones of exquisite sensibility for the suffering brute creation. Nothing is heard when a blind man beats his dog, or a Smithfield shepherd applies his whip to direct his flock through

the meandrings of the streets to the shambles, but, "O! the dear creatures, O! the innocent dumb brutes, and the barbarous savages." No generous sentiment apologizes for the human animal, under the pressure of hunger and the irksomeness of darkness, who chides his lazy companion with his staff, to hurry him to some door where fashion or example had not entered to prevent the administration of temporary aid to pain and poverty. A few days ago a blind pauper passing through Capel-street impatient at the sauntering manner of his dog, gave the animal a blow, and

in attempting to repeat it stumbled over him. The poor fellow never hearing of Lord Erskine and careless of the consequence of his conduct, added imprecations to his breach of the law. The dispute between himself and the dog was immediately terminated by a carriage full of ladies, who ordered the coach to stop and with much anxiety called on a large milliner to interfere for the dog. This mark of humanity in the ladies was promptly seconded by the shopkeeper, and with the assistance of his neighbours the parties were separated. The dog relieved from his bondage and the blind malefactor delivered over to the police for chastisement, a handsome subscription was set on foot by the fashionable fair for the use of Sancho, while his master was committed to the next house of correction. On Sunday, the 11th of May, a certain revenue Major passing through Summer hill, observed a child contending with a great goat, for a mouthful of gingerbread, the goat had just stolen from a table of cakes exposed to sale, of which the child had the care, animated with parliamentary humanity, the gentle Major as usual sided against the poor in favour of the goat, furiously deprecated the treatment the "poor dumb animal" received from his female antagonist, and notwithstanding the explanation which the parent of the child gave to the magistrate, for the Major, though never of higher rank in the army than a drummer, is actually a magistrate without any further inquiry upset the table with his foot, tumbled the contents on the ground, and trampled them to pieces. Thus the poor woman whose

name is Farrell, and her six children were deprived of their dinner, by the gallant Major, under the operation of Lord Erskine's law "to prevent cruelty to animals." After so favorable an acquittal the goat scampered away on similar amusements, and the Major to his claret. Whoever remembers the year 1798 in Dublin, must regret that any law either to preserve the constitution or dog kennels, should be so speciously dressed up as to give an opportunity to such monsters as the Majors, to gratify their favourite taste of torturing the poorer ranks. Though this act of Lord Erskine's, - does not authorize pitch caps, or flogging, or robbing, yet, by allowing such men to exercise power without reprehension, will defeat the *apparent* humanity that dictated it.

The gentlemen of Connaught and the Farming Society, had anticipated Lord Erskine, by their treatment of *animals*, Connaught is covered with fat sleek cattle and ragged and hungry men. The exhibitions of the Farming Society, shew a like appearance. Directions are published under its patronage, for lodging and feeding hogs, while man, unfortunate man, is heedlessly to seek repose in damp caverns, and wretched beds, goaded by hunger, and rendered desperate by repeated insults, he breaks thro' the laws his unfeeling masters made to brutalize him, and in midnight turbulence satisfies the cravings of hunger and the thirst of revenge. He houghs what he cannot eat and the world hears of atrocity, without being told of the moral and physical causes that have provoked it.

Dublin

Dublin Society.

IT must be a very humiliating reflection to an Irishman, to see how every institution in the country is influenced by English attachments, and an avowed contempt not only for our interests but for our opinions. The extinction of our legislature has banished every sentiment of courtesy from the higher ranks, England and English manners are only to be venerated, Ireland is kept out of view, her people described in the most prejudiced language as incapable of taste and unworthy of encouragement.

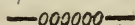
The Dublin Society we regret to say is strictly influenced by this Anglo feeling, and have lately evinced it in a manner that puts our assertions beyond any doubt. A vacancy for a drawing master having occurred by the death of Mr. West, the society advertised an election to take place on the fourth of May last, the candidates were six, and their respective performances executed and ready for exhibition agreeable to the advertised conditions of the society; we are not informed why the society did not proceed to an election according to their proposals, and why they postponed it to November next, except it be their avowed intention of procuring an English matter, for which patriotic purpose they have enlarged the time. We would not presume to give our opinion on the respective merits of the candidates, as it would be unfair and invidious, yet we are conscious there is sufficient merit in the performances that would not disgrace even *enviable* Britain herself. We have no great pleasure in saying, that the prejudice of the society for England appears more evident than their knowledge of the fine arts. We cannot recollect a man of the society

who now lives in this country, whose studies, occupation in life, or taste qualify to be a competent or a correct authority to decide on the merits of a painter or drawing master, and it must be owing to this palpable ignorance as well as to their dislike to what is Irish, that they have not proceeded to election and have determined to seek an English artist merely on the credit they are pleased to give his country. They have been told by some men of taste that Mr. West's drawings for the place deserved their suffrage, and they have admitted it, they have been told that the young candidate has a claim on their protection, besides that of his distinguished merit as a painter, that his father and grandfather filled the situation more than sixty years with much credit to their talents and industry, and with considerable advantage to the infant arts of their country. If the Dublin Society, or we mean such of the body, who are obliged to remain among us, from their contracted circumstances or official situations, such as are trading magistrates or military retainers, are to be characterized for their feelings or philanthropy by the painting of a blind beggar woman and child, for which they paid of the public money five hundred guineas, to place among their collections. They will not appear to the public in much estimation. This horrid performance, on which no eye could rest one second of time without feeling the most painful sensation. Irish misery is so studiously portrayed by the appearance which the artist has given to the blind creature and her naked infant. The vacant eye sockets appear emitting a disgusting *mucus* that affects the stomach of

the spectator. The garments seem to move, not by the gentle breezes that issue from "*the spicy east*" but by the pressure of animated crowds of imprisoned vermin, that press their way into light, under the trembling folds of the most filthy drapery, the squalid infant appears half dressed in rags of the same shocking materials. To proceed further in the description would only give pain to any mind not accustomed to inflict or to enjoy the the picture of misery. Some Irish landlords, trading magistrate, or murdering Major, the divine art of the pencil, created to communicate cheerfulness and inspire chaste and noble sentiments has in this case been most grossly perverted, and the brutal taste of Anglo Irish vandalism has gratified itself at the public expense, and in defiance of public reprehension, with a perfect model of that misery which they see without

one emotion of just sentiment, or decent appearance of deference to public opinion.

The committee of the Royal Society in London, to whom this picture was recommended by powerful interest for a place in their annual exhibition, with a becoming spirit refused to allow the horrid piece among the noble works of art, which they patronize. So many ideas of horror does this dirty picture renew in the human heart, that we are at a loss to know any appropriate company we could place it except a Major's office; the deserted apartments of an emigrant lord, the chambers of a Tithe proctor, or the hall of the Dublin society, if the venerable portrait of a Vallancey, were previously removed among better company than that, which it seems condemned to bear with.



A Description of the Bazar of Constantinople.

By FREDERIC MURHARD.

THIS market is one of the richest in the east, and no foreigner ever leaves Perau without having visited it: but it is not one visit that can convey the least idea of its magnificence. The principal part is composed of large stone edifices, adorned with corridors and colonnades; some of these have stone, others wooden ceilings, while a few are covered with simple foilage. These arcades receive the light by means of windows pierced through the upper part of the edifice. On both sides are to be met with rows of shops, some dug as it were out of the walls, while others project beyond it. Four immense streets, all similar to one another, are distinguished by the solidity of

their edifices, as well as by the richness of the merchandize displayed there. These are crossed in every direction, by a number of alleys, in which the shops are uncovered.

What brings a great concourse of people to the Bazar, is the consideration that there they will find shelter from the heat, as the passenger can always walk in the shade. In short, it is of itself a little universe, where traffic, under every possible form animates all hands, and all heads. Let us enter this sphere of human activity—one is instantly stunned with the confused noise, and nearly stifled by the exhausting heat occasioned by the crowd. To the right and left, those who sell invite customers; they chaffer,

fer, bargain, exchange commodities—one sentiment alone, that of sordid avarice, animates every feature and agitates every limb.

To what a multitude of temptations are the passengers subjected! there is not a single natural or fictitious passion which may not be gratified; nor a taste or a caprice which cannot be satisfied. Every thing that the imagination of the Orientals has invented to vary or multiply enjoyments, to awaken desires, to convert life into an enchanting and perpetual dream, is to be found assembled under these innumerable arcades. In short the Bazar is to the eastern nations, what the theatres seem to be for the great capitals of Europe. It is a very lively pleasure, the repetition of which never produces satiety, while one of the enjoyments which they promise in their paradise is the spectacle of a Bazar, still more magnificent than any that is to be found on the face of the earth.

Throughout the whole of the east, the shops which contain the merchandizes of the same species, are all arranged by the side of each other, and consequently there are whole streets consecrated to the same branches of industry. Those of the jewellers for instance, present a display of riches valued at several millions of livres. Here are rubies, emeralds, topazes—the eye is dazzled with so much magnificence the stranger supposes himself suddenly transferred to a palace of fables! Here are suspended rings of an immense price, ear-rings, bracelets, which vie with each other in point of elegance—there are girdles, castans, turbans, feathers, head dresses, all strewed over with precious stones—a little further on, you behold sabres, pistols, bridles, and harnesses, ornamented with diamonds.

The quarter occupied by the goldsmiths is no less calculated to gratify

the imagination; and one cannot too much admire the excellency of the eastern nations in this elegant branch of human industry. If the Europeans surpass them in the art of polishing, and setting diamonds, the others equal them at least in respect to the precious metals. Their trinkets are indeed all formed according to the eastern taste, but the delicacy of the ornaments, the perfection of their carving, the niceness of their finishing, the elegant patterns of their figure works, are well calculated to confer pleasure. One is astonished, above all, at the prodigious quantity of arms, adorned with gold and silver, which seem sufficient for the military accoutrements of whole battalions and squadrons of guards, destined to escort all the courts of Europe: at the prodigious heaps of the indestructible blades from Damascus and Cairo, and of the master pieces both in steel and bronze, varied as to infinity in their forms and object.

A neighbouring aliey presents another kind of spectacle. There you will behold a long line of counters, where the monies appertaining to every portion of the commercial world, are changed: this is the grand resort of the Armenians and Greeks, who are chiefly engaged in that species of traffic. As the necessary measures are taken to guard against both thieves and fire, immense sums are heaped up here; and even the most opulent Turks deposit their money in security, under the protection of these bankers.

In another portion of the Bazar, are displayed under vast colonnades, the most precious cloths and tissues, both of Asia and of Europe. Here are also to be found the gold and silver stuffs of Aleppo and Cairo; together with the shawls of Persia and Hindostan, embroidered with pearls and silk; the brocades of Lyons, the
mullins

mussins of England, the fine cotton cloaks of Tunis, the linens of Holland, the damask of Venice, the velvets of Europe, the tapestry of Egypt and of Mesopotamia, the gold and silver lace of Provence, the woollens of Angora, together with the productions of the Turks and Greeks in a word, whatever the most varied luxury could present or conceive, as most elegant or most curious, in point of apparel.

The quarter inhabited by those who deal in peltry, is replete with the productions of Russia and Siberia. The immensity of these supplies may be easily conceived, when it is recollected that all the Orientals make more or less use of furs, and that a large portion both of Asia and Africa are supplied from thence. Here are to be found pelisses for both sexes, and all conditions; skins of martins, black and yellow foxes, ermines, lambs and rabbits: in one word, furs of every kind and of every colour.

The same variety, the same profusion, is to be seen in the galleries of the confectioners. The talents of the French and Italians have been greatly vaunted in this branch of trade; but those who have visited Constantinople, must adjudge the prize to the Orientals. Here is to be found an innumerable quantity of preserved fruits, essences, extracts and pastes, the greater part of which are totally unknown in Europe; and the whole is ranged in so much order and elegance that it is extremely difficult to avoid temptation. Indeed, as commodities of this kind are to be had of all prices, there is no one even among the common people, who do not pay a little tribute here as they pass along.

In another portion of the market, the trade of the piceur is announced from a great distance, by the odour

and grateful vapours which are exhaled. This is the common magazine of all the vegetable riches of India, Arabia, and America.

On approaching towards the gate, the Bazar seems to be lost in the streets of the lower city. The stone arcades have ceased, the ground is no longer paved, and here and there is to be found wooden bridges. A new aspect is suddenly assumed, but it is neither flattering to the sight nor to the smell; it is here that the butchers reside. A little further on is the fish market, but as pestilential vapours constantly ascend from this quarter, it is impossible for delicate organs to remain any time here, in order to learn the long nomenclature of sea and river fish; which the lower orders of the people purchase and devour on the spot.

The shoemakers' shops in this neighbourhood are worthy of being viewed. One is at first surprised both by their immensity and the activity which reigns throughout them. It appears surprising how so many of the same profession are able to find employment, even in this great city: but the corporation of cord-wainers is not only more honoured here than in Europe, but their workmanship is so curious that it seems to appertain to a science, rather than to a trade. Besides there is nothing so dangerous or so elegant as the shoes of the Orientals, for it constitutes one essential article of their luxury. Many of those destined for the ladies, are most magnificently adorned with pearls and jewels, while a great number are ornamented with gold and silver. They may be had of all colours except green which is sacred among the Mussulmans and would be profaned by the touch of a human foot.

The tailors also have a particular spot allotted to them and display a grand assortment of Oriental garments.

The

The places too, where silk and cotton are spun, merit particular attention. The engines made use of on those occasions, are coarse and despicable in the extreme, for in a country where none is sure of enjoying his property in peace and security, who would put himself to any unnecessary expence?

The whole of a narrow lane is oc-

cupied with works of literature, and there you may find Persian, Tartarian and Arabic works in folio, and in quarto heaped together on tables; but night now approaches, and the bazar is lighted up in the Oriental manner by millions of lanterns and lamps, which shed a brilliant artificial light, and astonish the traveller by the splendour of the spectacle.

—00000—

French Biography.

From a New Work just published at Leipzig.

In the number of those who have stood foremost in the revolutionary ranks, there is perhaps no individual whose character or history is more interesting than that of CARNOT. He is the only one of the whole list of Republicans, who has adhered to their former principles, and in whose character and manners the new order of things appears to have wrought no change. He entered at an early age, into the corps of engineers, and owed his advancement to the Prince of Conde. Some mathematical essays and light verses acquired him a certain degree of reputation before the Revolution. He was a captain of engineers at the commencement of the troubles; and, in 1791, was deputed to the legislature by the department of the *Pas de Calais*. An ardent imagination, heated by a constant meditation, or deep study of the popular institutions of antiquity, led him to embrace the popular cause with eagerness, and to concur zealously in most of the intemperate opinions and measures of the time. He voted for the accusation of the princes,—for the fabrication of 30,000 pikes to arm the Sans-culottes, and, finally for the death of the king. He was sent by the convention, on vari-

ous missions to the armies; and signalized himself as much by personal intrepidity, as by the energy of his republicanism. In the month of March, 1796, accompanying the army of the north, he cashiered General Gratien on the field of battle, for having retreated before the enemy; and put himself at the head of the troops. On his return to the Convention he became a member of the Committee of Public Safety: and, under the influence of Robespierre, was but too active an auxiliary in the unprecedented atrocities which characterized the reign of terror. His conduct during that period gave rise to the picture which Mr. Burke has drawn of him, in his first letter on the Regicide peace. Carnot, by the peculiar bent of his genius, soon acquired an unlimited influence in the military department; and, during his administration it could never be said, that the errors of the cabinet rendered abortive the operations of the field. He was entrusted with all the plans deposited in the bureaux since the reign of Louis and by his own memoirs and instructions issued in the name of the committee of Public Safety, contributed materially to the astonishing success of the French arms. He claimed the

merit of the victory of Maubeuge, gained by Jourdan, at which he assisted as Commissary of the Convention and he has, at all times, been ambitious of this species of glory. In May 1794, he was elected President of the Convention; and when a deputation from the Jacobins appeared at the bar, to state in a formal manner, that they actually believed in the existence of a God, Carnot told them that this step alone was sufficient to refute all the calumnies vomited forth against their society. He on one occasion denounced Turreau, now ambassador to the United States of America, and Carrier, for their barbarities in La Vendee; and when Barrere and Collot were arraigned by the Convention, undertook their defence with the utmost warmth. He was himself exposed to frequent attacks, particularly in May 1795, when *Legendre* called for his arrest; but *Pourdon de l'Oise* saved him, by exclaiming "This is the man who organized victory in the French armies!" He was afterwards raised to the Directorship, and, for some time exerted a considerable ascendancy over his colleagues; but was at last overpowered by their intrigues, and compelled to take refuge in Germany where he published a vindication of his conduct; and it is rather remarkable that he should, although at that time under the protection of a monarch, have terminated it, by declaring himself "still the irreconcilable enemy of kings." This *Memoir Justificatif* accelerated the downfall of the Directory, whose vices and crimes he has denounced with great force and acrimony of invective. He returned to France after the dissolution of their power, and was appointed Minister of War in April 1800. He, however, soon relinquished this office, and lived for some time in retirement. In 1802, he consented to

act as a member of the Tribunate; and in this capacity resisted on several occasions, the favourite measures of the government. He stood *alone* in his vote against the Consulate for life; strenuously opposed the accession of Buonaparte to the imperial dignity; and persisted in refusing to sign the registers. In 1807, he appeared to be wholly engrossed by his avocations, as a member of the first class of the Institute. Various works on the higher branches of the mathematics attest his eminence in that science. In manners, in countenance, and in the deep workings of the soul, no one of his contemporaries approaches so nearly to the republican models of antiquity, as there is none more profoundly versed in all the branches of republican history. These studies, perhaps have nourished a fierce spirit, and a severity of temper, which have justly subjected him to the imputation of cruelty; but he is free from the reproach of peculation, which attaches to so many of his colleagues. Those who contemplate him under his present circumstances, and recollect the genius of the man, and the sphere in which he once has moved, are reminded of the picture which the Roman historians draw of Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage. The skill and intrepidity which he, and many others, without a military education, exhibited, when deputed to the armies, is a trait too remarkable to be passed over. There is, moreover, something to admire in the lofty confidence which the commissaries of the Convention, like those of Rome, so often manifested in the fortunes of the republic, although accompanied by the fastidious insolence of profligate power. They spoke and fought with equal energy. When General Montesquieu hesitated to take

take possession of Geneva, in consequence of the remonstrances of the Swiss cantons, Dubois Crance, the delegate to his army, is said to have exclaimed, 'A quoi bon tant de façons ?'—"I would beat down Geneva into her own lake by a shower of bombs, and invite the magnificent Cantons to fish her up again." In the life of St. Just, who at the age of twenty-six, perished on the scaffold with Robespierre, and whose endowments resembled those of Carnot, there are striking instances of the same spirit. While with the army of the north, and at the battle of Fleurus, he exhibited the accomplishments of an able general, united to the desperate courage of a soldier, and the lofty enthusiasm of an impetuous Proconsul. The associates of Carnot in the directorial power, are still alive. Rewbell, * who voted for the death of the king, and who acquired so much celebrity by his rapacious exactions, although in disgrace with the government, is left to the enjoy the fruits of them in the vicinity of Paris. *La Reveillère Lèpeaux* the highpriest of the sect of Theophilanthropists, and of whom it was sarcastically observed by one of his col-

leagues, "that his predominant passion was the fear of being hung," is living, unmolested in the midst of botanical pursuits. *Barras* resides in a state of honourable exile in the south of France. *Roger Ducos* who, in 1794, presided at the meetings of the Jacobin Society, and passed from the station of Director to that of third Consul in 1799, fell soon after into the ranks of the Senate, where he now glitters as one of the great dignitaries of the Legion of Honour. *Sieyès* supports the same honours, with a large estate bestowed by the Consuls as a national recompense. *Barthelemy* is also a member of the senate and by far the most respectable of that body. During the great shocks of the Revolution, he was absent on foreign missions, and conducted himself with uniform moderation and distinguished ability. He negotiated several important treaties abroad; and, on his return to Paris was forced into the Directorship, rather by the lustre of his character, than by any love for the situation. That character threw him among the number of the *deported*; when *Barras* and his party acquired a preponderance. His escape from Cayenne must be familiar to most of our readers by the work of *Ramel*. His early studies were pursued under the direction of his uncle the celebrated author of the *Travels of Anacharsis*, who combined with so copious a variety of knowledge, and such exquisite taste, so much private virtue and social talent, as to render him the delight of his friends, and the ornament of his age. With an intellect and a heart formed upon this amiable model, the nephew has a similar exterior; a tall and well proportioned frame; a physiognomy of the true antique, with a mingled expression of simplicity, of goodness and of greatness, which

* This man was charged with 'les grands mouvements pecuniaires,' in the technical phraseology of the banditti. A relation of *Rewbell*, of the name of *Rapinat*, was sent into Switzerland by the Directory, "pour travailler la Suisse,"—to pillage and distract that country. It is rather a singular coincidence, that his two principal coadjutors in this honourable mission, were called *Forfait* and *Guegon*. His spoliations became so intolerable at length, that the French Government was compelled to recall him. On his return the following quatrain was published, in allusion to his name

Question d'Etymologie.

- 'Un bon Su se que l'on ruine,
- 'Vouloit bien que l'on decidat;
- 'Si *Rapinat* veut de rapine,
- 'Où rapine de *Rapinat*.'

seen

seems to reflect the true character of a noble and elevated mind.

We find mentioned in these volumes an *Abbe Fenelon*, a grand nephew of the celebrated archbishop of Cambray, from whose name virtue appears inseparable. In the decline of life, the Abbe is said to have conceived the design of improving the condition and correcting the vices of an unfortunate class of children, known in Paris under the appellation of *Petits Savoyards*. He laboured so assiduously for the accomplishment of this benevolent purpose that he acquired the surname of their Bishop. He was seen constantly surrounded by a little group, who appeared to listen to him with respect and admiration; and who, in a short time, imbibed a strong affection for his person. He was seized and imprisoned in the Luxembourg, during the reign of terror. As soon as the Savoyards heard of his imprisonment they assembled, and proceeded in a body to the Convention, to solicit his liberation, but without success. He was condemned as an aristocrat by the Revolutionary tribunal, and executed at the age of eighty-one.

Our attention has been attracted by the name of *Dezeze*, who pronounced the eloquent and powerful vindication of Louis XVI. before the Convention. The reputation which he had acquired at the bar before the Revolution, induced the monarch to call upon him, after the refusal of Target, to undertake his defence. He obeyed the call with enthusiasm; and, before he entered on the performance of his task made every necessary disposition for his own death—so sure was the fate which seemed to await all those who openly adhered to the interests of the throne. His discourse written in the course of four nights, embraced, and triumphantly refuted all the to-

pics of accusation preferred against his royal client. It contains some most pathetic appeals, and many bold strokes of eloquence. His enunciation is uncommonly fine; and was found every way suitable to the importance of the object. The interesting journal of *Maleherbes* states, the peroration as it originally stood, was of irresistible pathos. "When *Dezeze* read it to us," says his venerable associate, "we could not refrain from shedding tears;" but the king remarked, that "it must be suppressed, as he did not wish to make an appeal to the passions." * The monarch after his condemnation asked *Maleherbes*, with visible emotion, what he could do to reward his advocate. This was reported to *Dezeze*, who asked no other recompense than the honor of kissing his master's hand. The request was immediately granted; and as he approached to bend the knee, Louis pressed forward, threw his arms about his neck, rested his head upon his shoulder, and sobbed bitterly for some time, exclaiming, "*Mon pauvre Dezeze!*"

Dezeze, soon after the execution of the sovereign, was thrown into an obscure prison, where he remained for a long period, apparently forgotten by those who had ordered his arrest. His wife, a woman of a most accomplished and vigorous mind, applied for his release to *Barrere*, on whom her husband had conferred some important benefits at his outset in life. *Barrere* shed tears when he was informed of the miseries of his

* There is one part of his speech which peculiarly deserves to be noticed as '*un beau mouvement*.' The orator casting his eyes indignantly around him, exclaimed, '*Je cherche ici des juges; Je ne vois partout que des accusateurs.*'

benefactor; but commanded the wife to abstain from all further applications in favour of her husband, lest the attention of the revolutionary government should be drawn towards him; and after the lapse of a few months, had him secretly removed to a *Maison de Sante*, or a house for the reception of invalids and lunatics. We know of no other favourable trait in the life of this furious and wily demagogue; who, after having so long governed the Legislative assemblies of France, and occupied so much of the attention of mankind, has dwindled into absolute insignificance, and now drags out a solitary and fordid existence in Paris, contemned by the government, and shunned by all orders of men.* In this *Maison de Sante*, Deseze remained during the whole of the reign of terror, secluded from public notice, and occupied in the education of his children. He ventured forth when the fury of the of the tempest was past; and it is thought rather remarkable that of a numerous family, not one fell under the axe of the guillotine. He exercises no employment under the government, but lives in a retired part of the capital, in the midst of a society of men, such as Morellet, Sicard, and some others, with whom any state of things would be tolerable. Maleherbes perished on

* Since the establishment of the Imperial power, he for some time edited, under the auspices of the police, a violent Journal with the title of *Memorial Anti-Bricannique*. Notwithstanding the sanguinary and infuriate conduct of this man during the Revolution, there are few of more mild or fascinating manners, or whose conversation breathes purer and more indulgent sentiments of morality. He was remarkable for the inflation of his style, and unrivalled in the art of displaying the successes of the French arms.

the scaffold at the age of seventy. Target, who shrunk from the peril of defending his sovereign, and who during the reign of terror, acted as secretary of the Revolutionary committee of his section is now a judge of the tribunal of Cassation, and a member of the Legion of Honour. Franchet, who co-operated so nobly with Deseze, died in 1806, after having served as a senator under the new regime. Froncon Ducoudray, who defended the Queen, was deported to Cayenne, where he fell a victim to that destructive climate, facetiously styled the *dry guillotine* by the agents of the Directory. On this fatal spot, about the same time, died also Billaud de Varrenes, Bourde l'Oise, and many others of a character and principles so opposite to those of Ducoudray. There are few things, indeed, which can give us a more powerful impression of the atrocities of faction or the indiscriminate mischiefs of revolution, than the singular group which the colony of Cayenne exhibited for some time, — of refractory and apostate priests — of royalists and demagogues, brought together to encounter the same destiny on the same spot. The same instructive lesson was afforded in the prisons of Paris, where the executioner and his victim, the accuser and the accused, the leaders of a fallen party and their vindictive successors, often met on their passage to the same scaffold. It was a truly and emphatically said by Danton, that the fraternity of these republicans was that of Cain; and that the tyrant crowned with the bonnet rouge, may be as relentless as he who wields the sceptre. Danton, Chaumette, Herbert and Robespierre, occupied successively the same dungeon in the Conciergerie. When Danton was going

going to the scaffold, he at first imprecated curses on Robespierre: but suddenly checking himself, exclaimed, "They are all alike: Brissot

would have sent me to the guillotine as well as Robespierre."—"Quod inter bonos amicitia," says Cicero, "inter malos factio est."

—000000—

Account of the Kingdom of Wirttemberg.

THE following account of it is taken from Baron Riesbeck's Travels, who was himself a native of Wurtemberg.

"The greatest part of the Kingdom consists in an extensive valley, which is bounded on the east by a chain of hills called the Alps; on the west by the Black-Forest; on the north by a part of the mountain of Oden-Wald, and an arm of the Black-Forest; and on the south by the joint arms of the Alps, and the Black-Forest. On the whole, it inclines to the northward, and is watered in the middle by the Neckar:

"Excepting salt, which it is obliged to have recourse to Bavaria for it abounds in all the necessaries of life. What corn is not consumed in the country is sent to Switzerland, and the wine goes as far as England.

"The whole extent of the country does not contain more than 20 German, or 256 French square

miles. In this circuit there are about 560,000 inhabitants; i. e. about 2800 to every German square mile. Excepting those parts of Germany which are in the neighbourhood of some capital cities, and some districts of Italy, and the Netherlands, there is certainly no country in Europe so populous, in proportion to its extent, as this is. It is, however, so fruitful as to be able to support as many more inhabitants.

"The income of the King amounts to three millions of florins, or about 3000,000 l. per annum.

"*Stuttgart* the capital contains about 25,000 souls. The city is well built; the inhabitants are a handsome, stout people. The women are tall and slender, with fair and ruddy complexions. The natural riches, the ease with which a maintenance is to be procured, either at court, or in the country, cause them to live exceedingly well."

—000000—

Important Extracts from Newspapers.

The Rev. Mr. Abraham, in a sermon preached on Sunday last before the Society for discountenancing vice, highly reprobated the custom of appointing men magistrates, who were openly employed robbing and plundering some years since, and now actually enjoy the fruits of their

rapacity. The indecency of such conduct is highly reprehensible said the learned divine, besides the absurdity of making a thief an arbitrator, and a guardian of the public peace, it tends to impress a very unfavourable character both of the laws and the government; had this good

good clergyman, expressed such language, in 1798, we know a man now in palace street, who would have chastised such temerity.

IT is reported in the most fashionable circles, that Mr. John Burke O'Flaherty Fitzimons, late a member of Beresford's light cavalry, and an officer in the excise, is engaged on a very interesting literary work; not less in number than four hundred well written newspaper paragraphs in the best style of periodical workmanship, are already most happily formed for occasional delivery, either to be used in the pages of the Hibernian Journal, or exchanged for equal value in the Correspondent. We congratulate the public on this exposition of Irish ingenuity, so honourable to our national taste and common convenience. Talents long concealed under the pressure of excise vigilance, or obscured by the intoxicating vapours of distilleries, most happily relieved from the labours of official attendance, are now destined to instruct and embellish the Irish mind.

WE are desired to contradict a paragraph that appeared in the *Fin-glass Advertiser*, stating that several human skeletons, whips, and thumb screws were discovered by some workmen employed in repairing the riding house in Marlborough green

TWENTY thousand manufacturers and their families in the liberties of Dublin, reduced to the greatest distress for want of employment return their thanks to the King's Bench Jury, for the seasonable relief of *Two Guineas* sent to them through the hands of Mark Bloxham, Esq. Sheriff's peer and tallow chandler, No. 81, Meath-street, where he

continues to sell the best goods in his line of business.

The public will be highly gratified at the liberal patronage of their Graces the Duke and Dukes of Richmond towards the relief of the above deserving body of people; their Graces having ordered thirty-five yards of pink satin to be immediately manufactured in Irish looms for their own private use this very princely encouragement has communicated sentiments of the liveliest gratitude throughout the Coomb, Meath-street and Pimlico, where bonfires, and other demonstrations of joy concluded the last evening. Captain Cushion and a party of his corps of yeomanry attended in the course of the evening to prevent any unpleasant circumstances that usually occur by intemperance. Several brew houses in the neighbourhood were thrown open by their respective owners for the admission of such drays and cattle as impeded the public amusements.

IT was spoken of very confidently in the Commercial Buildings yesterday that an adjustment had taken place, between the Head Police Office, Val. Hazard, and the castle, and that a separation has been agreed on, as such public offices would appear with more becoming respect and respective convenience by being placed in different neighbourhoods. The accounts come to hand state, that the castle is to remain in its ancient position, that Val. is to remove his tables, his cards and his ivory into Dame-street, next door to McKeown and the little gambling district is to be named *Dulcimer Terrace*. We are not informed to what neighbourhood the M——r is destined, but whenever the circumstance occurs, it will

will be communicated as early as possible to the meal shops and green stalls in Patrick-street.

ON the 16th ult. Thomas Reynolds, Esq. late of Kilkea castle, and a member of the Major's battallion, gave a splendid entertainment to a great assemblage of fashionables at his elegant house in Bath.

About half past five the company began to assemble, and at six sat down to a dinner prepared in the most elegant manner, and of the choicest viands of the season, with wines of the most exquisite flavor. Our correspondent speaks in the most animating terms of the rank and beauty that attended, and of the urbanity and social manners of Mr. Reynolds and his amiable consort. After the cloth was removed some very *affecting airs* were performed on the Irish harp by Mr. Reynolds, in a style of superior execution.

WE are highly gratified to hear that a reconciliation has taken place between the police magistrates of Duke-street and Mr. Fox, Mr. Magrath, Alderman Hone and Counsellor Guiness, and in the presence of several respectable citizens, did on Friday morning in an incessant shower of rain, respectively embrace Mr. Fox, and frequently in the most affectionate manner, assured him by

the title of captain that no man better deserves that gallant and honorable distinction of which Alderman King attempted to deprive him. The worthy magistrates notwithstanding the pressure of business which the vigilance of Serjeant Biblemouth produced by arrest of a croud of ballad singers and prostitutes, invited the captain to porter and oysters to bury former misunderstanding in convivial harmony and mutual concordance. It is not accurately reported the subsequent conversation that ensued, but the parties on separating appeared in the most good humoured condition.

THE Limerick Chronicle announced the important intelligence of the arrival of Lord Clarina at his seat in Elm-park. The editor of the Chronicle ought to inform his readers who must be strangers to the rapid variations in modern life, who is Lord Clarina? and if his tenants who expressed such joy at his happy arrival by dragging his carriage, wear *shoes* in general, and how many of them do so? If any good authority could assure us that the noble lord's tenants are able to indulge themselves in the use of such articles, so uncommon with great men's slaves in Ireland, we would be happy to repeat the intelligence and shew to the world that *new lords* have a little more feeling than *old ones*.

Catholic Divinity.

COYNE of Capel-street, has just published a very valuable work translated from the latin of St. Vincentius Lirinensis, "The Golden Treatise on the Antiquity and Universality of the Catholic Faith against the profane novelties of all Heresies." This valuable work written so early as the year 437. The learned and sainted author has given an accurate and strong drawn picture of the various artifices used by false teachers to impose on the weak and unthinking members of the church, to detach them from it, and lead them into the dangerous and giddy paths of innovation and schism.

The machinations of heretical impostors, as they are described in this book near fourteen hundred years ago, agree as perfectly with the manner of modern sectarists, as if they were given by some cotemporary of the numerous companies of heretics that disgrace the learning and taste of the nineteenth century.

We extract the following for the entertainment of the Catholic reader.

The dexterity and readiness of Heretics at Scriptural proof, in order to recommend and promote their Heresies.

"But here perhaps it will be asked, whether heretics make use of the divine authority of Scripture? Use it, indeed they do, and with mighty ostentation; for you shall see them, in the twinkling of an eye fly over the books of Moses, the books of the Kings, the Psalms, Prophets, Gospels and Epistles. For whether amongst their own party, or with Catholics, in private or in public, in

discourse or in writing, at table or in the street: *They advance nothing of their own, but they shadow it all over with Scripture expression.* For the proof of this, read but the works of Paulus Samosatenus, Priscillian, Eutomius, Jovinian, and the other pests of Christendom, and you will be abundantly satisfied: for you will hardly meet with a page that is not painted and laid on thick with Scripture both of the Old and New Testament. *But these are the most formidable Serpents, that lie folded up under the shadow of divine authority.* For, they are well aware that their fulsome errors, in their pure naturals, would presently be as offensive to all, as the fumes of a dunghill; and therefore, a sweet smelling savour they spice them as it were with the odours of the gospel; so, that he who at first sight would see through the error with contempt, was it undressed and in its own proper colours, is very hard put to it to discover the fallacy, so faced and interwoven with divine truth. And therefore to make their heresies palatable to the people, they sugar them over with texts of Scripture, just as we sweeten the edges of the cup to invite children to take the portion, that being imposed on by the pre-engaging sweet, they should never dream of the ensuing bitter; or as quacks put off their destructive potions under the title of infallible cures, that no one should ever suspect poison, in the advertisement of a remedy."

Under this view it was that our Saviour cried out in these words, *Beware of False prophets, who come to you in the cloathing of sheep, but inwardly they are ravenous wolves*

Matt. vii. 15. But what is here meant by the *sheep's cloathing*? Why by this we are to understand, the doctrines of the prophets and apostles, woven together by them with all the simplicity imaginable, like so many fleeces of wool, if I may so speak, into one entire cloathing for the Catholic Church, the body of that immaculate Lamb, who took away the sins of the world. But who are then the ravenous wolves? They are those savage heretics, whose minds are continually set upon the blood and ruin of Catholics, and who are never well, but when they are infesting the fold of the Church, and worrying the flock of Christ, all the ways possible they can. And to steal, the more slyly, upon the heedless sheep, they put off the wolf's shape, but keep on his nature and cover themselves with Scripture quotations, as with fleeces of wool: so, that no one would suspect the fangs of a wolf where nothing is visible, but the softness of a sheep. But what says our Saviour? Why, ye shall know them by their fruits, that is, you shall know them, not only by their continual canting in gospel phrase, but then, more especially, when they come to give you their sense of Scripture, and let you into the meaning of the common cant; then you will see, that bitterness, rancour and rage that lie at the bottom, of all these fair pretences; then, you will see the poison discovering itself, in amazing exhalations, and new scenes of impiety open on every side: then, to be sure, you will see the hedge broken down, and the ancient landmark which the Fathers have set removed: the Catholic Faith divided, and the canons of the church, torn all to pieces.

— Just such deceivers were those

the apostle condemns in his second epistle to the Corinthians, in these words; “For such false apostles are deceitful labourers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ. 2 Cor. ii. xiii. But what are we to understand by transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ? Why thus then, it is the apostles make use of the writings of Moses, the false apostles do the same; the apostles allege the authority of the Psalms, these do so likewise; the apostles produce the doctrines of the prophets, nor are the impostors behind them in this also. Thus far then, the true and the false go hand in hand: but no sooner do they come to interpret differently, the same quotations, but then you may easily distinguish simplicity from subtlety, nature from art, right from wrong, and in a word the true apostles from the false. Nor ought such a *transformation* seem strange, since the apostle assures us that ‘Satan himself transformeth himself into an angel of light.’ ibid v. 14. Therefore it is no great thing if his ministers be transformed as the ministers of justice. According to St. Paul’s rule therefore, whensoever false apostles, or false prophets, or false teachers, come out with their Scripture quotations, and by their sinister interpretations would force the divine oracles to speak for a lie, we may rest satisfied that they are then under the actual possession of the father of lies, and driving on the trade of the devil, according to his own heart’s desire, who certainly had never practised this black art himself, had he not looked upon it as a master-piece, and that there is no such sure way to deceive, as when any impious opinion is stealing into the world, to cover it well with the word of God.

Beside

Besides this work, this independent and spirited bookseller is publishing in numbers, price 1s. 1d. each, the learned and Rev. Dr. Hawarden's "Charity and Truth."

The work entitled "Charity and Truth," though not sufficiently known in this country for want of publication, is a work of so much merit, that the Most Rev. Dr. Troy in his learned Pastoral Letter, published in the year 1803, gives it unqualified approbation; discussing the article of exclusive salvation, where he refers those that wish to know our genuine doctrine on this particular subject, to the excellent work entitled "Charity and Truth," by the Rev. Dr. Edward Hawarden.

As a specimen of the work we give what the Doctor terms a Vulgar Error.

That if I judge more favourably of the salvation of another than he does of mine, I am the more charitable of the two.

This, I say, is a vulgar error: for a charitable judgment, and a favourable judgment, are quite different things.

A favourable judgment is a judgment in your favour be it right or wrong. A charitable judgment is that which is grounded on truth, and

which proceeds from the love of God above all things. So that a charitable judgment may be unfavourable, and a favourable judgment may be very uncharitable. As will manifestly appear by these instances.

If sober men say with St. Paul, that drunkards cannot be saved; this judgment is both charitable and necessary, though not favourable to the foolish friend of the bottle whom it condemns. But are drunkards more charitable than sober men, because they judge more favourably of their salvation; I mean that sober men may be saved though drunkards cannot? Again, if sober men should think that drunkards are in a state of salvation: this opinion, how much soever in their favour, would be highly uncharitable by encouraging them in their wickedness. Another instance is this: high-way men say, that honest men may be saved; and honest men say that high-way men cannot. Whether then is an honest man or a high way man, the more charitable? If the high way man is not the more charitable of the two it is a vulgar error, that, If I judge more favourably of the salvation of another than he does of mine, I am the more charitable of the two,

—000000—

To the Rev. Gentlemen of Denmark-street Chapel.

Gentlemen,

I attend Divine worship in your chapel every Sunday, and for this long time I have suppressed my indignation at the scene exhibited in the lower part of the chapel within the railing. The delicacy of your situation as you misname it, has kept you

silent upon the subject, but, Gentlemen, the more delicate your situation the more sensitive should you appear, and the louder should you exclaim, without respect of persons, against what I call an outrage upon religion and common decency. At the solemn offering up of the Mass where
eye

every Roman Catholic believes the God of Heaven to be present, in you chapel we see a crowd on every Sunday of frivolous, foolish coxcombs, studiously mirthful, offensively prying into the faces of every female, indecently chattering to each other, and refusing to bend their knee during the solemn sacrifice. Gentlemen, the lower class of life are apt to form an opinion that the better dressed class of mankind are more informed, and better taught than the poor, and how must one of your poor congregation feel, at beholding a number of what are called *gentlemen*, standing grinning and buffooning, whilst they are prostrate adoring their Redeemer? might not one of them feel a suggestion to this effect? "I wonder how the clergymen, if they believe in God's presence upon the altar, allow such indecorum and levity, which any of them would reprehend as ungentlemanly conduct, in the presence of any great personage or common vestry." He might go on and say, "if a poor fellow like me stood up at the elevation, and acted any way like that green coated, foolish, vacant-looking coxcomb with the spectacles, or that little Connaught surgeon with a ———, or that bankrupt carpenter's son from Thomas-street, or the vacant faced puppy the Stucco-man from Mt. Joy Square, or like that clerk from Abbey-street that was the writing master, or like the little merchant who has made his fortune by two failures, or that coxcomb officer who got his commission by his father who was a papist and an united Irishman, shooting the man at ———." "Should I," he may say, "imitate these fellows Mr. M. would send in

the clerk to turn me out, and perhaps the people of my own class would make the matter shorter and kick me out of doors. Why then are these gentlemen allowed to scandalize the weak, to give bad example to the young and uninstructed, and molest the devout? does the priest for the paltry pittance he may expect from the pocket of the jackanaps at the door compromise his duty? does he allow this monstrous abuse, he does, or is he afraid to offend these gentlemen who insult the Godhead, religion and common decency." If you fear offending such reptiles say so and the congregation will adopt the office you neglect, and give them a feeling lesson upon their duty. I cannot help here noticing the beggary of these fellows as well as their impudence. I have watched them, and I never see one of them give a penny at the door, I have also watched and observed that of a day that there is a charity sermon in your chapel when the call upon them is more marked they all stay away.* Gentlemen, let us not have it to say that in Liffey-street and Denmark-street chapels there is a scandalous indecency which no chapel in the city has ever witnessed, and which our separate brethren would punish if attempted in their places of worship with the common beadle and the stocks.

PAPISTA.

* I saw a gentleman upon being asked for his mite at the door, appeared grossly indignant and offensively savage, at the impudence of the suggestion, and if imbecility of constitution did not prevent it he might probably have faced his hide.

The Rev. Thomas Augustine Clarke.

THIS excellent and respected young man, whose death on the 12th of June last, excited so much sympathy in this great metropolis, such as we never before witnessed on the demise of any person in any rank of life, was born about the year 1773, near the town of Lisburn, county Down. His parents were of respectable connexions; his father who has survived him, held a commission in his Majesty's army, and consequently a member of the reformed or established church, in whose doctrines our young and energetic teacher was carefully instructed, and from the very sources of polished error and privileged authorities, his industrious and penetrative mind drew those ample materials, that enabled him by judicious comparison and deep inquiry to separate evangelical truths, from the obscurity with which artifice and cupidity had amalgamated them. His virtues must have been of the purest kind, and his contempt for the seducing attachments of life must have been strengthened by the strongest conviction, no higher character can be given the spirit of self denial and mortification he adopted, by rejecting the easy and playful paths strewn with amusement by the complaisant and complaisant manner the reforming divines had reconciled the profession of the gospel, with all the *harmless* duties of the world. Educated as he was in the college of Dublin for the protestant priesthood, he must be endowed with a strong understanding and possessed of a soul of the most elevated purity, that could escape the established contagion, cherished in that seminary to poison the youthful mind with a con-

tempt of the ceremonious and abstemious practices of the Catholic church. Rising above every seduction, and abjuring every pleasure not reconcileable to the strict discipline and elevated piety of the fathers of the church. He became a convert, not so much owing to any external aid of a second person as to the weight, which his own great mind and instinctive piety had given operation to, on talents improved by a sound understanding and a judicious application of correct erudition.

After deciding on, embracing the ecclesiastical life, he put himself under the directions of the Catholic bishop of Down, who had him sent to the Irish college of Lisbon. There he was distinguished for his talents, great application, and dignified piety. After the usual term of his studies having expired, he determined on embarking on the mission to his native country, though solicited to remain in the college with the flattering offer of a professorship, preferring the duty he conceived he owed to the comfort and instruction of his Irish brethren, he resisted every overture that would prevent him exercising his benevolence and industry at home.

As he was a Dominican, he entered as a member of the house of that order in Denmark street, where he became a favourite of the public by his impressive and apostolical exertion in the pulpit and his sedulous attention to the wants of the poor.

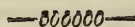
From the conventual chapel he removed to the parish one, where the exercise of his prevailing passion of benevolence would have a more enlarged field, by the opportunities

his

his new situation gave him of personally knowing the condition of a numerous flock, thousands of whom were relieved in their worldly and eternal affairs by his representations to the opulent, and the application of his piety in private.

In company he was cheerful without departing from the character of a gentleman, the or decent dignity of an ecclesiastic. The pleasures of the table in his mind and uniformly agree-

able to his practice, were not to be extended under the affectation of liberality and politeness to sensual extremities, or indecorous indulgence. Ever regulated by this principle, he avoided the company of social intemperance as unbecoming not only the character of a clergyman, but dangerous to the morals as it is, to the circumstances of the persons who improvidently practise it.



The Installation of the Knights of St. Patrick.

THE exhibition of this institution on Thursday the 29th of June, has been duly praised in the most glowing colours by the newspapers. We are not more surprised at the pains taken by a servile press to call the serious attention of the public to a foolish piece of gaudy mummerly, than we are at the affectation and solemnity the performers done their respective parts for we cannot be persuaded that men of understanding and education who suffered themselves to be dragged through the streets, covered with antiquated finery, and playing a few childish tricks, could of their own free will think of exposing themselves to the ridicule and contempt of the thinking part of the public. The public, with the exception of a few women and children, expressed their feelings and their contempt, much to their honor, by staying at home at their respective occupations, leaving the knights, trumpeters, kettle-drummers, esquires, chaplains, battle-axe guards and heralds to the peaceable possession of the streets through which they hawked the silly procession, with

as little attention to them as would be paid to an ordinary funeral. If the intention of engaging the public approbation, was any part of the plan it failed so far, that the noble players, dukes, marquisses, earls, viscounts, &c. literally acted to empty benches. Two causes operated with the people of Dublin in this business. The remembrance of the institution of the order of St. Patrick, recalled the ideas then entertained by the people of Ireland at the emancipation of their parliament and trade, from the dominion of British authority and British monopoly, which the new order appeared to commemorate. The contrast between the state of the country in 1783 and 1809, is so gloomy and affecting that a comparison of dates and circumstances call forth all the passions of despair and indignation. Frivolous as such ceremonies as modern knighthood is composed of. The first appearance of the knights of St. Patrick was indulged and carested as a harmless bagatelle, as the knights of 1783, were considered part of the champions of Irish

Irish independence, while those of 1809 are actually part of that detestable body who sold its own existence and the country to a British minister, and by laying the trade and liberties at the feet of our English masters, has left Dublin in such reduced circumstances that a garrison of eight thousand men is deemed necessary to account with a starving population for the emigration of our gentry and the extinction of our independence and trade.

We are much surprised that common sense or decency would not have had some little influence on the nobles and gentry who performed in the ceremony of the day. they should have been influenced by the apprehension of exciting a reasonable degree of indignation, particularly in the citizens of Dublin. Such as the sight of the very men who voted away our free constitution, vi-

siting a decayed metropolis for the little folly of going through a few mountebank jugglings. If such whimsical follies are to be acted to please big children of rank, it cannot be deemed prudent to insult the public understanding by an open display of them, they would be more handsomely done in private, and we hope if ever another installation takes place it may be done as secretly as the case will admit.

We hope the managers of installations have not so mean an opinion of Irish manners or patriotism, as to think we are so deficient of either, as to suppose that a few paltry garments and speckled cavalcades, can obliterate the dislike that must be in an Irish heart for the O'Neills, Shannons, Headforts, Beresfords and Elys, who contrived and effected the detested Union.

—00000—

Methodist Converts.

THE decay of Popery is daily manifest, and the Methodist harvest abounds. It has lately reaped two advantages in the conversion of a pair of blind fiddlers, Larry M^cDonagh and Con Cassidy by name. In the change of the first sinner's sentiments, as to his error and damnation, God Almighty made use only of a three shillings weekly stipend, a pair of old half hoots, a new fiddle, Billy English the meal man's oratory and his own grace, He has abandon-

ed all his old profane tunes, and has changed the "Black Joke" for the "Lord my pasture will prepare," which he accompanies through his nose with the most melodious piety and edifying cadence. His lady's terms of conversion are high, she holds out for half a-guinea a week, as she says if she is damned it wont be for nothing. Her case and her lowest terms are before the Rev. Mrs. Latouche for consideration.

Specimen

Specimens of English civilization, by W. A. Miles, Esq.

It may possibly be matter of information to a considerable number of those, into whose hands these pages may fall, that Ireland has been subject to the most degrading civil distinctions, ever since the dissensions of her native princes brought her under the dominion of England. That from the first landing of British adventurers in the reign of Henry the Second, the Irish, after they had submitted to the merciless yoke of English despotism, were regarded as aliens, or rather as enemies, and that (with the exception of a few septs, who enfranchised by special charter, were allowed the benefit and protection of the laws of England) they were not admitted to the condition of subjects until the reign of James the First. In recurring to such records of Irish history as are most worthy of credit, it will be found, that from the reign of Roderic, who closed in the twelfth century the line of Irish monarchs down to the present times, the most wanton tyranny has been exercised over the hapless unprotected natives of that country. If, in the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, and Elizabeth, the Irish, in a state of absolute slavery and their harvests destroyed, and were driven by treachery, and famine into rebellion: if they were hunted like wild beasts by our savage ancestors, and denied the level rank of citizens and of men, let it be remembered that the wretched descendants of these hapless beings, as if doomed to eternal servitude and injustice have experienced insults and

wrongs, little short of the excesses under the milder dominion of George the Third. The Irish peasantry, in these days have beheld on their return, hungry and fatigued from laborious industry, their little harvests, and their cabins in flames. They have beheld their wives and daughters brutally outraged*, destitute of food, of raiment, without shelter from the more inclement ferocity of a legalized banditti of assassins of various hues, turned loose on a defenceless race of men, driven by various kinds of oppression to seek in revolt a recovery of their dearest rights, or a period to their calamities. If it was held no felony † in the reign of Elizabeth, to seize an Irishman and his goods, and kill him, even in time of peace neither has it been deemed criminal, in these more enlightened and less barbarous times, to drag unoffending individuals from their wives and children and half strangle them; if the appearance of hair on the upper lips of men in Ireland, until the reign of James the First, exposed them to imprisonment or death let it also be remembered, that within

* It was the profligate boast of a party, who had been hunting out united Irishmen that they had violated every girl in the town they had ransacked.—It is from humanity only that I do not reveal the names of these men, and one of them an Irish peer.

† "No man was to be taken for an Englishman, who had not his upper lip shaven, and if any man should be found among the English contrary therunto, it was lawful to seize him and his goods as an Irish enemy.

these

these few years, neither character nor fortune could protect gentlemen from being violently torn from their homes and dragged to a whipping post; that they have been ignominiously tied up like common soldiers, and been scourged almost to death, on no better evidence than suspicion, or on the very doubtful testimony of worthless vagabonds, encouraged to forswear themselves by the hope of pecuniary reward! If the people of Ireland, harrassed by the execrable tyranny and extortions of different ministers in the reign of Elizabeth, were induced from despair of better treatment, to take up arms against government in their defence, let it not be forgotten that in these days, the desolating hand of perverted power, by wantonly burning the miserable abodes of the indigent and laborious, has left a persecuted peasantry no alternative but to perish by famine or the sword. Comparing the manners of the present with the manners of past times, it must be owned that the expedient of whipping and of suspending men until life was nearly exhausted, in order to ferret out treason by confession under torture, are excesses to the full as atrocious as those which marked the earlier periods of British history; and, as an aggravation of such guilt, these foul acts of insolent aggression have been perpetrated in the reign of a humane and devout prince—of a prince of acknowledged piety and benevolence, who has made religion and virtue the rule of his own conduct, in all the transactions of private life. That any man entrusted by his majesty with the management of his affairs in Ireland, should have dared to sanction enormities that justified the disaffection they excited; that he should have disgraced his office, his country, and the ashes of his venerable ancestor, by the exercise of a despotism so repugnant to British

R r

principles, with an English parliament in view to correct his turpitude and an English education to inspire him with better sentiments, must be matter of indignation to every man awake to humanity, and not indifferent to the blessings of a free government; but that such a mode of governing a free people should ever be resorted to in this country, and above all, that it should have been allowed to pass uncensured—that what was calculated to irritate to madness, the minds of men, to confirm the revolt provoked by injustice, to inspire hatred and revenge, not loyalty, and to endanger the throne, should have passed unpunished, must be matter of far greater astonishment, because it is giving impunity to the highest species of delinquency.

French Literature.

The territory of Naples, together with the adjacent island which was so celebrated in the time of the Romans, have been more than once united under one sovereign, and distinguished by the appellation of “the two Sicilies.” They are for the present separated at least in point of fact, as Bonaparte has lately given a new sovereign to Naples, while Ferdinand IV. reigns in Sicily under the protection of the British nation, who still continue to support him by means of a squadron of ships of war, and a formidable body of troops.

The two Sicilies have from the earliest periods been afflicted with volcanic eruptions, and at the same time agitated by political convulsions still more dangerous than those of nature. To name but Sicily, is to point out the theatre of the most brilliant actions, and at the same time to designate the most ancient field of battle known in the history of nations. As to the misfortunes of Naples they seem

seem

seem to have commenced at the epoch of the decline of the Roman empire. The conquest of that city in 543, immortalized Totila, who treated the inhabitants with the utmost kindness and carried his humanity so far, as to cause them to be closely watched after he had taken possession of their capital lest they should be induced to overcharge their stomachs by too much food, after such long and such terrible privations.

After the establishment of the Exarchate of Ravenna, the provinces which at present compose the kingdom of Naples, were ravaged in succession by the Lombards, the Greeks, the Saracens, the Normans, the Germans, the Hungarians, the French, and the Spaniards. So many wars tended not a little to alter the character of the natives; for they contrived as it were to retain all the vices of their conquerors without preserving any, or but very few of their virtues. In the midst of the most fertile portion of Europe, were committed the most frightful crimes. The populace of Naples acquired a celebrity that became terrible to their masters, and were to the full as tumultuous, seditious, and atrocious as the populace of Rome. Their history has been described by one whose work is entitled "*Le trente cinq Revoltes du tres fidele Peuple de Naples.*" The calculation of this author is moderate enough, for we might reckon more than double the number of these revolts, were we but to take the trouble to enter the tragic labyrinth of events that fatigue by their sanguinary uniformity.

The only nation that ever in a great degree incorporated itself with the Neapolitans, was the Normans, who after fighting against the infidels from the year 1015, rendered the most signal services to the sovereigns of that country, and obtained several

portions of territory by way of recompence for their exploits. But these auxiliaries soon conducted themselves in the two Sicilies, in exactly the same manner that the Anglo Saxons had done in Great Britain; that is to say, they rendered themselves masters of the whole country.

So early as 1043, they had already founded in Apulia, as well as in Calabria, a great number of principalities, and chased the Greeks of the Lower empire from the whole of southern Italy. Robert Guiscard, and Bohemond his son, the two heroes of their age, would have overturned the empire of the east, but for the courage of Alexis, who was supported by all the power of the Venetians. Those redoubtable Normans whose exploits at that period obtained the admiration of the whole world were nevertheless exposed to the machinations of the treacherous inhabitants of Apulia, who meditated a general massacre, during which two of their princes were slain.

The first Duke of Apulia, who assumed the title of king in 1130, was called Roger II. He carried on war both in Africa and the East. At length the immense riches which the Normans had collected during their expeditions, began to corrupt their morals. The indolence, the mean conduct, and the cruelty of William the Bad, son of Roger, occasioned the most atrocious scenes; unworthy favourites made the people groan under the burden of imposts, and Naples became a prey to horrors, no less execrable than those formerly perpetrated by Nero and Caligula; but under the reigns of William II. and of Tancred, the two kingdoms of Naples and Sicily began to experience something like tranquility; the former by the goodness of his heart, and the mildness of his manners; the latter by his clemency and his eminent

eminent virtues merited the esteem and the attachment of their subjects.

At length this valorous race of adventurers was humbled and overwhelmed by a variety of ills. The figure dropped out of the feeble hands of the youthful William III. into those of the Emperor Henry VI. the exterminator of all the Roman princes; a crowned ruffian who by his multiplied assassinations but too well merited the appellation of the Nero of Italy. Like another Cambyles, extending his vengeance to the dead princes of the detested dynasty, he caused the bodies of William II. and of Roger, his son, to be dragged from their graves and the crowns which had been placed on their tombs to be nailed on the heads of two of the nobles attached to their house.

Heaven at length punished so many crimes in the descendants of this monster. Notwithstanding the virtues of Frederic, who founded the university of Salerno, made the sciences flourish, and cultivated them himself with so much success, the innocent Conradin, while scarcely a man became the expiatory victim. Manfred despoiled him of the crown, and this barbarous guardian himself, in his turn, fell under the poinards of the assassins protected by Charles of Anjou, who in less than three months beheld himself in possession of the Two Sicilies. Notwithstanding this, Conradin, accompanied by his cousin Frederic of Austria, recovered the patrimony of his forefathers by means of arms.

Every thing at first yielded to his courageous exploits, but at length vanquished while reposing in the bosom of victory, in consequence of a fatal mistake, he was forced to resign himself to the mercy of his most implacable enemies. All Europe shed tears of pity on this occasion and

shuddered at the recital of the catastrophe which terminated the life of Conradin. At the voice of ambition both he and Frederic were immolated on a scaffold at Naples, and the brother of Saint Louis was the first to exhibit the terrible example of cutting off a crowned head with the axe of an executioner. Before he received the fatal blow, Conradin who tenderly loved his mother Elizabeth, exclaimed in an agony of grief

" Ah! my dear and worthy mother what sorrows will you not experience in consequence of my death!

Many acts of refined barbarity preceded this tragedy. In the presence of the ill living princes were recited the prayers usually read for the dead, and their funeral was celebrated before their own faces, a circumstance which doubtless inspired Charles V. after his abdication, with the desire of celebrating his own within the precincts of his convent. Thus became extinct, after being struck with the thunders of the Vatican in the shape of excommunication, one of the most illustrious and unfortunate houses that ever wielded a sceptre.

The merciless Charles, however, although able to conquer was not capable of reigning. This imprudent monarch permitted his countrymen to indulge all their passions, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Popes, who foresaw a revolution in his states, and already anticipated that destructive conflagration which was concealed beneath the delusive appearance of a pernicious tranquillity. John de Procida, at once active, discreet, eloquent, supple, haughty, being piqued at seeing himself neglected by the conqueror, went abroad in order to raise up enemies against him, in Arragon as well as Constantinople; and received large supplies of money for the very purpose.

pose, from the Greek emperors. All of a sudden this new Proteus rendered himself invisible, and concealed under the habit of a Franciscan friar he every where re-animated the fury of the people, and stirred up all Sicily against the French. It was a general revolt, and not a massacre, that was meditated by this Sicilian nobleman against the French. The most judicious historians agree, that the butchery which has obtained the name of the Sicilian Vespers was the effect of mere chance.

It was not the clock of Palermo that founded the massacre of Easter Monday, A. D. 1282. The real signal was given by a Frenchman and the cries of modesty brutally outraged by him in the open street, and on the person of a young female who was going to vespers, became the only tocsin, which assembled the people, and inspired that murderous rage, that took away the lives of 28,000 of his countrymen. As a proof that this massacre was not premeditated let it be remembered that it was not produced by one general and simultaneous movement in the island.

But if historians disagree relative to the precise cause of the massacre, all are of one accord, in devoting the actors to the execration of mankind. A great number of Provençals, disguised as Sicilian peasants, endeavoured to quit this abode of assassins; but not one of them escaped because the Sicilians, as if inspired by some infernal spirit, tried them grammatically, and Ciceri was the term which these islanders selected, in order to recognise their victims. This fatal word, the pronouncement of which is so difficult, because the sentence of death to foreigners who were unable to enunciate it with the same delicacy and the same accent as the natives. The populace of Palermo carried their fury so far, as to rip-

up the bellies of those Sicilian women who happened to be with child by Frenchmen, in order to destroy the fruit of their wombs. It would be impossible to represent all the horrors of which Sicily became the theatre. It is well known that the multitude is often capable of the most monstrous excesses, and that in all ages and among all nations, it will perpetuate these bloody tragedies, if not restrained by a firm and vigorous government.

Charles was contemplating immense projects, no less than the dethroning the Greek Emperors; when the intelligence of this event surprised, and indeed annihilated him, as it soon deprived him of the remains of life; and his descendants, notwithstanding all their efforts found themselves driven both from Naples and Sicily, which they were never able to reconquer.

After these bloody scenes, the crown of Sicily detached from the kingdom of Naples, became the portion of Pedro, king of Arragon, who consented, not without some dread and hesitation, to reign on a theatre of carnage, and over so many executioners.

Under the government of Charles the lame, and of Robert, the Neapolitans at length enjoyed happiness, and blessed the paternal mildness of their government. All divisions were extinguished, all animosities ceased, and the torch of literature began to illuminate the minds of men, until then blinded by the darkness of fanaticism and barbarity. Robert, pious, charitable humane, pacific, a lover of justice, was denominated the Solomon of his age; a learned man himself, he was the protector of all the men of learning of his age; he encouraged the study of true philosophy, of mathematics, of astronomy, of medicine; he caused Aristotle to be translated

translated into the Latin tongue, and collected the most precious works in his library. He was indeed too passionately addicted to women, but this was almost the only vice which tinctured those eminent virtues, with which this prince embellished a throne. He was brave in the face of danger, and always great, even amidst reverses.

"It was at this epoch, that Flavio Gioia, an inhabitant of Amalfi, illustrated the Neapolitan nation, by inventing, or rather by perfecting the mariner's compass, that guide which has opened for us the barriers of a new world. The word *perfecting*, is used here; and doubtless some will be surprised at the air of uncertainty, relative to a subject which in the opinion of many has long ceased to be problematical; but the learned Azuni, in a very able dissertation, has demonstrated that this instrument was invented in France, and that it had been known there by the name of the *Mariniere*, since the time of the Crusades. In a poem written in the Gaulish style, by Guyot de Bo-vains, who lived during the middle of the 12th century, we read the following lines:

"Une pierre laide et bruniere
Où le fer volontiers se jointe.
Quand la mer est obscure et brune,
Quand ne voit estoile ne lune,
Contre l' estoile va la pointe."

"Bunret Latini, a Florentine, speaks of this very *Mariniere*, in the same terms, as well as the Cardinal de Vitry; the former wrote anterior to 1294, the latter in 1200..

"Thus the human mind already began to experience the effects of a salutary fermentation, throughout the kingdom of Naples, when under the reign of Joan, A. D. 1343, new tragedies were acted, less bloody indeed than the former, but no less criminal. Andrew, her husband was

strangled by some of the Neapolitan nobility; and this queen, gay, light, and inconsiderate, but suspected rather than convicted of an act which seems to have affected herself with dismay, sought every where for tribunals that might absolve her from the charge. She accordingly addressed herself to the famous Puenzi, that demagogue, who in modern Rome affected to act the part of the ancient Brutus, and who assumed to himself the vaunting title of "Tribune of the universe;" but he was too politic to decide on so delicate a question.

"Posterity however always severe in its decisions, will regard Joan as culpable, for having too openly manifested before the murder of Andrew, her aversion to that unfortunate husband, whose unworthy end was avenged by the King of Hungary. Louis irritated and indignant, rushed forward at the head of his troops, who were preceded in their march by a banner, on which was depicted the cruel death of his brother. At the sight of this funeral standard, the Neapolitans turned pale, and without opposing the least resistance, permitted the authors of the crime to be immolated in the gallery, of that very palace where it had been perpetrated. Joan, who had betaken herself to flight, did not return to her states, until after the retreat of the Hungarians.

"Having become a wife for the fourth time, her last husband, Otto of Brunswick, was unable to defend her from Charles de Duras, who had been called by this princess to succeed her. She wished afterwards to exclude him, and that too at a time when she was his prisoner; to prevent this, he stifled his benefactors!

"The new king was desirous to unite the crown of Hungary to that of Naples. This attempt cost him his life

life; and it was decreed that two humiliated queens, who had been obliged to drop their sceptres at his feet, should cut the thread of his existence.

“ Under Ladislaus, or Launcelot and Joan II. vice no longer knew any restraint, and the whole of the kingdom following the example of these two sovereigns, presented the most scandalous example of effeminacy and debauchery. Ladislaus rendered himself thrice master of Rome; and although always victorious in combat, he was unable to subdue any one of his own passions. A despot, an oppressor, sanguinary, and incontinent, he expired, exhausted as it were with pleasures, amidst the transports of frenzy. Joan his sister and heir, became the Messalina of her age. This lascivious queen, that she might resign herself entirely to her passions, sent James de Bourbon her husband into France, and her unworthy lovers, on being released from this feeble constraint, fed on the tears and the blood of the unhappy Neapolitans.

“ In 1414, Alphonso I. ascended the throne; his competitors were John d’Anjou, and Rene the Good; it was he who once more united the kingdom of Naples, to that of Sicily, from which it had been separated for one hundred and sixty years. During that space of time, anarchy had entirely desolated that bloodstained island, and the history of the Sicilians, during this period is entirely destitute of any interesting events. On the death of the magnanimous Alphonso, the inhabitants resumed their former character and conduct; and their disorders, instead of being diminished increased during the reigns of Ferdinand I. Alphonso II. and Frederic.

“ At length Charles VIII. reviving the claims of the house of Anjou

with equal rapidity subjected and relinquished Italy, and the kingdom of Naples; and with a handful of gallant soldiers, re-entered his own kingdom, although opposed by an army from time superior to his own. Naples yielded to the efforts of Louis XII. Frederic, the last king of that dynasty, in which the blood of Arragon was united to that of France, amidst the sweetness of retirement was taught to forget the loss of his throne. His states were divided in 1505, between the French and the Spaniards; the latter partly by the policy of Ferdinand King of Arragon and partly by the valour of Gonzalvo de Cordeva, chased their rivals from the kingdom of Naples, and declared themselves the sole possessors.

“ Then was at length beheld, what in all ages and countries may be obtained, by the sage firmness of a good government, for the *devils* who inhabit the paradise of Italy, became *angels*. The two Sicilies after being shaken by so many revolutions remained in peace under the domination of the viceroys of Spain one of whom, the famous Duke d’Ossuna, made himself feared, respected and beloved at the same time by the people.

“ During the reign of Philip IV. in 1663, a single spark produced an explosion in Naples, the inhabitants of which were discontented at the tax which the Duke D’Arcos had imposed on garden herbs and fruit. A man of the lowest condition starting from the crowd, on this became as if by instinct, at once chief and general of the popular party; and Mazaniello, from that moment directed the movements of fifty thousand men who flew to arms in consequence of a basket full of figs being insolently overturned by the hand of an exciseman.

“ In a single instant, assassination became

became organized in the city; and it would be extremely difficult to conceive an idea of the ridiculous, puerile, indecent and sanguinary vengeance, to which the irritated populace delivered themselves up. The whole of the nobility and the tradespeople trembled alike before the redoubtable fisherman, who had become giddy in consequence of his popularity, and who flattered himself with the most deceitful illusions. But the mob, during a moment of caprice, first overturned, and then broke this living idol whom they dragged through the streets and threw into the common sewer. On the very next day, after shedding a torrent of tears over their own victim, and reproaching themselves for the excess of their cruelty, they conferred a magnificent funeral on Mazaniello the pomp of which was heightened by the presence of all the clergy, who were forced to attend in their robes.

"At length weary of their short-lived sovereignty, fatigued with the miseries of a revolution, cured of that ardent fever which had exhausted their strength, the whole of this tumultuous populace returned to their allegiance notwithstanding the chivalrous prowess of the Duc de Guise, who had thrown himself into Naples, and endeavoured to keep alive the fire of civil discord, in the hope of being able to procure a crown. He was unable even to manage Anneze, the new idol of the populace, who happened to be, to the full, as haughty, and jealous of power, as his predecessor.

"This revolution which proved rather fantastical than terrible, was followed by a perfect calm. Many years of happiness and prosperity were still reserved for this fine country, and the Neapolitans distinguished themselves during that period by manners to the full as polished and

as amiable as any civilized nation in Europe. The arts and sciences also flourished among the people, who digging the remains of antiquity from the entrails of the earth, at length exhibited the spoils of the cities of Pompeia, and Herculaneum, to astonished Europe, and enriched themselves by a new species of intercourse—that of the living with the dead.

"After having passed in succession under the domination of Charles II. son of Leopold, and the Emperor Charles VI. the two Sicilies were conquered in 1734, by Don Carlos, who governed them with sagacity and a degree of goodness truly paternal. He resigned the sceptre to Ferdinand IV. his son in 1759, in order to reign over Spain. Such is the rapid sketch of the most signal events that have occurred in these two states, and they have been regularly traced without the omission of a single epoch, with the exception to the present alone."

The reign of his present Majesty in some respects, perhaps may be considered as one of the most remarkable. The education of this Prince was entirely neglected; and instead of being brought up so as to have a taste for state affairs, he soon distinguished himself by a passion for the sports of the field. Hunting, Shooting, and fishing became his sole delight, while his queen governed the nation; and was in her turn supposed to be governed by her favourites. The consequence is what might have been easily anticipated. His Majesty has been twice driven from Naples, once by his own subjects and another time by the French. He now reigns in Sicily alone, where he is supported by the generosity of the British nation, whose squadrons protect his coasts, and whose troops defend his person. Cardinal Ruffo, who at a critical period reconquered his

his kingdom, and with the aid of an English admiral, replaced him on his throne, did not long remain in favour; and the infraction of the solemn capitulation with his own subjects astonished all Europe. It is evidently the interest of great Britain however to protect the residue of his dominions, from becoming a prey to Bonaparte, who had long fixed his ambitious eye on the island of Sicily, and wished to re-unite it and Naples once more under a prince of his own house.

On English Influence.

A Defence of English influence and of the necessity of it, extracted from Doctor Milner's second edition of his tour in Ireland.

This libellous attack upon our country, justifies us in the opinion we have frequently given on the kind of friendship we have to expect at English hands. The learned and Rev. Doctor, though a Catholic divine justifies the invasion of the country as he asserts the connexion we then made with England has contributed to our civilization. If what he advances be ever so well founded, we think the price charged by our English masters, too extravagant for the benefits we have received.

It is a fraudulent deception, to represent the invasion of Ireland by Henry II. as the consequence of the English Pope's Bull, viz that of Adrian IV. as that Bull, admitting it to be genuine, remained without effect. It is a still greater imposition to describe the inhabitants of Ireland as forming a nation at that period, and as being at peace, and happy amongst themselves, in the conscious possession of civil and religious rights. They consisted of a motley group of Irish, Scots, and Ostmen, or Scandinavians, being subject to numerous petty despots, who led them out, as their passion or their caprice dictated,

to mutual slaughter; and the state of religion and morality amongst them, in spite of the zealous efforts of the different Pontifical Legates, Lanfranc, St. Anselm, Gislebert, St. Malachy, and Cardinal Papario, was in the most frightful disorder. Every one knows that the English entered Ireland at the invitation of one of its kings, and that they were rewarded with a settlement in it, for the services which they rendered him, and that most of the other native princes hastened to do homage to the English King, in a manner which shews they had no idea of a common cause or a common country. On the other hand, the state of ecclesiastical discipline and morals was such as fully justifies the description which Adrian IV. gives of it, in so much that the great light of the age, St. Bernard, describes the Irish Christians as being almost reduced to a state of paganism. In proof of this it will be sufficient to mention the following incontestable facts: that seventeen persons of the same family, eight of whom were married men and destitute of orders, were Archbishops of Armagh before and during the time of St. Malachy, and almost down to the reign of Henry II. and that it was not till the English invasion that the Irish Prelates found themselves enabled to establish regular and canonical limits to their dioceses and succession among themselves; and also to abrogate the prevailing polygamy, incestuous marriages, the practice of baptizing the children of the rich with milk, &c. &c. — If Ireland has received injuries, she has also derived benefits from this island. St. Patrick, the instrument of God in its Christianity and civilization, was a native of Britain, so was King Alfred, the author of its laws and constitution. Most of the writers who enlighten it at the present day, in religion as well as in profane literature, are Englishmen.

 MATHEMATICS.

Gross Errors detected in the Tables hitherto Published on Measurement.

BY MR. TIMOTHY DILLON,

Teacher of ARITHMETIC, BOOK KEEPING, MENSURATION, GAUGING, GEOMETRY, TRIGONOMETRY, NAVIGATION, GUNNERY, FORTIFICATION, ALGEBRA, &c. &c.

No. 30, Poolbeg-Street.

— 0000 —
MR. EDITOR,

Having in the last Number of your useful Magazine, alluded to Tables that have been published on the Mensuration of Timber, I think it necessary to observe, that the only Treatises on that subject which have come under my inspection, are the two following, *viz.*

Hoppus's Practical Measuring, published in London, about the year 1750. This Author is remarkably severe in his animadversions on *Darling and Keay*, in consequence of the *blunders and imperfections*. (as he says) their Tables do abound with. Those Tables of which *Hoppus* complains, I have not seen; but if they are more imperfect or more inaccurate than his own, they must be abominable indeed.

The other Treatise that I have seen, is the *Modern Measurer*, published by *Hodgson and Son* in *Dublin*. Those Tables are in a great degree a mere transcript of the former; being equally erroneous, and founded upon the same erroneous principles; the only observable difference between them is, that *Hodgson* has extended his Tables of solid and superficial measure for the most part to 50 feet in length, whereas *Hoppus* confines his Tables of solid measure to 43 feet, and the superficial to 24 feet in length; in other respects they are identical, and therefore whatever I will say, or prove, in regard to one or the other, is equally applicable to both.

I shall now proceed to demonstrate the gross errors, the manifest absurdities, and the monstrous fallacies which are to be found in those Tables, and that by the true criterion of mathematical investigation; and will begin with cylindric bodies.

The following Example is taken verbatim from *Hoppus*, Page 51, Fourth Edition.

JULY, 1800.

S s

EXAM-

EXAMPLE I.

Let the length of a piece of round Timber be 43 Feet, and the girth 44 Inches, one fourth of which is 11 inches, what Timber does the piece contain.

Hoppus, by his Tables, makes the solidity	Feet : Inches : Parts
By Hodgson's Tables it contains	36 : 1 : 7
	36 :

But the true solidity is thus obtained,

$$44 \times 44 \times 0.7958 \times 43 = 46,000 \text{ feet the true content.}$$

144

The content by the Tables I have } 46,000 feet.
calculated is

Here the difference between the true solidity and that found by my Tables, differ only the $\frac{1}{255}$ part of a foot.

But by Hoppus or Hodgson's Tables the error is 10 solid feet in a piece of Timber that measures 46 feet only.

EXAMPLE II.

Required the solidity of a cylindric piece of Timber or stone, whose length is 20 feet, and girth 11 feet 10 inches.

Inches
Here $132 \times 132 \times 0.7958 \times 20 = 222,869$ feet the true content.

144

The content as found by my tables is 222.872 feet, hence the difference is only $\frac{3}{1000}$ part of a foot.

But by the Tables of Hoppus or Hodgson, the solidity is 175 feet, making a difference of almost 48 solid feet.

Now suppose the above cylindric column to be Portland stone, the error of 48 solid feet that arises by having it measured by Hodgson's Tables would (by the table of specific gravations in the appendix to my Tables) weigh upwards of 3 tons $7\frac{1}{2}$ hundred weight, which would, it is pretty evident, be a good load for four very strong horses.

I will

I will now give an example or two concerning conical or round tapering Timber or Stone.

The following is copied verbatim from *Hoppus*, page 53 :

Suppose that at the largest end of a tree $\frac{1}{4}$ of the girth (or side of the square) is 50 inches, and at the smaller end but 30 inches, and let the length of the tree be 25 feet ; what quantity of solid timber does that tree contain.

Hoppus works this question thus:

The side of the square at the larger end is 50 inches.

The side of the square at the smaller end is 30

the sum 80

half the sum 40 inches, and that is the side of the square the tree will carry throughout.

Having thus obtained the side of the square, look at the top of the table of solid measure for forty inches and on the left hand column for 25 feet (the length) and over against it stands 277 feet 9 inches and $\frac{1}{2}$ parts which is the quantity of solid timber the tree contains.

By Hodgson's tables it contains 278 solid feet.

By Hoppus $277\frac{1}{2}$

Operation by the true mathematical rule.

When the quarter girth is 50 the whole girth is 200

When - - - 30 the whole girth is 120

The square of 200 the greater girth is 40000

The square of 120 14400

Their product is 24000

sum 78400

hence $78400 \times 0.7958 \times \frac{25}{3} = 361\ 057\ \text{feet,}$

144

The true solidity which agrees with the content found by the tables I have calculated for finding the solidity of conical pieces of timber or stone.

S 2

The

The true solidity is	361
Solidity by the erroneous tables of } Hoppus or Hodgson	278
Error	83 feet.

EXAMPLE II,

Required the solidity of a conical piece of timber, whose length is 40 feet, and the girths of the greater and lesser ends $154\frac{1}{2}$ and $60\frac{1}{2}$ inches respectively.

By my tables the true solidity is found	284,16
By the erroneous tables the solidity is	210

Error	74
In the former example the error was	83

Sum of both errors 157 feet.

Hence it evidently appears, from the two last examples, that by using the tables of either *Hoppus* or *Hodgson*, an error of 157 feet will arise in the measurement of two trees only, which is upwards of three *tuns* of unsquared timber. What will the compilers or the advocates of those false tables say to this !!!

If either *Hoppus* or *Hodgson* did intend to act fairly by the community at large, they should have headed their tables thus :

“ *Tables for finding the solid content of timber or stone only, whose ends are equal squares.* ”

By doing this they would have acted right, and the public could not be so much deceived ; but to pretend to determine the true solidity of cylindric, conical, or pyramidical timber or stone, by their tables ; is one of the grossest impositions that ever was obtruded upon a discerning public.

A love of truth (which certainly should be the basis of all our researches) and a strict regard to impartial justice, were the chief motives which induced me to unfold the errors, defects, and inaccuracies of those tables which have been the subject of this small essay.

In all cases the solid content of every piece of timber or stone, that is to be measured should be truly ascertained ; there can be no possible excuse for error, neither custom nor prejudice should authorise it. The customary mode of measuring round or tapering timber by taking

one

one fourth of the girth in the middle of the piece for the side of a mean square I have proved to be extremely erroneous by various examples. All those Mathematicians who have treated on the subject of mensuration, have one and all condemned the practice as barbarous, false and pernicious in its consequences; at the same time they have agreed in the idea, that it was the difficulty of determining the solidity of round or tapering bodies, by the true mathematical rules, that prevented the false method of measuring from being utterly exploded.

This difficulty is now removed; for I have calculated tables which embrace all descriptions of timber, or stone, and of all dimensions, from one foot to sixty feet in length, including every inch; and from one inch to the greatest possible girth, (if round, or if squared, to the greatest breadth and depth) including every quarter of an inch; being the most comprehensive and the most correct tables that ever were published on timber measuring, in this or any other country.

The principles upon which those tables are founded were never known before, and are the sole invention of the author,

T. DILLON.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

HOLLAND.

In the late inundations near Loenen, in the district of the Upper Betewe, was discovered the right hip-bone of an elephant, measuring from the *os pubis*, to the end of the hip, three feet and a half, (Rhyndland measure,) of which a drawing was taken on the spot, by the scientific Mr H. Hoo-gens. A double tooth, together with some other bones, belonging to that species of animal have been found on the same spot.

A curious and genuine specimen of the labors of Laurens Janisz, commonly called Laurens Coster, the original inventor of the Art of Printing, was advertised to be sold by auction on the 29th of April last, by Haak, bookseller of Leyden. This valuable piece of antiquity consists of a wooden printing form, in excellent preservation. It is about three inches long, two inches broad, and three quarters of an inch thick; upon which an entire page of a Latin Horatium has been cut in inverted characters. At the same time was to be disposed of, a genealogical table, written upon very old parchment, but perfectly legible, of the progeny of Laurens, by whom it seems this document has been preserved since the 15th century, and handed down to each

succeeding generation. This genealogy commences with the daughter of Laurens Coster, who published the first printed impression in 1441, and closes with her descendants about the year 1585.

ITALY.

At the Villa of the Count Maroni, near Rome, were lately discovered the tombs of the ancient Roman families of the Manlii. They were found to contain two statues, five busts of an urn, all in tolerable preservation, and distinguished by the name of Manlius. Two skeletons dug up at the feet of these statues, still had rings upon their fingers. Close to the skeleton of a female, named Agathonia, were found the shell of an egg, an oil bottle, a broken mirror, and a lamp. Upon this lamp was represented Tarquin, carrying a dagger in his hand, at the moment he was going to violate Lucretia. Baron Hasselin, minister from the King of Bavaria to the Holy See, has purchased these valuable relics, which are at least two thousand years old.

ASIA.

RUSSIA.

From a very interesting work written by Count Romanzow, entitled "State of the commerce of the Russian Empire, from 1802 to 1808," we learn that in 1803, the value of foreign commodities imported into Russia, amounted to 55 millions of rubles, and the exports to 67 millions. The duties exceeded those of the preceding years by 110,000 rubles. In 1804, owing to the difficulties of commercial speculations, the imports were *minus* six, and the exports three millions of rubles. Even then the balance in favor of Russia, which in 1803 had been 21,590,968 rubles, still amounted to 9,517,440. In 1805 notwithstanding the almost total stagnation of trade, the imports exceeded those of 1804, by six millions; and the exports by eighteen millions and a half; and the balance in favour of Russia was twenty-five millions and a half of rubles. The number of ships which arrived at, and departed from the Russian ports during that period, was as follows:

	ARRIVED.	SAILED.
In 1802	3,730	3,622
1803	4,135	4,157
1804	3,478	3,471
1845	5,332	5,085

How large a proportion of those were English, may be judged, from a comparison with the year 1808, when the number of ships trading to the ports of Russia was—arrived 996—sailed 926. The exchange on Hamburgh, which in 1802 and 1805, had sustained itself from twenty-three to twenty-seven and half, and 29, fell in 1808 to 15 and 16.

ASIA.

In the night between the 11th and 12th of October, after the Franciscan Monks, who reside in the Holy Sepulchre, in Jeru-

salem, had retired to rest, they heard an uncommon noise in the church. They immediately hastened to the spot, and on entering it, they discovered the wooden altar, and the cells of the Armenian ecclesiastics, situated over the columns of the gallery in flames. The fire thence descended upon the choir of the Greeks, and and to the floor of the church, assuming a most awful appearance, and threatening the elevated wooden cupola of the temple, with immediate destruction. The Franciscans used their utmost efforts to stop the progress of the conflagration, but they were too few in number, and also wanted the implements necessary for that purpose. At length they succeeded in alarming the ecclesiastics of the adjacent church of St. Salvator, as well as the police, but by this time the flames had reached the cupola. As soon as the alarm was given, the whole of the Roman Catholic youth of the city immediately rushed to their assistance, but notwithstanding they exerted themselves with the utmost zeal and intrepidity, it was impossible to stop the fury of the devouring element. Before six in the morning the cupola, with all the melting lead, with which it was covered, fell in, and gave this extensive building the appearance of a burning smelting house. The excessive heat which proceeded from this immense mass of liquid fire, not only shivered the marble columns supporting the gallery, but likewise the marble floor of the church, together with the pilasters and images in bas relief, that decorated the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, situated in the centre of the church. Soon after the massive columns that supported the gallery fell down, together with the whole of the walls. No lives were lost; and it is remarkable that the interior of the chapel, containing the Holy Sepulchre, in which service is performed, has not been in the least injured; though situated immediately under the cupola, and consequently in the middle of the flames. After the fire had been extinguished, it was found that the silk hangings, with which it is decorated, and the splendid painting of the resurrection upon the altar at the entrance, had not sustained the smallest damage.

ORIGINAL POETRY



THE TAYLOR DONE OVER.

A NEW DITTY, FOR 1809.

*" Sweet Edinbrou
" I smell thee nou."*

BURNS.

You have heard of the fam'd William
Wood,
Who to circulate halfpence came over,
And how nobly he stuck in the mud,
In attempting to get into clover.
Attack'd by a comical Dean,
Compell'd was to make his retreat fir:
There's a *Taylor*, whom I mean,
May he meet with the very same fate, fir.

CHORUS.

Knock him down my brave boys, shew
you're nimble;
Kick him out lads so clean and so clever;

And may every tight son of the thimble,
Help to fitch up his muzzle for ever.
Li tol, de rol lol, de rol lol.

2

This *Taylor* I've heard o'er and o'er,
Is the ill-gotten son of a gauger,
And this bastardised son of a whore
Got himself nominated a Major.
From Scotland, *fat land!* has he come,
To purge away filth he did roam fir,
Yet 'tis true, though some thing it a hum,
That he's left a foul pigstye at home, fir.
Knock him down, &c.

In

3

In Edinbro' town e'en of late,
 So congenial to pig, goose, and duck, fir,
 You are apt to meet with a smear'd pate,
 From streamlets of smocking pot-luck, fir.
 Gravitations deep institutes teach,
 Matter thrown from a height, by earth's
 suction
 It's surface most surely will reach,
 If it haps on no walking obstruction.
 Knock him down, &c.

4

One night as this engineer punk,
 Through Edinbrou reeled mighty frisky,
 Or to speak in plain English, dead drunk,
 With the fumes of itch-giving Scotch
 Whiskey;
 While he muttered some barbarous tune,
 And stood contemplating the skies, fir.
 By a globular substance the moon
 In a moment was snatched from his eyes,
 fir,
 Knock him down, &c.

5

My guid people, (quoth he) do ye ken,
 Yon eclipse, pray let us view well it,
 If we don't, says the bonnie Scotch men,
 View it well I'll be damn'd but we smell it,
 At this moment a copious discharge
 On our poor hero's shoulders descended,
 And a p-s p-t capaciously large
 On his big leaden skull was soon rended.
 Knock him down, &c.

6

A fir-reverence stood quite upright
 On the roof of his beaver 'tis said, fir,
 And I think 'twas prophetic that night,
 That he stumbled upon a cockade, fir.
 The Scotch boors rais'd a hell of a shout,
 And kick'd up much riot and din, fir,
 By pot-luck lubricated without,
 And Scotch whiskey be-pickled within fir,
 Knock him down, &c.

7

That same night he provided a plaid,
 And another utensil they say, fir,

Thus accoutr'd this quizzical lad,
 Through the town cried, 'wha wants me?'
 next day, fir.
 In this line having scrap'd a few sous,
 And being early addicted to travel,
 This most favorite theme of the muse,
 Set his barefoot on Irish gravel.
 At Donoghade came on shore,
 This damned ragged gold finding Scot, fir,
 His whole household utensils he bore,
 For 'twas only one thumping piss pot, fir,
 Knock him down, &c.

8

All the rest of his rising we know,
 Besides what we already have sung, fir,
 And at least this conclusion may draw,
 That good often rises from dung, fir.
 Dirty maggots I've seen on a morn,
 Nor falsehood I ever shall sing, fir,
 Who midst all kinds of filthiness born,
 Fly at noon on a gay gaudy wing, fir.
 Knock him down, &c.

9

Peculation his pockets has stored,
 And the prudence which hunger inspired,
 When he got midst the grand P—g B—d,
 From his M-j-r—p— instant retired.
 Excavations are made through the town,
 That the shipping you'd think might sail
 round her;
 And this pill in our throats is beat down,
 By a newly invented Scotch pounder.
 Knock him down, &c.

10

At sam'd Saragossa 'tis sound,
 Those French dogs, most wond'rous de-
 signers!
 Dug a powerful deal under ground,
 By live tools which the wretches call miners,
 Of some thousands the Dons stopp'd the
 breath,
 So the M——r to stop blood's effusion,
 Of French perquisites robb'd Master Death,
 And brought things to a happy conclusion.
 Knock him down, &c.

11

Should the frogs come, but heaven forbid it,
 Sure I harbour no wish of the kind, fir,
 But

But I only just hint if they did it,
Sure they'd find the whole town under-
mined, fir,

Knock him down, &c.

12

They may open a sewer in a crack,
Cram all their combustibles in it,
Put the match. O, then off it goes smack,
And the city's in hell in a minute,

Knock him down, &c.

13

I'd be puff'd up contented myself,
To eternity *melior seu peior*
If I saw the upshot of that elf,
And the devil make sure of the M——r.
For extortion the rap disregards,
And still sticks to the *Taylor's* old adage;
Makes the public pay well for the yards
And then bundles clean off with the *cabbage*.
Knock him down, &c.

—O—O—O—

THE MINIATURE.

A little cypher set with gold,
And mark'd E. H. on hair,
I shew'd Eliza whom I lov'd,
I'd give it her to wear.

The cypher from her neck hung round.
One side alone to view,
She turn'd the other, and there found
Her lover's image true.

Close in her breast she hid the toy,
And ask'd, who own'd the hair?
Alas how transient was her joy,
Deny'd the toy to wear.

Obliged! reluctant! from that breast,
The glittering thing to part,
Yet parting with, it gave her rest,
And eas'd her fluttering heart.

Unmind'd, negligent, forgot!
The toy's now laid aside,
Th'original scarce bestow'd a thought
In dear Eliza's mind,

JULY, 1809.

TO ELIZA.

I have tired that breast, I have tired that
cheek,
And I've tired those dear lips, pouting rosy-
red deep,
And I've tired those jet ringlets that grace
thy fair neck,
And I've tired those nice arms so white and
so sleek.

On that bosom that heaves with love's sigh
let me rest,
Let me gaze on those lips that with ardour
I've prest,
Let me twine with the rose those dear ring-
lets of jet,
And within those nice arms all sorrow for-
get.

Believe me fond girl, and I pledge it in
truth,
I could spend all my days midst the bloom
of thy youth,
Defying harsh cares, and all heart-reaching
sorrow,
Be happy to day, and still happier to mor-
row.

Hillsborough.

—O—O—O—

ELEGIAC LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE

REV. T. A. CLARKE.

Why does yon widow wipe those tearful
eyes,

Why rend her hair as if of hope bereaven,
Why do her wild presumptuous bustling
sighs,

Breath reprehension on the meed of hea-
ven!

Why do those baby innocents in play,
Seek to beguile their mourning mother's
woes,

Then fondly strive to kiss her tears away,
And drink each briny tear drop as it flows.
'Tis Clarke, the orphan's advocate, she
weeps,

The Lord has snatched the being that he
gave;

T t

The

The priest, the preacher, and the scholar
 sleeps,
 In the strait bosom of the gloomy grave.
 This youthful champion of our creed un-
 awed,
 Pour'd in the church his logic thunders
 loud,
 Bade the *true faith* unmasked to walk
 abroad,
 And stamp conviction on the listening
 crowd.
 His sermons ever nervous, bold and
 grand,
 Upheld fair virtue's mirror to our view,
 His every touch displayed the master's
 hand,
 And robbed the vices in their blackest
 hue.
 No latent guile e'er lurked within his
 soul,
 And no time-serving parasite was he,
 His thoughts being pure he spoke without
 controul,
 All, all ingenuous, open, frank, and free.
 But lo ! I see the widow's tears dispell'd,
 What great transition for so short a
 space !
 One smiling babe in either arm is held,
 And resignation beams upon his face :
 Even in her mourning she remembers
 still,
 What Clarke's strong lessons many a time
 have shewn,
 That in this life the Lord has scattered
 ill,
 To make us merit a celestial throne.

Under this impulse has he dried the tear,
 Check'd her heart's throb, and curb'd the
 rising sighs,
 A thousand blessings breath'd upon his bier,
 Are certain passports to his native skies.

F.

—O—O—O—

THE EPITAPH OF

PETER HAMILTON,

Of Heath-Lawn, County Galway.

A character conspicuous by those
 features which distinguish strong-
 ly the zealous Christian and high-
 ly accomplished gentleman.

BY JOHN BRENNAN, M. D.

Should the virtuous and the brave,
 Wander near this hallow'd grave,
 Let their steps this stone delay
 Here lies HAMILTON, in clay ;
 Half his worth could not be told,
 Just, and generous, and bold,
 Oppression's foe, affliction's friend,
 Quick to give as to defend.
 In peaceful slumber may he sleep,
 Till startl'd guilt shall wake to weep,
 When he all glorious shall awake,
 His station on the right to take.

CRITIQUE ON THE FINE ARTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

SIR,

Upon the lamented demise of Mr West, late figure drawing master, the executive part of the Dublin Society (for the more respectable and learned of this body have, for the most part no concern in its proceedings, further than contributing to its support,) went upon electing a *proper person* to fill the vacancy, and accordingly gave to their Committee of Fine Arts, full power to take such measures as to them seemed fit, on that important occasion. Now unfortunately for the Fine Arts in this country, this committee is principally composed of those, who are only adepts in the profound science of fattening cattle, and in the arts of gulling the society, by getting themselves appointed inspectors general of this most important department. The subject proposed to prove the candidate's ability, was *the death of Niobe's children*; but this was all form, for in every election to appointment, any important office in the concerns of the society there is always more private interest in aim, than any honest intention to reward merit by choosing the most worthy or the most proper. This was long the case before the Major was introduced, who has therefore found it the more easy to make ample improvements on the system, and who had destined Mr. Solomon W—ll—ms for the situation. Thus it happened on the present occasion, for though the candidates, Mr. Grattan, Mr. M—lv—ny, Mr. Solomon W—ll—ms, Mr. W—st, son to the late master, and Mr B—c—s were all declared in the pedantic report of the committee, unequal in their several performances, to their (the committee's) high expectations, (the Major and his gang who were intent upon electing Solomon, having left in a miserable minority.) yet they pronounced Mr. G—tt—n's the best, both in drawing and design, and allowed Mr. W—st's figure the superiority, (for with the grand subject there was also to be drawn a figure from the beautiful cast of Antinous,) while they thought proper to be entirely silent on the composition and figure which was certainly the best, of Mr. Mul-

vany, his composition was, I must allow, imperfect, as having been executed under many inconveniencies, but yet it had decidedly the advantage in mastery freedom and spirit, which surely ought not to be unrewarded, much less unnoticed by a society, the chief intent of whose establishment was the general encouragement of the arts — but since they have resigned the total management of their most important concerns to a congregated herd of monopolizing aldermen, knavish undertakers, insolent bottle-blowers, experienced thief-catchers, well-tried informers and public plunderers, it is no wonder the efforts of favored hypocrisy and kindred presumption should entirely prevail, while genius and merit require in vain their well earned dues.

To Mr G—tt—n's representation of the subject have they given the preference, an artist who has hitherto distinguished himself in painting *blind beggar women*, with their *budgets, noggins, and pitchers, ballad-singers*. &c. &c. Subjects which however well executed, never fail to excite general disgust, and are always offensive to the eye of real and refined taste. One of these productions which he lately offered for exhibition to a Committee of the Royal Academy, London, has been meritedly refused admission; he has since presented another, in which he has, in some degree, departed from his favorite subject, but with no better success: The latter represented an Irish peasant and family at the foot of a bleak and barren mountain, crouding round a miserable fire, o'er which is a pot suspended from three flakes of wood fixed in the ground, without an hut, or any other covering to screen them from the severity of the weather! Is not this rather a true representation of a family of barbarian Hot-tentots just upon devouring their nauseous and filthy meal? Or will it be thought the picture of an Irish peasant's family preparing *within the homely cottage* their wholesome and frugal repast? Surely such a scene of domestic wretchedness has been never witnessed in this country from even

the most early period of English oppression, down to the calamitous and deadly administration of Camden. It is an insult upon the unmerited poverty of the Irish peasant, whose grievances are certainly manifold, proceeding from the unjust extortion of insolent to the proctors and the enforced payment of oppressive taxes in support of a corrupt constitution. Is it not sufficient to make him miserable without insulting that misery by caricaturing it? And yet Mr. Grattan was patronized by the society in the exhibition of this scandalous performance in their repository, to which he had the unexampled presumption to invite the insulted public for the conscientious sum of 1s. 3d. One shilling and three pence to behold three abominable pictures! (for I recollect there were two others, a wretched painting of Jane Shore, and an insignificant landscape,) surely we can now visit the superb exhibition of *all the works* of his illustrious brethren for no more than that sum.

But the gentleman was disappointed: he succeeded not quite so well in duping the public as the society; he and his grand trio were treated with the contempt they so highly merited.

Mr S. Wall—ms whom I have said above to have been intended for the office by the Major and his clan, after having narrowly escaped h— on the continent, where he had been for some years in concealment as a spy, has lately arrived from London, at the united solicitations of the Major and a certain forestalling alderman in the precious article of flour, who has principally introduced and recommended him to the society, to which he caused to be presented, on the fourth of May, last, a memorial, as candidate for the situation, and was strongly supported by the right hon. the Lord Mayor, his highness the commander in chief of police, and suit, with a formidable phalanx of aldermen, who came in procession from the William Street senate with the avowed intention of procuring Solomon's election, which would certainly have taken place, but for the spirited and determined opposition made to it by several

members of respectability, particularly Alexander Carroll, Esq. who spoke at considerable length against the measure. Indeed was there nothing else to shew this candidate's inability, but his inexpressibly abominable design and execution of the the subject proposed, it were more than enough; and in my opinion, ought to subject him to the general indignation of all the Dublin artists, whose name and profession, contemptible enough before, he has rendered more so by such a wretched production.

Mr. West is a gentleman of whose ability, as an artist, I cannot say much, when I consider the vast opportunities he was possessed of to rise to excellence in an art, in which his grandfather and father were so eminent. But as I cannot, consistently with truth, celebrate him as any great proficient at the pencil, I must sincerely hope he will allow me to give him the honored appellation of a good and dutiful son to an amiable and worthy mother, who, I am sorry to say, has *severely to lament* the loss of a kind and indulging husband.

Of Mr Br—s, Master of the School for Ornament, who exhibited, as he said himself, only to shew *what he could do*, I shall now only remark his attempt to pourtray the subject, has most powerfully evinced, *what he could not do* as his performance is even below schoolboy ability. I shall conclude this introduction, as I may call it, by requesting you will again permit me to profit by the *independence* and *spirit* of your publication, in giving the subject publicity. which is a critique upon the performances of the above-named candidates, and without offering any apology for writing it in verse, in which I am led to believe such criticisms are rarely to be found: I shall leave it to plead by its novelty for itself.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

E. F.

First

CRITIQUE, &c.

FIRST Gr-tt-n wields his feeble pencil,
In his *tame* hand a *tame* utensil,
Which yet can shew *as large as life*
A *beggar* or a *blind old wife*
Though now to greater feats aspiring,
(The Major and his friends admiring)
Resigns the *blear eyed begging train*,
Pursuing nobler themes—in vain ;
And who before crawl'd on the ground,

And scarce a dull admirer found,
Will needs astonish human sight,
And bring *immortal forms to light* ;
But urged by Fame's too fatal string,
He soars on *Dædalian wing*.
His god* high dangling in the air,
With quiver on his shoulder bare ;
Not e'en a cloud around him roll'd,
To keep his highness from the cold,
Seems falling from th' *ethereal height*,
Kick'd down by Jove in angry plight.
The Royal Queen†, with eye sedate,

It

* The *raw-boned* figure of Apollo, ridiculously swinging in the air, seems to have *no other aim* in view than his own support in the empty void, as having not as much as a *cloudy foundation* to rest upon. This is rather hard usage to a god. The poet was more considerate, and had a far greater reverence for his majesty than to shew him naked, and entirely divested of his proper covering.

Celerique per acra lapsa
Contigerant *testi* Cadmeida *Nubibus arcem*.

They sped their airy flight
And veil'd in clouds on Cadmus' towers alight.

† 'Tis evident Mr. Gr-tt-n has drawn his subject from that part of the story, as related by Ovid, where Niobe, in an agonizing fit of grief, after the slaughter of her sons, addresses a frantic supplication to Latona.

A quibus ad cælum liventia brachia tendens,
Dascere, crudelis, nostro, Latona, dolore.

And raising from the dead
High to the Heavens her livid arms she spread,
“ Thus, thus, dire goddess, let my sorrow flow,
“ And glut thy vengeance with a parent's woe.

And when, before she well concludes, Diana, communicating the execution of her office, pierces one of the daughters, in the act of weeping over her brother's corse : It is evident I say, he intended to pourtray the story in this precise moment of its progress, as he has prettily enough delineated this last scene ;

Purpureus, late qui splendeat, ——
Assuitur pannus.

A patch of purple on the garment sew'd,
Which shines and casts a dazzling glare abroad.

Here therefore appears a strange inconsistency ; you look in vain for Niobe, as described above, and drawn by the poet in this particular stage of the story ; you behold I grant you a dull, inanimate, insensible form, which, as a mother can with difficulty be distinguished from a perplexed and ill-postured group of daughters around her ; but perhaps he intended this the figure of Niobe *transformed* as it answers very well to the description of the poet.

Is senseless to her children's fate;
 A dull, unfeeling, form she stands,
 Nor lifts the supplicating hands;
 And while th'expiring offspring bleed,
 The parent coldly views the deed:
 No fond maternal pity shewn,
 She looks *before her time* a stone.
 But see old Homer's verse despised,
 The painter has the bard revised!
 The latter gravely tells:—The slain
 Nine days lay weltering on the plain;
 And of funeral rites each wailer
 Became forthwith a *marble pillar*
 And thus *heart-beaten* grew the nation,
 Which long protracted the celebration,
 Till Jove, to guard, we may suppose,
 From vapour lost his mighty role,

And left throughout the blest abodes,
 An impious plague should thin his gods,
 Sent down a chosen delegation
 To entomb the rotten generation.
 The former† this downright denies,
 And tells the poet plain, he lies,
 But to describe the story true,
 Exhibits far in distant view,
 A daring sacrilegious crew. }
 Who in spite of Jove, his son and daughter,
 Bear off the victims of their slaughter,
 Bold to the bier the bodies bring,
 Nor dread the thunder thumping king,
 In fine, trace well this painter's pen,
 With keen discriminating ken,
 You'll find where e'er you turn your eyes
 Tameless still with *tameless* vices;

A doll

————— Nihil est in imagine vivi.

In the pale form no spark of life remains.

But unluckily the transformation is altogether untimely, as he should have put to death, with his pencil's point, all the children, before he presumed to metamorphose the mother.

————— ——— *orba refedit*

Exanimis inter natos nataque ———
 Dirigitque malis, nullos movet aura capillos.
 In vultu color est sine sanguine ———.

Childless she sat, and prone upon the plain,
 Wept o'er her sons, and lovely daughters slain:
 With grief she stiffens, while the breezes blow
 No hair of hers:—life's crimson colors go.

† Mr. Or-ti n seems to forget the respect due to the muses and their old favorite Homer, the father of the subject he has exhibited, when he presumptuously contradicts their venerable tradition with regard to the burial of the children of Niobe, by shewing in *perspective* (how much better had it been entirely *art of sight*;) a gang of wicked rogues stealing away the bodies of the slain, not seemingly under the least trepidation of being *discovered*. This he doubtless thought a pretty idea, not dreaming how much he and the poet differed:

Οἱ μὲν αὖ ἐνθάδ' ἔκταν' ἐν φέρῃ, ὅδε τις αὖ
 Κοιμῶνται· λαοὶ δὲ λήθοντες ἔκτανον.
 Τῆς δ' ὄρεα δ' αὖτις ἔκταν' ἐν φέρῃ ἔκτανον.

Steep'd in their blood and in the dust o'erspread,
 Nine days neglected lay exposed the dead;
 None by to weep them, to inhume them none;
 For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone!
 The Gods themselves at length relenting gave
 Th' unhappy race the honors of a grave.

Fors.

A dull similitude of form,
Still more confounds the mingled swarm;
And heads unequal to the size
Corporeal, on their shoulders rise:
While round, in many an awkward mood,
Lies many a *stolen* attitude.
What if the birds should flock together,
And each resume his proper feather,
The daw long cased in plumage fair,
Would sure appear deformed and bare.

See W—ll—ms next for laurels vie,
With powers unquestionably high,
An *artist* and a noted s-y.
The damn'd ill luck of whose petition,
Has whelm'd the Major in contrition,
Deeper than e'er he'd like to shew,
For all the *swaddling* texts of *Doe*—
Alas! the tribe of Skinner's-Alley,
Who then did round his standard rally;
G—ff—d, C—rl—t—n, and K—g,
And all the Common Council ring,
P—mb—rt—n and P—le, and M—nd—rs,
And a long train of castle panders.
And there assembled holus-bolus,
The pensioned generals of pol—e,
(Who stand prepared upon the start,
Like bloodhounds, on their prey to dart,
Whene'er *apostate* Grattan's will,
Provoke the Insurrection bill,
And gives the well-known sign to kill.)
His Lordship too, who rais'd the rod,
And swore he'd get him in by G—;
All, all the *aldermanic* throng,
With loud acclaim and plumpers strong,

(Though dubious long remained the fight,)
Have fail'd to detect his satellite.
This sinks the Major deep in woe,
From this sole source his sorrows flow:
Of which a soothing kind partaker,
The peace preserver, Aaron B-k-r. †
With *cape* and *cuffs* as red as scarlet,
He once chastised each *rebel warlet*,
An useful *mob exterminator*,
An architect and conservator;
Who by a daily guinea fee,
Has gull'd the ridded committee:
And 'fore he hung the prefer'd picture,
Requir'd a twenty shilling fixture;
Whoe'er then sued with empty pocket,
His luckless piece was sure to walk it;
No matter if his pencil's fame,
To demonstration proved his claim,
Unless to recommend the job,
He drew the sterling from his fob.
As the poor Major makes the moan,
Now Aaron echoes back the groan,
And with his well-belov'd *potation*
Administers sweet consolation.
E'en the Triumvirate of Paving, ‡
For Solomon's dre loss were raving,
And full as deep and loudly groan'd,
(Though for the crime it scarce aton'd)
As when by *Law* and *Goold* oerthrown,
Two hundred pounds for poor Malone,
Were wrung, in spite of Sawney's curst,
From their *high mightinesses'* purse.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* A well-known Methodist preacher, who was some time ago obliged to retire to his native soil of America, to avoid the anger of several of his own congregation, who were, it seems, not pleased at perhaps the too great success of the divine in making *converts* of their wives; for Lorenzo, like the present Mr. Cooper, was extremely successful in the inculcation of his creed among the *Fair sex*, which must doubtless proceed from a pious design of propagating the species, and thereby increasing the flock.

† This gentleman, Mr. H. A. B-k-r, whose resolute and determined conduct in *pre-serving the peace* as Conservator in 1803. has recommended him to the Major's favor, now inspector general of the exhibition of Fine Arts; in which capacity he draws from the purse of which he holds the strings, (for he is also Treasurer to the Committee of Artists) £125 9d. per day, besides an unconscionable exaction of 20s. from every poor devil of them that offers a picture for exhibition, the pretext for which is, to defray the expences of fitting up the room; he has now, by these means, collected something more than 60 or 70l though the expences hardly amount to 10ls. Yet this is not in A.'s opinion, a sufficient equivalent for his precious time consumed, and great generalship displayed in the grand array and position of the paintings; he also pulls a dinner from the thin-gutted fraternity, at which he sacrifices so profusely to the *rash god*, that he is often totally incapable of keeping himself *upright*, much less a picture,

‡ The check given to the outrageous progress of this petty Triumvirate's unlicensed abuse of power in imprisoning an unoffending citizen by the latter's commencing a prosecution against them in which the plaintiff's cause was so powerfully and eloquently pleaded by the erudite and learned Goold, as to shame the jury, which is almost composed of Aldermen, into a verdict of 200l damages, is no small gratification to public feeling, so often violated by the unconstitutional encroachments of this combination of audacious speculators.

SOCIETY IN DUBLIN FOR THE PRESERVATION OF IRISH MUSIC AND THE IRISH HARP.

THE national music of a country, being interesting in every view in which the patriot or scientific performer may take it, it very naturally follows that the instrument which preserves and transmits that music in its original character, ought to be cherished and upheld.

THE IRISH HARP stands eminently forward as the true organ of Irish Music.

Time has nearly worn away this ancient and venerable instrument; its plaintive strains are seldom heard by, and are quite unknown to many of the inhabitants this country. Belfast has with a degree of feeling and spirit most honorable to it, established a school for the revival and preservation of Irish music and for the IRISH HARP. There the young blind pupil now receives instruction; and charity, taste, and patriotism are at once blended and promoted. Shall Dublin, the metropolis of Ireland, not profit by the example, and also stretch forth a hand, to misery, while the HARP of ERIN may be rescued from impending oblivion and decay.

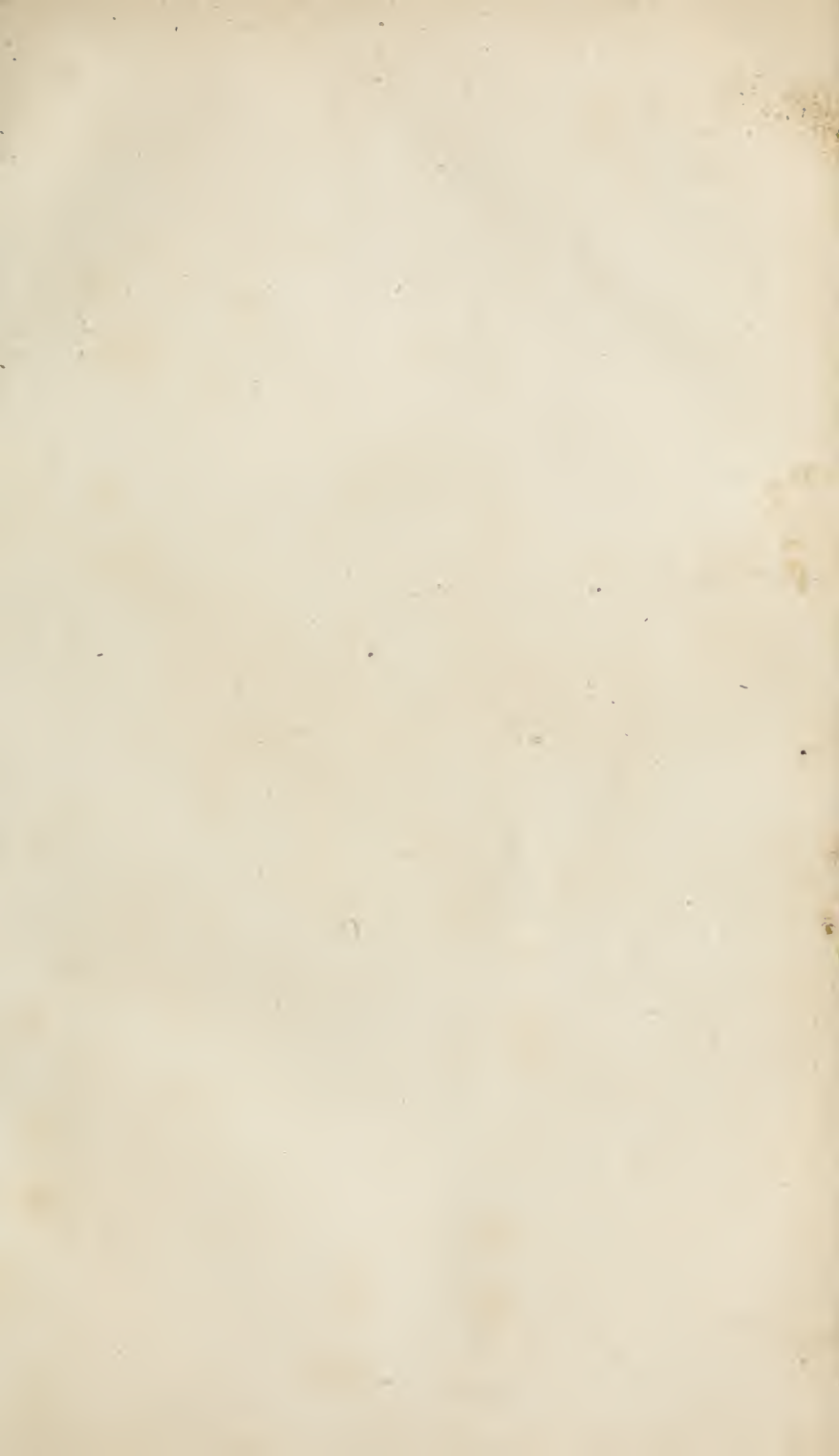
With the object, therefore, of teaching the IRISH HARP, instructing and supporting blind pupils, and saving what is venerable from ruin, an Annual Subscription is proposed for establishing a master skilled in that instrument, with twenty pupils.

To forward the object of the Institution, Quinn, the harper, has been brought from Belfast to Dublin for the purpose of instructing

the young Candidates. No man is better qualified. His taste for the music of his country is eminently conspicuous, and his execution breathes all the enthusiasm and spirit of Carolan.

The revival of the IRISH HARP, and the plaintive powers it possesses, while it communicates its divine enthusiasm in an Irish breast, must also create a spirit of contempt for the ferocious manners of those hordes of Normans and Welch vomited on our green shores, whose enmity to our music was as unrelentless as their avidity to plunder was boundless.— But we are not surprised when we learn that the men who proscribed our beards and seized our lands, would destroy whatever recorded our afflictions or revived the remembrance of our wrongs. The bard and the harper, generally united in the same person, were the historians among a people deprived of education. The hands that shaved our upper lips and cut our long hair, broke our harps, and ages of silence and suffering succeeded.

Some fugitive talents seeking refuge in caves and bogs, kept alive the taste and remembrance of Irish music. Proscribed for four centuries, it has been taken from its hiding places by the people of Belfast, at too distant a period of our history to excite any other feelings than the exercise of national genius and extensive benevolence.





REV.^D T.A. CLARKE. O.S.P.

Eng.^d for the Irish Magazine

THE

IRISH MAGAZINE,

OR

Monthly Asylum

FOR

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR AUGUST, 1809.

Memoirs of the Rev. Thomas Augustine Clarke.

THIS exemplary and amiable young man, whose premature death excited such an unusual and general sensation in this great city was the son of Captain Clarke an officer in his Majesty's service. The subject of this memoir was born about the year 1774 near Lisburn, and at an early age was placed under the care of a Mr. Foley, a respectable schoolmaster where he formed an intimacy with another youth of the name of Cunningham, which continued thro' life, and to this connexion is to be attributed the religious inquiries which formed the character of Thomas, and subsequently led to his conversion, for Thomas's father was a member of the established church, and strongly prejudiced against the doctrines and practices of the Catholic faith, this prejudice which operates considerably among the higher ranks, has many causes besides those merely, that arise from religious con-

vicition to influence the mind against the unfashionable and persecuted catholic faith. The legal restrictions long imposed on the Catholics of this country which excludes them from holding any places of trust or emolument, in any department civil or military, must tend in a very serious degree to deter any man who seeks distinction from embracing a system of faith attired with so many disadvantages and branded with so many odiums. Captain Clarke designed his son for the military profession, never in the most distant manner did he conjecture that this son should reject all the flattering prospects which youthful minds are influenced by, when the paths of pleasure are thrown open by the advantages of opulence, much less did Thomas's father foresee that his son should one day appear as a Catholic pastor, preaching from the pulpit the duties of mortification and absti-

AUGUST, 1809.

U u

nence,

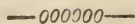
nence, advocating the cause of the poor, and pouring the comforts of instruction, in the purest eloquence and dignified piety to the ear of the ignorant and afflicted. Thomas, by frequent conversation and reading with his young friend, felt some reasonable doubts on the doctrines and discipline of the reformed churches, and the causes which led to the reformation, as well as the character and morals of the men who formed the schism that shook the foundation and integrity of the christian church. His penetrative and chaste thinking could discover that sensuality, pride, and ambition, were the paramount features in the Luthers, Calvins, Melancthons and their followers, and though numbers renounced the authority of the Holy See, it was owing to the freedom of thinking and acting, and the latitude which the new doctrines allowed that fascinated every man, who wished to reconcile the amusements of life with the austerity prescribed by the gospel.

After the usual course of school studies, and having made considerable progress in the Greek and Roman literature, he determined on embracing the Catholic religion. This change as was to be expected from the temper and opinions of his father, caused such an expression of violence and resentment, that Thomas was compelled to secret himself, to avoid the effects of the passionate feelings of his parent, and seek refuge with a poor priest at Tubermore, by whose assistance and some casual contributions, he was enabled to conceal himself, and prosecute his studies, which he continued to do for more than a year, until his intention of becoming an ecclesiastic became decided, on which Doctor M^r Mullen titular bishop of Down and Connor, proposed to send him to Salamanca, in some time after he

embarked for Portugal and entered the Dominican college of Corpo Santo at Lisbon. he was thence sent to Elvas a considerable town on the frontiers of Spain, to perform his noviciate and make his religious profession, in due time he returned to Corpo Santo, and in the course of his studies excited admiration by his talents and modesty. When he had completed his studies, he was offered a professorship which he declined, and came to Ireland, and entered the conventual house of the Dominicans in Denmark street, Dublin, but the energy of his character, and the desire of being serviceable on the mission, induced him to quit that house for the more active duties of a parish chapel, and became a curate. In his new situation he gave a full display of that taintly character which will long embitter the recollection of his loss. His compassion for the poor often left him without necessities; his zeal to instruct was manifested by the most unremitting attention to this department, and his great powers of oratory were directed against vice wherever it appeared; the rich man heard from him no qualification of rebuke. His ability in controversial learning far exceeded what could be expected from the shortness of the time that intervened between his reception into the church and his death. His sermon on the *real presence* though severe on the sect of which he was originally a member, evinces a strong mind and great inquiry. He defended the truths of religion with a propriety of expression and a knowledge of his subject, united to an elegant manner of delivery, that commanded admiration even from those whose tenets did not strictly admit them to subscribe to the rules of our church. On the 12th of June 1809, this great ornament of the Irish church was removed

from this vale of pain and labour to enjoy that heaven and that Redeemer, whose attributes he had frequently depicted with such apostolic conviction, that the rich departed filled with compassion, the wavering full of faith, and the profligate awakened

into sober recollection. A monument, expressive of the feelings entertained for his loss, and of high esteem for his talents, is proposed to be consecrated to his memory, and to be erected in his parish chapel.

*Commemoration of the Battle of Aughrim.*

THE anniversary of a battle which had been fought above a century ago, it was very wisely thought necessary to remind the people of this metropolis of this contest, which they might otherwise have forgotten, by placing some very grotesque drapery upon the Equestrian Statue in College-green. To whom the public are indebted for this loyal and patriotic suggestion (for it is doubtful which of the two it is) so favourable to our national contentment and unanimity, is a great pity that we do not know and it is much to be regretted that so wise and useful a citizen as the annual taylor of this figure continues to prefer to noisy fame the modest consciousness of doing a great and necessary public good—for indeed what good can be greater, or what duty more necessary, than to tell his Majesty's liege subjects of Ireland that they were once arrayed in battle against each other, and that the cutting of each others throats was a national honour and benefit which never ought to be forgotten. Many are the advantages resulting from this grave and affecting commemoration of our civil wars—from having this piece of sculpture covered with orange silk—in the first place it keeps alive a love for history in the minds of the common people, which in a country where national education is so much an object of general solicitude, is a matter of some importance; and in

the next place it animates a spirit of theological zeal among the public, which in a degenerate age, prevents us from forgetting that there is such a thing as religion in this nation. It inoculates the public with the love of politics, such as our happy history may be supposed to inspire, and it farther stimulates and inflames all the angry passions that the public breast acknowledges, which in war time must be a great acquisition, if it were only, that it must indispose the people to a paltry sort of tranquillity, and to unseasonable good humour towards each other. It has another advantage too—it keeps us separate as two nations, a matter so many wise statesmen and profound legislators have always advised; and which as two nations are better than one, has not been lost sight of. For in fact, what better method could there be devised to retouch the fading lines of demarcation among the people, and keep them everlastingly at variance, than once a year to remind one part of them of the defeat they suffered under one king, and the other of the triumph which they acquired under another. This recollection (which is necessary to have a public Flapper to call to the minds of the people if duly supported by proper auxiliaries, by a suitable proportion of ignorance and bigotry, all set in fermentation by bad times must insure a contentious separation in the

great body of the people, and set them itching to be at one another again—a circumstance which many modern statesmen have ineffectually attempted.

More advantages must be obvious to the patrons of a ceremony, which though simple in itself means so much; but there is a benefit in petto, which they also must have in view, and which a strong and ardent interest for the honour of our name as a nation only could suggest. The state of the arts in Ireland is low indeed—despicably low God knows, notwithstanding all the handsome things which the good natured courtesy of our national character has produced, concerning the works of our artists in Hawkins street. But low as the arts it is not our fault—no people take so much pains to dignify the only solitary piece of sculpture our streets can boast, as we do—never did those scurvy Pagan antients pay such respect to any thing which the chissel of the immortal Phidias produced, as we, christians and theological patriots as we are, do, to this our equestrian statue, made by God knows who. We paint in white, in orange and blue, which no tasteless Greek ever would have done, this Idol of the wise, that in winter our inclement rains may pass lightly over

this valued form and in summer, in the scorching heat of July, a mantle of silk, such as living or dead never wore, with trappings as well fancied, give a comical glory to the entire figure. This brings the little boys and girls of the town the vernal promise of our population, into our public streets, which is a great matter indeed. Never was any thing more to the credit and good sense of the Irish people—a people of quick parts and admirable conceptions than to see Collage-green crowded on that day, while the orange mantle of silk waved from the marble shoulders of the statue. It was a fine exercise of all the motley feelings which public shews inspire in the crowd—it called forth, among other circumstances, prodigious ridicule, unmeasured jocularity, a little shame in those whose sensibility was too great to endure our national happiness, and it made the wisest look plaguy foolish. This is the way for corporate magistrates, the loyal superintendants of our felicity as citizens to order things—it would be mighty foolish for them to act, but as those who went before them acted 100 years ago, especially as the world now wears precisely the same face it did then, in learning, law, arts, science, liberty, philosophy, and politics under favour.

—000000—

Phil. A——'s:

THIS learned barrister was lately employed to hang a man for stealing a cow of Lord Charlemont's, not by the crown, nor by the thief, but by Lord Charlemont himself, the man of course escaped, but it gave us an opportunity of hearing from Mr. Adams, one of the most picturesque descriptions of the demesne of Marino where the cow grazed, of the

late Lord Charlemont's patriotism, his son's virtues, Lady Charlemont's domestic talents, and an eulogium on the Union. The next cow that may be stolen from his Lordship will probably give Mr. A. an opportunity of singing the song of Father Luke, which character he filled so considerably before he took to the trade of prosecuting cow stealers.

No I.

Proper Attorney's Biography.

THE Irish Magazine is desirous that the name of an Irishman who has honoured his country by his virtues or his talents, shall not lie in obscurity, and at rest at the same time. It may blush for the delinquency of his countryman, it will perpetuate his remembrance, and gibbet him for the passing felon's eye, believing that to affright and scare one rogue from crime, is a matter more useful to society than to have exempted from the pain of beholding a disgusting spectacle is decorously meritorious. The Attornies of Ireland have wrung more hearts than any class whatever in society they have battered in the spoils of the defenceless, they have been made gentlemen by making gentlemen beggars. Other societies have ever complained that individuals disgraced the body, but it was reserved for an Irish attorney to complain of the brand of the beast inflicted upon him, not by individual demerit, but by the general delinquency of his class. The Attorney yeomen and the Lawyer's corps appeared before the public, and Dublin will ever remember with gratitude and abhorrence the protection and outrage it received from these seemingly congenial, still antipode societies. We shall present the reader with the life of an attorney, who in his day was deemed a first rate solicitor, a man who exemplified the great open, that the trade of an attorney gives to a dithonett, enterprizing spirit, and reminds us of its efficacy being congenial to the power of which the Psalmist desires to know an equal as raising the beggar from the dunghill and seating him with chiefs, the prin-

ces of the people. *Quis sicut Dominus noster suscitans de terra inopem, et de stercore pauperum ut colloca cum principibus, principibus populi sui.*

—007055—

Life of William Keller, Esq.
M. P. Attorney, K. B. C.
P. E. C.

THIS gentleman was the son of a woman who had married a poor man of the name of Kelagher, in the county Galway. The usual period elapsed, when poor people expect, with few disappointments, an heir to their beggary, Mrs K—— had contributed her exertions; Mr. K. threw in his mite, but, alas! the name of Kelagher was threatened with extinction. The next year passed with equal industry upon the part of the couple, and the profits was as that of the year before. The next Mrs K. grumbled, the next she cleared herself before a jury of matrons her friends; and the next her good genius put into her hand the advertisement of Moll Walker, so famed for assisting ladies in her plight, and offering her coadjutorship to gentlemen who could not remove the reproach under which Mrs. K. and Rachel in the Old Testament, so grievously laboured. Moll Walker's own words best speak her qualifications viz.

“Mrs Mary Walker who travelled most parts of Europe, by her skill, knowledge, and experience, under God, by her directions has proofs of an infallible remedy for barrenness

barrenness in one sex, and impotency in the other, by a gift in her family, descended these three hundred years and upwards. Certificates she has in abundance, and solemn affidavits sworn before several Lord Mayors, with their broad seals thereto affixed, attest the benefits showered on all sexes by her charm. She goes on to tell her diagnosis as to the fault of the persons in this affair, and refer to her residence for particulars.

Mrs. Keller had agreed to pay Mrs. Walker fifty guineas upon being made a mother, which desired object took place in nine months after, without any previous dreaming like Cyrus's mother, of the great character which was about to appear and a child was born, who was the afterwards illustrious Billy Keller, the attorney.

Moll Walker now furnished her bill, which run thus,

Mrs. Kelogher,

To Mary Walker, D.

To getting her a Son, £53. 2 6

Mrs. Keller refused payment, and a suite was instituted and tried before Judge ———; the judge scouted the business with great indignation.

The famous Counsellor Harwood was retained for Moll Walker, and ably supported his client's pretensions—he concluded his plea with a pathetic appeal to the justice of the judge, by saying, *My Lord, give us our child, or give us our money.*

Moll Walker refers to this in her advertisements, which in point of formula became changed upon her miscarriage in her suite against Mrs. Kelagher, it is as follows,

BARRENESS IN WOMEN.

Cured by Mary Walker, who for this thirty years past has brought se-

veral to bear children that never conceived before.

As it is not always the fault of the wife, she will in twenty-four hours declare where the fault lies, and put the saddle on the right horse, and will remedy what she reprehends, being paid first.

N B. Notwithstanding her failure in endeavouring to recover a debt justly due by law and equity, (the child being now alive which she under God was the means of bringing into the world, now called the *Golden Boy* from the expence it has caused on both sides,) she still is to be spoken with at the green door facing the Little Green, near the Glass House.—From the Dublin Spy published by Hutchinson, at the Rein Deer in Charles street, August 13, 1753.

When Billy became at a proper age, he was put as a servant boy to an attorney, and in these days, if a lad served his master well in the matter of swearing, cleaning shoes, and gave up demand of wages; if he renounced the errors of Popery he was admitted and ran the race of rapine from the post. He preserved that atrocious vulgarity which is so recommending to rich illiterate characters, such as the Connaught gentlemen, with whom he had to do, he became a general favorite, and numbers awoke only to a sense of his ingenuity from a keen feeling of his having undone them.

A common charge of his was for anxiety of mind, which he never rated less than five hundred pounds.

Our hero flushed with insolence and plunder began to think that a place in the senate would be necessary to complete his importance. He accordingly bethought of the means. He inserted in the public papers that
one

one hundred thousand pounds were to be lent, and desired application to be made to W. Keller, Esq. Dawson-street. The Earl of A —, at this time wanted the money, he applied as directed, placed his papers for inspection, and was given to understand that there could be no delay in the affair. The Earl observed that in such transactions he was aware that the attorney was generally compensated, and wished to know the terms that would please Mr. K. "My Lord," replied Billy, "my circumstances are affluent, God has left me nothing to desire in the way of money, but since your Lordship has the goodness to think of requital, if you would return me for one of your boroughs, and such a one is vacant, I should consider myself overpaid the little service you may esteem done on my part." "It shall be done," replied his Lordship, and in less than five days we read the election of W. Keller to serve in Parliament for the borough of —. Lord A. called upon Mr. K. and Billy thanked him for his hasty, officious, bountiful, generous conduct, and the high honour that his Lordship had so handsomely conferred, and requested his Lordship to let him know when he should wait upon him with the deeds to sign, as he wished to dispatch his English friend, whom he had brought over, and who had the money along with him. His Lordship appointed the next day at four o'clock, and at four o'clock he received a note that Mr. K. was seized with a cholera Morbus, and was despaired of by Charley Ryan the apothecary. Several days did he labour under this complaint, and his Lordship was daily told that the doctors strictly forbid his seeing any one about business, for fear of agitating his nerves, in about a fortnight he

was so far out of danger as to be able to write the following note.

To the Earl of A.

My Lord,

The gentleman who was to lend the money has changed his mind, and says he does not like Irish security, but this can make no odds, as I am sure any one will lend the money upon such security as yours. I am sorry you were at the trouble of returning me to Parliament, but I hope I shall ever obey my constituents, and watch the rights of our happy constitution.

Yours truly,

W. KELLER.

Lord A. was silent, but the story got wind, and his Lordship was bantered for his simplicity.

It is observed that when the animal or vegetable body tend to dissolution, vermin fix upon it as their prey, on the political body, the observation holds, and our House of Commons illustrated the remark, previous to the Union, the national representation and common decency was insulted by four attornies sitting in our senate, viz. Crosby Morgel, Robert Cornwall, Jemmy Galbraith, and Billy Keller, and be it further remarked that every one of them got in as clandestinely as the hero of our memoir, for fourpence were never paid for the four seats in the senate, of this revered quartet of legislators. Of these law makers we mean to speak again, but Mr. Keller's concerns are sufficient for the present. Lord Clare, who with all his faults, had no sympathy for law scoundrels, felt the assurance of these gentry. He set his face completely against them, and the daily clamour that was uttered in the courts against these upstart vagabonds by the public and their

their miserable clients had every attention from Lord Clare. He drove Crosby Morgel to suicide by drowning; he declared that he would make an example of Cornwall, when a young man complained of him in public court, and when Cornwall applied to remove his own name from the roll, he said, he would leave that business for one of his clients. He told Keller, "Sir, if you belonged to the other House (meaning the House of Lords) I'd send you to Newgate." Lord Clare's presence assisted these and every evil doer of that trade. their progress to the senate was blocked up, and their mal-practice became particularly ferocious. At this time a dispute arose between Keller and Moleworth Green an attorney, about their right to some poor creatures property, which Billy Keller adopted as his own, and called after himself *Keller-town*. Billy had been several times kicked in his own country, and was not shrewd enough, like his brother member Cornwall, who when Mr.

White caned him, valorously fought him with powder. Mr. K. was of course dubbed, with his other accomplishments, a coward, and having every certainty that Mr Green was too good a christian to fight, he insulted and challenged him to the sod. Mr. Green indicted the valorous member and into Newgate was driven our worthy solicitor. His conduct whilst in Newgate was most laudably marked by loyalty and abuse of Popery. He was translated to the Four Court Marshalsea for debt, and there he died. His life has this moral for his brethren, that prosperous iniquity which he vaunted, is no security against that justice, which ever brings the villain, even in this life, to a sense of himself, and shews the public that honesty is the best policy.

Crosby Morgel, M. P. in our next.

Particulars are requested of illustrious attorneys.

—000000—

Religious Crimping.

THE glaring effrontery of Protestant ascendancy. in whatever shape it takes, is really astonishing, whether it displays itself at an officers' mess, a meeting of mechanics, a grand jury dinner, or a club of charity. By the last description I conceive the Fever Hospital of Cork-street, where a priest of the Church of Rome must enter as to a state prison, by a kind of pass, the quaking and swadling committee-men not allowing a free indiscriminate entrance of Catholic clergymen to the sick, at every time and season, whilst at the same time the little, bandy, pharisa-

ical money-changer, with his abundance of grace, and superabundance of cash, takes the liberty to annoy the sick papist with his swadling sermons to disturb their rest and peace of mind with expositions of his bible averse to the creed of a Roman Catholic, every thing has been tried to lessen Popish population; fire and faggot, and insult and degradation could not put it down; Charity has been thought of at last, force has failed, fraud is now resorted to; the hospitals and dispensaries give the Society for Discountenancing Vice and Promoting Virtue, (a pretty name

name for an antipopish junta) an opportunity of assailing Catholic faith by a mock display of swaddling charity. The visitor of a Dispensary has the opportunity of intercourse with the poor, and can crimp the orphan child into free school, where such a man as old Iscariot Letablere will draw lines under the passages in the catechism, that describes the infant's progenitors and deceased parents as pests to society from their popish creed. Such good creatures as Bob Vickers the chandler, and Georgy Callagher the pully maker and swaddling preacher, will be made the almoners of the house, gentlemen who never enquire into a beggar's creed, still by chance always prefer a man or woman not a papist; and poor Sammy Bell the apothecary, who has had the disposal of charity blankets, by some fatality has happened always to prefer his own brethren, the Methodists, to the Papists. The Sunday schools too are as good a harvest for the religious crimps as Donnybrook fair for the military

crimp serjeants. One of these depôts have been established in the centre of beggary and popery, the Liberty; Mr. B — on the bu k quaker makes all proper enquiry into the religion of the beggar children and is as laudable industrious against Popery as if he were an alderman of Skinner's alley. It becomes the Roman Catholic to look sharp, and if he believes his faith of the importance he ought to do, he should prevent the political prowlings of sham philanthropy. The established church has ever watched the proselyting tempter of Catholicity, she has not allowed papists to learn, she has persecuted information at every quarter, and the Roman Catholic should know that the money he gives to a charity of packed, proselyting, antipopish committee men, is only giving ammunition to every antipapist Guy Flux, if not to blow up his faith, (but that is impossible at least to flatter him with an idea of its being practicable to destroy it.

—000000—

Methodist Casuistry.

AT a meeting of the first Methodist theologians consisting of sainted policemen, white-washed murderers, the Major, and the big beggar-man, it was decided that the amusement of the Merry-go-round was popish, unchristian, and damnable in its origin and consequences. It has been visited by the angel guardians of city

morals, the police, and the profane dispersed. Public morality is in such progress that we hope if our present evangelizing magistracy continue to see every poor man deprived of all unchristian gladfomeness, and as his fasting on Sunday is already effected, if he can be set to pray with it, we shall soon see another island of saints.

Of

AUGUST, 1809.

X x

Anecdote of Jack J———, the Player.

THIS Comedian whose picture and memoirs have been given to the public, has been flinted in his biography—every thing respecting a player is of importance, his birth, his rascalities, his virtues, his very countenance are necessary subjects of information.

Jack when first he went to London, adhered strongly to the Falstaff heresy, and maintained the doctrine that paying back was a double trouble. He had been lent ten and a penny by a countryman, of which we need say no more. However Jack appeared singing some lampoon upon Ireland for the amusement of

our English brethren, which was to the tune of the Kinnegad Slashers, and the termination of the tune seemed to have been set for the plaintive subject and measure of words, that burst from the upper gallery in accompaniment to Jack. It was the voice of an Irishman, a well known voice to Jack, the voice of his creditor and countryman singing, *Jack Johnson pray pay me my ten and a penny, my ten and a penny Jack, &c.* which soon shewed the effect of music, for it drew the ten and a penny from Jack's pocket over which meanness and avarice were placed as centries.

—000000—

An Account of the Vineyards of Tokay.

THE celebrated vineyards of Tokay have been described with great care and precision, by an inhabitant of the vicinity, in a little work, the title of which is: "*Notitia Historica, poetica, œconomica Montium Vineferorum comitatus Zemplin, Auctore Ant. Szirmay de Szirma, à Kaschan 1698.*" The rising grounds or hills, appertaining to the Count de Zemplin, form a small chain in front of the Carpathian mountains. These are designated by the Hungarians, under the name of Hegyn-Allya, which signifies the foot of the mountain, and the the hill of Magorhegy obviously appears to have been volcanic, for it presents a crater surrounded by lava.

It is on a stratum of basalt, in a state of decomposition, that the celebrated vines of Tallya-Mada, Telefma, Liska, Terrazal, &c. usually known by the appellation of the vineyards of Tokay are produced: a preference however, is given to those of Tallya and Trazal. The whole canton or district produces one year with another, 240,000 *eimers*, a measure which in this part of Hungary is equivalent to five decalitres, six litres, and 89 cent litres, according to the new French calculation.

One might be tempted to consider the vines of Tokay as the remnant of those planted in Illyria by the Romans; but the author just alluded to asserts that it was Bela IV. who first

consecrated this fertile district to the God Bacchus. This king in 1241, taking advantage of the first moment of repose, which the discontinuance of the war allowed him, obtained from Italy by the way of Venice, both plants and vine dressers. As a certain species of grape is still called at Tokay the *Formint*, it has been imagined by some that these were the vineyards of Formi, so much celebrated by Horace. Another species is supposed to have descended from the plants which the Venitians brought from Malvoisa, in the Morea.

The grapes of Tokay, however, had they no manner of occasion for nobility of origin, as they have acquired the nobility of merit. During the celebrated council of Trent, the prelates of Italy were all vaunting the wines of their own country. George Drascowich, archbishop of Coboeza, on this assured them, that Hungary excelled them all in that article. Every one deemed this position heterodox; but the good archbishop having ordered some wine to be brought from Tallya Mada, they were immediately convinced of their error.

The pope himself, on tasting it, declared its pre-eminence in 1552, according to M. de Skirmay. It was not, however, until the year 1650, that the Hungarians discovered the new method to which the superior excellency of their wine has been attributed. This method is

founded chiefly on the observation made by them, that those grapes which possess most of the saccharine principle, begins to ripen before the rest, or in other words chrystalize, by means of the rays of the sun, while they at the same time become spoiled by the least humidity. Great care is therefore taken to select and gather with precaution those grapes that are first ripe, whence they extract an essence similar to honey in taste, and treacle in consistency.

It is by mingling this essence with the ordinary wine of the canton, that they produce the real Tokay, of which there are two sorts, the one called the *Ausbruch*, and the other the *Nachlass*. The former of these is sold by antals, the latter by barrels, each of which contains two antals. In the maskless, there is just twice as much of the ordinary wine, with the same quantity of essence, as in the *ausbruch*. The vegetable gold, which is pretended to have been found in some of the Tokay grapes, is nothing more than the little egg of an insect, around which the juice of the grape crystallizes, and has assumed a golden colour. This observation, made by M. de Skirmay, does not, however, refute the assertion relative to the existence of gold in certain invisible portions, in certain vegetables. this fact having been demonstrated by several experiments, quoted in Chaptal's Elements of Chemistry tom. iii. p. 51.

To the Most Rev. Dr. Troy.

My Lord,

With due deference to your exalted rank in the church, and with every esteem for your public and private virtues, I take the liberty of addressing your lordship, on a subject on which much of the character of the clergy and much of the morals of their flocks are deeply involved. When I presume to meddle with a subject so much out of my avocation in life, I am aware I expose myself and my character to the hand of ignorance and the interpretation of malignity, but, in my notions of rectitude I apprehend a man should venture to encounter with disguised or open antagonists, to arrest the progress of innovation, that tends to alter the good old manners, which distinguished the Irish clergy through ages of persecution and suffering. At this day we can boast of clergymen as eminent for their talents, and as distinguished for their piety as any who ornamented the Irish church in any age, since our subjection to the throne and novelties of our Norman and English neighbours. While we admit the meed of praise to the good divines our cotemporaries, with some regret we see many who depart considerably from the abstemious and dignified rule of life so characteristic of a divine, I am not assured, nor do I venture to assert, there is any higher denudation of character, even in the latter description of our priests, except some fashionable peccadillos adopted by men of trifling taste and abridged capacities. The word FATHER, which formerly preceded the name of our plain and laborious pastors, and which conveyed such an idea of parental and pious vi-

gilance is almost struck out of the language of our people. In imitation of the fox-hunting divines of the reformed churches, the term doctor, is adopted by every man who aspires to fashionable distinction. Father O'Brian, or Father O'Connor, are now addressed by the designation of Doctor, though the poor good men, have no more right to the appellation than they have to be named Cardinals. Thus trifling and weak capacities, submitting to the whims of pride and innovation, are rapidly hurrying away with the simplicity and dignity that heretofore connected the good priest with his suffering congregation.

When one departs from one rule of right or order, it is generally followed by another breach of duty; and thus we see many of the self dubbed Doctors, too proud to be named FATHERS, at the tables of the intemperance, seeking the character of a good fellow and of liberal manners as the passports to convivial enjoyment and generous merriment. Nothing is more common than the observation which is made by many of their admirers in this way, than "Doctor such a one, is so extremely accomodating to the cheer of company keeping, that no person would take him for a priest." In my opinion my lord, this character though dictated by good motives, is far from contributing to the reputation it attempts to panegyryze. A priest ought to be a priest in every proper company. I would not like to see him any thing but what is cheerful, if he should not act the part of a starched pedant, he should not run to the opposite extreme

treme. It appears very improper to see him join in the coarse joke, noisy chorus, or capacious jug, seeking fame among the foolish candidates for the gout or dropsy.

My Lord, we continue to be surrounded by enemies, who would take every opportunity of imitating our character from the conduct of a few weak and ignorant men among us, which they apply not only against our

church but against our country, though the comparisons thus made are invidious, and applicable in every state of human society, and though reprehension may not be able to extinguish error, it may operate to diminish it.

With sentiments of the

sincerest regard,

I am, my Lord, Yours,

C.

—000000—

Papists's 2d Letter,

To the Rev. Gentlemen of Denmark-street Chapel.

Gentlemen,

I lately called your attention to the decorum of your chapel, and told you my mind freely upon the subject. It was not without some pain that my stile assumed the tone of reprehension of your seeming passiveness, under the pressure of the nuisance I alluded to, you must certainly have felt as I own I did, at being directed in your duties by a public print, but, Gentlemen, you must allow that the nuisance did exist and was of a scandalous and offensive degree and duration. The late respected Mr Sinnott of your chapel, by his repeated endeavours to correct the want of decency, and want of sense in those reptiles, that infest you, shewed, that piety, real learning and politeness, were qualities that could not move them. Will not every friend of good manners and common breeding, I leave out religion, hear with wonder that a swarm of rich puppies and well dressed beggars, repeatedly by their ill manners and scandalous levity gave occasion to that great and revered character Doctor Clarke of Liffey-street, to rebuke them,

The pleasure of making a puppy smart, or what is worse, a stupid hardened old coxcomb, is too paltry a consideration to induce my interference; but it becomes a serious matter of scandal to see the house of God attended with expressions of jollity and levity, not to be surpassed at a puppet show exhibition. To make men not afraid of God, afraid of me, I confess a temptation to the trouble of chastisement, but again, the crucifying of butterflies would be a disagreeable task, were it not to prevent the mischievous effects. Our Roman Catholics contain some of the most worthy and accomplished characters, but among them there are numbers who have suddenly popped into fortunes that they are not able to bear. Their fathers illiterate, oppressed, and insulted people, kept at a distance from general intercourse with protestants, and trampled on as inferior by the Catholic gentry—made sudden fortunes and whilst making them were giving their offspring all examples of low mindedness; cringing to their superiors, and revenging it by trampling on every one with less money than they possessed.

possessed, which people they denominated their inferiors. Hence have we a spawn of Catholic puppyism, unmatched any where, who seem to have made a select committee in your chapel, whom I shall personally salute

in my next letter, unless I observe an amendment in their carriage that I call next to miraculous, but which I will not despair of beholding.

PAPISTA.

—000000—

Shew of Fat Countrymen.

New Farming Society.

On Saturday the 1st of May last, the society held their quarterly exhibition of fat Countrymen, at their house in Sackville-street, an unusual concourse of visitors amateurs in this line of improvement attended. Every eye appeared charmed at the cheerful condition of each person exhibited as none attended but such as were deeply interested in improving not only the morals, but the means of living of their countrymen, not one person of the name of Foster, appeared among this generous assembly, nor a senator of any rank or description. Mr. O'Tiernan of Ballisatore produced Phelim O'Neil one of his tenants, Phelim appeared to be about 46 years of age of fine atheletic make and ruddy complexion, O'Tiernan laid before the Meeting a statement in writing describing the manner Phelim lived within the last nine months, which was read aloud by the secretary. As far as we could collect from the narrative, it described the adoption of a bed of clean straw, confined in canvass laid on a frame of deal, raised from the ground, which custom he enables all his tenants to follow by allowing them adequate wages, with this Phelim's Wife had been so encouraged by having an

Acre of ground at a guinea a year instead of eight guineas usually exacted from the starving cotters, that she raised as much Flax as made two pieces of Linen in which she dressed Phelim herself and the children, so that they appeared much healthier as well as more decent than any of my Lord Sligo's tenants, as they are much better housed. Phelim would have been more active had not he a lingering illness impending in the good work of his Landlord, this originated in a severe flogging he got in Marlborough green in Dublin, to amuse a party of gentlemen after dinner, who after entertaining themselves with Phelim's awkward manner of twisting and groaning discharged him with a pitched cap. Mr. O'Tiernan's plan further stated that he never suffers any of his Tenants, since last meeting to live in the ditches on the sides of the road, as they were exposed to the danger of being killed by the carriages of their landlords or their English agents whenever they visit the country to gather the rack rents, or inspect the numerous barracks building on every estate, to protect the tax-gatherers and the graziers cattle from falling victims to the anger or appetites of the starving population. Counsellor M'Donagh

nagh produced two boys about ten years of age, they appeared in such health spirits and size, as astonished every person present, their intellectual improvement reflected the highest credit on Mr. M Donagh. They were examined in the catechism and history of their country by the Rev. Father McCarthy who testified the highest approbation of their proficiency. These boys were taken at a very early period of life from a shed occupied by their fathers who had escaped from Armagh from the Orange burners, but sustained so much hardship and depression of spirits in the flight that they survived their journey but a few days and left their boys to the benevolence of their brethren. This narrative had such an effect on the company that a voluntary subscription took place by which a sum was collected equal to

the expense of their future maintenance until they should be apprenticed.

Mr. O'Farrell was awarded a gold medal for the best appearance in health and condition of two girls of four years old each, they were fed regularly with milk and bread for the last six months, and accustomed to sleep on dry beds in good clean linen, they would have appeared to much more advantage, had not they been frightened a few nights since, by Squire Bayonet who got drunk celebrating a birth day, and on his way home broke into the cabin where the children were kept swearing he would put a stop to O'Farrell's treasonable works of rearing and feeding popish rebels.

About 5 o'clock the Society adjourned to the tenth of September next.

—000000—

Bon Mot of Counsellor Parsons.

SOME time ago two young men were hanged at Naas, on a charge of robbing a certain obscure attorney, since the affair had occurred, it has been ascertained that the men were innocent, and that the robbery never took place. Some people either thro' vanity, or seeking emolument claim

importance from the most trifling circumstances. The father of the attorney limping up to Mr. Parsons in the hall of the Four Courts, asked him did he hear of his son's robbery, no, replied Mr. Parson's, but be so good as to tell me who *did he rob?*

—000000—

On the manner of Hunting and Sporting by the English in Bengal.

FEW parties of pleasure can be more agreeable than those for hunting, formed by ladies and gentlemen in Bengal, particularly at some distance from the presidency of Fort William, where the country is plea-

sant, and game of every kind in greater plenty. Any time between the beginning of November and end of February is taken for these excursions; during which season the climate is delightfully temperate, the

air perfectly serene, and the sky of ten without a cloud.

To transport the tents and other requisites for the accommodation of the company, to some verdant spot, near to a grove and rivulet, previously selected elephants and camels are borrowed; small country carts, oxen and bearers hired, at no considerable expence, the price of all kinds of grain, and wages of course being exceedingly reasonable. Nor does the commanding officer of the troops within the district often refuse a guard of sepoy to protect the company from the danger of wild beasts, for such generally resort to the haunts of game, or the depredations of still wilder banditti, now and then pervading the country.

The larger tents are pitched in a square or circle, while those for the guards and servants usually occupy the outer space. Every marquee for a lady is divided into two or three apartments, for her camp bed, her closet, and her dressing room; is carpetted or matted, and is covered with a spreading fly for defence against rain, or exclusion of casual heat, the air ventilating powerfully between the vacuity, about two feet, of the tent and its canopy in unremitted undulation. The doors or curtains of the marquee wattled with a sweet scented grass, are, if the weather chance to become sultry continually sprinkled with water from the outside; and a chintz wall stained in handsomely-figured compartments encompasses the whole.

For the supply of common food, if no village be very near, petty chandler shops enough are engaged by the family banyans (house stewards) to accompany them, glad to profit of such an opportunity of gain. Liquors and every species of Euro-

pean articles are provided by the party themselves.

Horses are employed for the conveyance of the gentlemen, and palanquins for the ladies, with their female attendants; and, where the roads will admit of it close and open carriages also.

Part of the morning sports of the men, commencing at dawn of day, consist in rousing and chasing the wild boar, the wolf and antelope (or gazelle), the roebuck, the musk, the red and other deer, hares, foxes, and jackalls: besides the common red, the spotted and the small mouse, there are ten or twelve sorts of hog or short bristled deer. Boars are usually found amongst the uncultivated tracts, or the more regular plantations of sugar-canes, which give to their flesh the finest flavour imaginable. Wolves and jackalls are seen prowling and lurking, at break of day about the skirts of towns and villages, or retiring from thence to their dens within woods; or within pits, hollows, or ravines on the downs. Hares shelter in the same situations as in England. The hog, roebuck, and musk deer, conceal themselves among the thickest heath and herbage, and the antelope and large deer rove on the plains. All these animals, however, resort not rarely to the jungles, (or very high, coarse and implicated grass,) with which the levels of Hindustan abound, either to graze, to browse, or in pursuit of prey.

A country of Asia abounding in such variety of game, is, of course, not destitute of wild beasts; the principal of which are, the tiger, leopard, panther, tiger cats, bear, wolf, jackall, fox, hyæna and rhinoceros. The leopards are of three or four kinds.

Or the gentlemen divert themselves with shooting the same animals as also common partridge, rockpartridge, hurial or green pigeons, quails, plovers, wild cocks and hens, curlews; black, white, and grey peacocks; florikens, storks of several kinds and colours, together with water hens, Braminy geese, cranes, wild geese and ducks real, widgeons, snipes and other aquatic fowl, in infinite abundance; many of them of extraordinary shape, of glowing, variegated plumage, and of unknown species; whose numbers almost covers the water whilst they swim, and when alarmed and flushed from the lakes like a cloud, absolutely obscure the light.

The foxes are small, slenderly limbed, delicately furred with a soft brown hair, and by no means rank in smell; feeding principally upon grain, vegetables, and fruit. They are exceedingly fleet and flexible, though not strong or persevering. When running, they wind in successive evolutions to escape their pursuers, and afford excellent sport. Their holes are usually excavated, not in woods, but on hillocks, upon a smooth green sward or lawn where in a morning or evening they are seen playing and frisking about with their young. They feed generally amongst the corn, and are oftenest found within fields of mustard or linseed, when it has sprouted up high enough to conceal them.

A minor critic on perusal of *Æsop's* or *Pilpay's* fables ridiculed the idea of foxes feeding upon grapes; but had he consulted any Asiatic natural history, he would have learned that they subsist upon grain, pulse, and fruit, particularly grapes and pine-apples, when within their range, much more than upon flesh of fowl. Or had he turned to the Bible, he would have there found the following passage in confirmation of it: "Take

AVOUST, 1809.

us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes." — *Canticles, Chap. ii. v. 15.*

Jackalls are rather larger than English foxes; but of a brown colour, clamfier shape and not so pointed about the nose. In nature they partake more of the wolf than of the dog or fox. Their real Asiatic name is shugaul, perverted by English seamen trading to the Levant, (where they are in plenty on the coasts of Syria and Asia Minor,) into jackalls.

Of the partridge there are several kinds, one with a white belly, and another something like grouse, only more motley feathered.

Plover too are various; and when the weather becomes warm, ortolans traverse the heaths and commons in immense flocks.

There is no pheasants in the woods of Bengal or Bahar, nearer than the confines of Assam, Chittagong, and the range of mountains separating Hindustan from Tibet and Nepal. But there particularly about the Mouroungs, and in Betiah, they are large and beautiful, more especially the golden, the burnished, the spotted and the azure, as well as the brown Argus pheasant.

As for peacocks they are every where in multitudes and of two or three species. One tract in Orissa is dominated More-bunje, or the Peacock district.

Cranes are of three sorts, and all of a cærulean grey: the very lofty one, with a crimson head, called farus; the smallest called curcurrah, (the demoiselle of Linnæus and Buffon, uncommonly beautiful and elegant, whose snow white tuft, behind its scarlet-glowing eyes, is the appropriate ornament for the turban of the Emperor alone; and the middle-sized one with a black head, the common grus. They return to the

northern

northern mountains about the autumnal equinox, after cessation of the periodical rains, with their young, in myriads of flights, frequents as the wood pidgeon in North America; and sometimes, when the wind is very violent, flocks of them mount to a vast height in the air, and there wind about in regular circles, seemingly with much delight, and venting all the time a harsh discordant scream, heard at a considerable distance.

In the wilds of Hindustan certainly originated the common domestic fowl, for there they are discovered in almost every forest. They are all bantams but without feathers on their legs; the cocks are in colour all alike what sportsmen call ginger red; they have a fine tufted cluster of white downy feather upon their rumps, are wonderfully stately in their gait, and fight like furies. The hens are invariably brown. It is extremely pleasant, in travelling through the woods early in the morning to hear them crowing, and to perceive the hens and chickens skulking and scudding between the bushes. For food, they are neither so palatable nor tender as the tame fowl.

Florekins are amongst the *non de scripta*, I believe, in ornithology. A drawing can alone exhibit an adequate representation of this fine bird; it harbours in natural pasture amongst the long grass, on the extremity of lakes, and the borders of swampy grounds, lying between marshy soils and the uplands. Hence its flesh seems to partake in colour and relish, both of nature and flavour of both the wild duck and the pheasant; the colour of the flesh on the breast and wings being brown, but on the legs perfectly white, and the whole of the most delicate, juicy, and savoury flavour conceivable.

There are only three claws to its feet, the roots of the feathers of the female are of a fine colour.

When the cock rises up, some fine black velvet feathers, which commonly lie smooth upon his head, then stand up erect and form a tuft upon his crown and his neck.

When set by dogs, it lies close, and scarcely ever rises till the fowler is so near as almost to tread upon it. The nest of it is made amongst the grass.

You read of them in descriptions of ancient knightly festivals of the Nevilles, Percys, Mortimers, Beauchamps, Montacutes, De Courceys, Mohuns, Courtenays, and Mowbrays, under the name, I believe, of Flanderkins; but whether they were then natives of England, I am uncertain.

The height of the cock florekin of Bengal, from the ground when he stand to the top of his back, is seventeen inches.

The height from the ground to the top of his head, when he holds it upright, is twenty-seven inches.

In no part of southern Asia did I ever hear of woodcocks; but amongst the breed of snipes there is one called the painted-snipe, larger than ordinary, and well compensates for want of the former.

Fishing, both with lines and diversity of nets, of the party; or the hawking of herons, cranes, storks, and hares, with the falcon; and of partridge and lesser birds, with the sparrow and small hawks.

Ladies now and then attend the early field; if it be to view the coursing or hawking, they mount upon small gentle (for they are all gentle,) female elephants, surmounted with arched canopied and curtained seats; otherwise the ride on horseback, more frequently however in palanquins, under

der which, as well as under the elephants and horses, the birds (particularly the white stork or paddy bird,) when pounced at by the hawks, and the little foxes, when hard pressed by the dogs, often fly for shelter and protection. In general, however the ladies do not rise betimes, nor stir out till the hour of airing.

The weapons in use on these expeditions are fowling pieces, horse pistols, light lances or pikes and heavy spears or javelins; and every person has, besides, a servant armed with a scymetar or sabre, and a rifle with a bayonet, carrying a two ounce ball, in the event of meeting with tigers, hyænas, bears, or wild buffaloes. — Some of the ladies (like Thalestris or Hypolyta, quite in the Diana style,) carry light bows and quivers to amuse themselves with the lesser game.

The dogs are, pointers, spaniels, Persian and European greyhounds, and strong ferocious lurchers. Near Calcutta a few gentlemen keep English hounds, but their scent quickly fades, and they soon degenerate.

But the liveliest sport is exhibited when all the horsemen, elephants, servants, guards, and hired villagers are assembled and arranged in one even row, with small white flags (as being seen farthest, hoisted pretty high at certain distances, in order to prevent one part of the rank from advancing before the rest. Proceeding in this manner, in a regular and progressive course, this line sweeps the surface, like a net, and impels before it all the game within its compass and extent. When the jungle and coppice chance to open upon a plain, it is a most exhilarating sight to behold the quantity and variety of animals issuing at once from their coverts: some are driven out reluctantly, others force their way back into the brake. During this scene of development, route, and dispersion, pro-

digious havoc is made by the fowlers, falconers, and the huntsmen, whilst the country people and children, with sticks and slaves, either catch or demolish the fawns, leverets, wild pigs, and other young animals, which have returned into the coppice.

Instances occasionally occur, where the natives of the vicinage petition the gentlemen to destroy a tiger that has infested the district to the annoyance and devastation of their flocks and shepherds, and perpetual alarm of the poor cottagers themselves. — Although an arduous and perilous adventure, and what the gentlemen all profess, in their cooler moments, to reprobate and decline, yet, when in the field, they generally comply with the solicitation, and undertake the exploit. Their instant animation, not unattended with emotions of benevolence and compassion, presently supercede every dictate of prudence, and in spite of their predetermination, they proceed to the assault, the villagers all the while standing aloof. — If conducted deliberately, with circumspection, and with the aid of the sepoys, they soon accomplish their purpose, and bring in the most dreadful and formidable of all tremendous beasts amidst the homage and acclamations of the peasantry. But should they lose their presence of mind, prolong or precipitate the conflict, act with uncaution or attack the exasperated infuriated savage with tumult and confusion, the event is often fatal, by his seizing, lacerating and crushing every creature within his reach; not ceasing to rend, tear, claw, and destroy, to the very moment of his destruction, or of his flight.

Sometimes do the natives entreat the gentlemen to rid them of wild buffaloes, (the largest of all known animals, the elephant excepted,) that have laid waste their cultivation; and

and at others, to clear their vast tanks, or small neighbouring lakes, of alligators, which devour their fish, or do mischief on shore. So much hazard is not incurred, however by achievements of this sort, as from the encounter of a tiger; for though the hides of those creatures resist a ball from a firelock at common musquet distance, they are by no means impenetrable to shot from a rifle, or other pieces with a chamber, or of a wider calibre.

A drum, with a banner displayed from the hall tent, give signals to the company for their meals.

Breakfast is a most delightful repast: the sportsmen return keen, fresh, ruddy and voracious; and the appearance of the ladies in simple loose attire, the elegant dishabille of clearest muslin with plain floating ribbons, and dishevelled tresses, captivate to fascination. Nor is the palate less gratified: English, French, Italian, and Dutch viands all combine to provoke it, by a profusion of cold victuals, salted and dried meats and fish, hams, tongues, sausages, hung-beef, sallads, chocolate, coffee, tea, fresh milk, preserves, fruit, and eggs, rendered still more grateful by the most sprightly cheerfulness and Auroral gaiety.

After breakfast, conveyances of different sorts are prepared for an airing, not merely for the sake of airing only, but to view some natural or artificial curiosity or manufacture; some noted town, distinguished mosque, celebrated pagoda, renowned dargah, or venerable mausoleum; some consecrated grove, the sequestered residence of lakeers, or some extensive prospect from the summit of rugged cliffs, impending over an expanse of water, bordering perhaps a level lawn, whose verdure is vaulted only, not concealed, by a diffused assemblage of stately columniated palms, of

four different species, tufted a foliaged only, in graceful inclinations at their capitals, all equally ornamental: the date, the cocoa-nut, the beetel, and the palmyra.

Between the airing and an early dinner, the hours are irregularly disposed, as chance may dictate, or caprice suggest. Some play at cricket and quoits, swim, jump, fence, run a match of horses or shoot at a mark; whilst others direct the mountaineers and woodmen, (who rove about in bands for this express purpose,) where to inveigle, entangle, or kill beasts, birds, fish, and snakes, for which they are furnished with variety of implements, such as matchlocks, tiger-bows, spears, darts in grooves, balls in tubes, pellet-bows, limed-rods, stakes, and bushes; fascinating allurements, such as painted, spotted and foliaged screens, bells, nets and torches, rushes and reeds, artificial ducks and decoy birds, with traps, gins, springs, snares and other stratagems and inventions of wonderful enchantment, ingenuity mechanism and contrivance.

It is somewhat extraordinary, but nevertheless a fact the influence of fascination possessed by the tiger, and all of his the feline species, over many other creatures. Spied by deer particularly, they stop at once as if struck by a spell, while the tiger lies still, his eyes fixed on them, and quietly awaiting their approach which they seldom fail to make gradually within his spring; for the large royal tiger cannot run speedily or far. The glow of their eyes is fierce and powerful. I myself once passed a royal tiger in the night near a wood, and could plainly perceive the scintillations from his eyes. He was deterred from approaching us by the light of flambeaux, and the noise of a small drum

drum which we carried and was beat by a servant for the purpose of scaring him away.

Wherever tigers roam or couch, a number of birds continually collect or hover about them, screaming and crying as if to create an alarm. But the peacock seems to be particularly allured by him: for the instant a flock of pea-fowl perceive him, they advance towards him directly, and begin strutting around him with wings fluttering, quivering feathers, and bristling and expanded tails. Of this enticement the fowls also make their advantage, for, by painting a brown cloth screen, about six feet square, with black spots or streaks, and advancing under its cover fronting the sun, the birds either approach towards them, or suffer them to steal near enough to be sure of their mark, by a hole left in the canvass for them to fire through.

Several other instances of the fascination of animals I have myself been witness to in Bengal. Three or four times, where a line of troops were marching in a long uninterrupted series, passed a herd of deer; I observed that when their attention was taken off from grazing by the humming murmuring noise proceeding from the troops in passing, they at first and for a while stood staring and aghast, as if attracted by the successive progression of the files, all clothed in red. At length, however, the leading stag, "*vir gregis ipse*," striking the ground, snorted, and immediately rushed forward across the ranks, followed by the whole collection, to the utter dismay and confusion of the soldiery: thus running into the very danger one naturally suppose they must have at first been anxious to avoid. The men, who were apprized by the sound of their approach stopped, and made way for them. Over the heads of the others

who were heedless and inattentive, they bounded with wonderful agility, and fled over the plain.

Driving one evening along the road in a phaeton, and pretty fast, I perceived a young heifer running near the carriage with her eyes intently fixed upon one of the hind wheels; by the whirling of which the animal seemed completely struck and affected. Thus pursuing her object for about a quarter of a mile, she, by a sudden impulse, rapidly darted forward towards the wheel, which then striking her nose, the attention of the creature became interrupted by the violence of the friction, and was, of course, withdrawn: she then immediately stood stock still, and presently after turned about slowly and made off.

Beyond all other animals however, serpents possess most eminently this occult power: frequently are they seen revolved on the branches of trees, or on the ground, meditating their prey, either birds, squirrels, rats, mice, bats, frogs, hares, or other animals.

The ladies, as they are inclined, either read, walk, swing, exercise themselves in archery, or at shuttlecock in the groves: or they sing and play in their tents. Others whilst at work are read to by their companions, of all amusements perhaps the most delectable.

At the end of a convivial dinner, every soul, provided the weather prove sultry, or they find themselves fatigued, retires to repose.

On rising from this siesta, of all listless indulgences the most soothing, comfortable, and refreshing: and certainly most wholesome, all animals inclining to sleep after nourishment; carriages are again in readiness, or light boats, where a stream or lake is near, to give the company the evening's respiration (which the inhabitants

tants

tants of colder regions taste only in poetical description,) breathing health as well as recreation.

The twilight being short under the tropics, the day of course shuts in presently after sun-set, when cards and dice become part of the evening's entertainment. Chefs, backgammon, whist, picquet, tredrille, quinze, and loo, are the favourite games. These with domestic sports, anticks gambols, tricks, pranks, and frolicks, where the humour prevails; together with the flights of jugglers, feats of tumblers, (in which performances the Hindus are expert adepts,) and dances of the natives, wile away the time and beguile it not unpleasantly to the hour of supper, the principal meal; when a repast enlivened by every elevation of spirit and kindly disposition that can conduce to promote good humour and festive hilarity terminates the day.

These parties generally continue, with some variation in the amusements, fifteen or twenty days; and the dissolution of them is as generally lamented with heartfelt regret by the individuals who compose them.

From the Calcutta Monthly Journal,
December 14, 1795,

As a party of gentlemen were in pursuit of snipe, in the vicinity of Dum-dum, they most unexpectedly roused a royal tiger. The animal seized on the first person near him, which happened to be a native servant, who was carrying a gun and killed him on the spot.

The gentlemen alarmed as they were, did not retire from the place where the accident happened, with-

out attempting to rescue the poor fellow from the jaws of the monster. They discharged their pieces at him, but as they were all loaded with small shot, they made no sensible impression on him; he continued to devour his prey, until the sporting party assembled a number of the country people, who, by shouting and beating of tom-toms, at length drove him off.

Intelligence of this unfortunate affair was immediately dispatched to Calcutta, for the information of some keen sportsmen, who delight in the manly exercise of tiger-hunting; the party was soon formed, and the gentlemen who composed it proceeded to the ground without delay, armed for the purpose and mounted on elephants.

Nor were they long in finding out the ferocious animal, who was weltring in gore when they came up with him. An immediate attack began; but instead of retreating, the tiger made a successful spring and fastened upon one of the elephants. The driver was not, however, dismayed, for by a very severe blow struck with his hook on a tender part of the enraged animal, he forced him to quit his hold.

Several shots were then fired at him, and although most of them took place yet none had touched a vital part. The animal however became furious beyond description, running at and charging every thing that came near him, until one of the party, well known for his prowess as well as dexterity in the field, intrepidly advanced upon him, and with a hog spear, pinned the grisly monster to the ground.

Observations

Observations on Bees.

M. Huber, a native, of Geneva, has paid great attention to the natural history of the Bee, an insect, which although constantly under the eye and observation of man, has not as yet had its habits, its manners, and its genius, sufficiently explained. In our own country, many able and curious persons have dedicated much time and attention to this branch of knowledge, but none of them, we believe, have been so fortunate in the result of their speculations; although it is but fair to suppose, that the author of this little treatise has profited by the discoveries of all his predecessors, and begun his experiments exactly where theirs had ended.

In order to enable him to study this interesting animal with more attention, he himself invented a leaf or book hive, which is so constructed as to open and shut in the same manner as a volume. It consists of a combination of thin boxes, of a foot square, placed opposite each other, and connected together by means of hinges. Knowing from experience, that Bees are ever ready to complete a comb in the precise direction in which they find it, he placed pieces of this material in every box, so as to induce them to proceed in the work, in a line perpendicular to the horizon. This position enabled him to examine the surfaces of the combs at his leisure, after the colonies had been fairly settled.

In the course of his correspondence with the author of a work heretofore of some celebrity, intitled "*La Contemplation de Nature*," and also with the compiler of a treatise on the Apiary, he insists at large on the impregnation of the queen bee,

Notwithstanding the drones are all allowed to be males, it has been generally denied that any intercourse subsists between them and the sovereign of the hive, although this theory was supported by the authority of Linnæus himself. To put the matter to the test, M. Huber, in 1787 and 1788, selected a number of queen bees, which he himself knew to be in a virgin state, as he had been acquainted with their history from the first moment of their formation. By attentively observing them, he at length discovered that if confined within the walls of the hive they continue barren. To insure fertility, it becomes necessary for the queen to soar high in the air, where she receives the caresses of the male for the first time, and it is not a little remarkable, that this intercourse inevitably proves fatal to the latter.

He accounts for the multitude of drones, by pointing out the necessity of the queen's being met by some of them during her amorous excursion; for if this did not occur, she could not be fecundated. Should no sinister event intervene, the queen begins to lay the eggs of the working bees forty six hours after this intercourse, and she continues for the space of eleven months to lay these only; after the expiration of this period, the eggs of the drones are regularly produced. But in case of a retarded fecundation, beyond the twentieth or twenty first day an imperfect impregnation takes place, and instead of disclosing the eggs of the working bees and of drones equally, those of the males only are engendered. This disastrous event is made known to the careful observer by the appearance

pearance of the queen, whose body is shorter while the extremity is also more slender than usual, and the two first rings near the thorax are swollen to an uncommon magnitude.

We are told that a queen, in ordinary circumstances, lays at the rate of 50 eggs a day, or perhaps 3000 within the space of two calendar months. In the extraordinary circumstances, such as we have already alluded to, a greater proportion of drones eggs than usual was laid; on this after the expiration of some time, the working bees finding themselves overwhelmed by the great disposition of a class calculated to eat up their labours, abandoned the hive, after having dispatched their unfortunate queen.

We learn also, what had been indeed suggested by others before, that the workers, instead of being *neutrel*, are really of the female sex; and that on the loss or extinction of the sovereign, grubs of workers may be actually converted into queens; but then to enable them to attain the necessary size, and develope the the organs of generation, the cells are enlarged, and a superior and more nourishing kind of food provided.

"Bees," we are told, "soon become sensible of the loss of their queen, and in the course of a few hours begins to repair so serious a calamity. They then select the common young grubs, which their treatment is to convert into queens, and the first operation is to enlarge the cells in which the are deposited. Having chosen the proper worm, they sacrifice three of the contiguous cells for its habitation. They next supply it with food of a stimulative quality, and raise a cylindrical enclosure around, by means of which the cell becomes a perfect tube, with a rhomboidal bottom. But this habitation

remains suitable for the royal grub during no more than the first three days of its existence, and another situation becomes absolutely necessary for the next two. The cell then must be perpendicular, and nearly pyramidal, to attain which the workers gnaw away the cells surrounding the cylindrical tube, and use the wax in constructing a new one of a different form which they fix at right angles to the first, and contrive so as to work downwards.

"The diameter of this pyramid decreases insensibly from the base, which is very wide, to the point; and in proportion as the grub grows, the working bees labour to extend the cell, and also to supply plenty of food, which they carefully place before its mouth, and around its body. As it can only move in a spiral direction, it turns incessantly to take its necessary portion of nourishment, and insensibly descending, at length arrives at the orifice of the cell, where it is transformed into a nymph.

As it had been conceived by some ingenious observers, that some of the common working bees are capable of laying eggs, M. Huber, or rather his assistant, determined to ascertain the fact. The latter accordingly proposed to handle each bee separately, so as to discover whether some queen of a small size had not insinuated herself, and deposited eggs in a hive in which no queens of the usual appearance was discovered. All the bees thereof, were seized one by one, and carefully examined. This operation occupied eleven whole days, and this period was required to examine the trunk, the hind legs, and the sting, of every individual. After such an Herculean task had been finished, with a degree of care and labour that could arise out of a love of science alone it was fully ascertained," that there was not one without the

the usual characteristics of the working bee, viz. the long trunk, the little basket on the hind legs, and the straight sting."

An apiary exhibits at one season of the year a fine picture of laborious industry but we learn from a perusal of this treatise, that the interior presents at times a scene of carnage and destruction, arising out of the combat of the queens the massacre of the drones, and the occasional trepidation of the whole swarm. In case a supernumerary queen should be unfortunately produced in a hive, a mortal combat immediately takes place, and the victor is acknowledged as the lawful sovereign. Whether they be virgin queens, queens in a state of impregnation, or the mothers of a numerous family, the same instinctive vengeance is uniformly displayed, and a royal intruder is treated in the same manner as a siter, Nay, to such a pitch is this carried, that a queen will not so much as permit a royal cell for the first hatched sovereign soon commences the destruction of the palaces her rivals; while the working bees, as if desirous to enjoy the fruits of her vengeance, approach to share the plunder by seizing on the food deposited for the nourishment of the royal brood.

On the other hand, should a queen be removed by any accident from a hive, in the course of a few hours the news is disclosed to all her subjects. A singular humming is heard; the young are deterred, and all is confusion. Should her majesty return, or be replaced, the tranquillity of the apiary is instantly restored, and the usual labours of its inhabitants are resumed. But if another queen be placed among them, they soon discover the imposture, and death become her certain fate; for she is immediately surrounded by the incensed swarm, and is either suffocated, or

perishes with hunger, being kept in the most rigorous confinement. It is not a little remarkable too, that the working bees never use their sting on such an occasion.

There are times, however, when a royal stranger may approach without danger; for if the queen shall have abdicated above eighteen hours, but a slight confinement ensues, and if twenty four hours have elapsed, she is instantly recognised as sovereign.

As some doubts had taken place relative to the manner of the death of drones, M. Huber had recourse to his leaf hive, which appears to be a most admirable contrivance, and commenced his observations at the period of swarming. He was enabled to see what occurred at the bottom of the hive, and he there witnessed a real massacre of the males on which occasion they perished by the stings of the working bees, who darted them with such violence, as to find it difficult to draw them back again. It is not a little surprising, however, that in case a hive should be deprived of its queen bee, the males are allowed to survive another winter, their aid being absolutely necessary for the impregnation of a new queen.

In respect to swarms, he says:

1. That each is regularly led, either by the queen of the original hive, or one recently brought into existence, and allowed to live, for this express purpose. The "great laying" takes place in May, which lasts about thirty days, and on the twentieth, or twenty-first, the foundations of the royal cells are constructed.

2. When the larvæ hatched in the eggs in the royal cells are ready to transform into nymphæ, the old queen who always conduct the first swarm, leaves the hive, followed by her subjects: and on her assuming a new ha-

bitation, her majesty begins with the deposition of workers' eggs

3. After the old queen has conducted the first swarm from the hive, the remaining bees take particular care of the royal cells, and prevent the young queens, as they are hatched in succession, from leaving them unless at intervals of several days between each.

He says also, that a swarm is never seen except on a fine day, or at least at a time of the day when the sun shines, and the air is calm. The circumstance of a cloud passing over the sun, produces a great effect on the hive, and will delay the expedition of a new colony. A tumult also takes place on the hatching of the queens bees; and it is not a little remarkable, that on one of these occasions, M. Huber observed the thermometer in the hive, to rise from 92° to 104° . This heat itself is calcula-

ted by nature to produce swarming; and it has been asserted that one strong lively hive has parted with no fewer than four swarms in the course of eighteen days

The young queens who conduct swarms being still in a virgin state, the day after their settlement they generally fly in quest of the males in order to fulfill the purposes of nature; but the old queens are in no need of such intercourse; for according to our author, "a single copulation is sufficient to impregnate the whole eggs that a queen will lay in the course of two years; and" adds he, "a single conjunction will impregnate all the eggs she will lay during her whole life; but my proof does not absolutely extend beyond two years." — This little volume cannot fail to be relished both by the bee-fancier and the naturalist.

—000000—

Instructions for Feeding of Game Cocks, by Sir, John Sinclair, Bart.

"As to *game cocks*, I fear I shall not be able to give you any particular information. The following is what I have obtained from a cock feeder. He thinks the superiority of particular breeds depends upon parentage, and that of the female of most importance. He remarks, that he has seen very good fighting chickens, out of a true high bred game hen, got by a dunghil cock; but chickens out of a dunghil hen, by a game cock, are only fit for the spit. Shape neither too small nor too large, but lengthy; for the first is weak and tedious in fighting, the other unwieldy and inactive, and slow in returning his blow; and both very difficult to match in a long main. The head small, a quick eye, and a strong back; the muscles of the thigh full and strong. Stand straight, stately in walking, narrow heel, that

upon every rising he so hits his adversary, that he draws blood at every blow, threatening his adversary with immediate death. They are at their prime for fighting at two or three years old. After that age they become lumpy, and gain so much flesh as to become unwieldy. They should be brought up at corn-walks and where there is good water: generally taken up about ten days before fighting; and such as require to be reduced, they physic with rhubarb and cream of tartar, which is seldom given more than once, and by which they will be reduced in weight about three ounces in twenty four hours. Many cocks, from tenderness of constitution, will not bear to be reduced. Food, barley and bread, with milk, eggs and flour; and after they are weighed for fighting, sometimes they

give a little ale. Water during feeding, is given very sparingly. They are subject to disease when young, as well as when put up in the pens for fighting, and which disease is infectious. The heart swells, and there is a fetid discharge from the

eyes and nostrils. It is called the roop. No cure for it in the pens; but by turning them out to their walks; most of them will recover. Such are the benefits of air and exercise."

—00000—

On Cock-Fighting.

This ancient amusement is become so much in disuse that the pursuit of it is almost exclusively confined to the lower ranks of life. As an amusement we are at a loss to account, why people who affect polished manners, have discountenanced Cock-fighting, on a seeming principle of tenderness that revolts at the least departure from humanity, and at the same moment enjoy the highest degree of pleasure at the triumph which fifty or an hundred horsemen, and as many dogs acquire over a timid and harmless Hare. The higher rank of life have a happy facility of reconciling their own pleasures by a perversion of language, to the most extravagant violation of reason and justice. Thus an Irish Gentleman, reprobates the rude and cruel amusement of Cock-fighting as he is pleased to term it, and yet this man of such exquisite feeling, sees without emotion his tenantry starving, their huts in flames, or their bodies writhing under the lash of military executioners. The same party that have wasted a village, have frequently been appointed to break up a match of cock-fighting. With all the reprehension which cock-fighting is treated by our fashionable cotemporaries, we have no hesitation to say, if amusement can have any claim to justification, when it is had at the expense of animated beings, that cock-fighting is much less reprehensible

than that of worrying a hare, or whipping a starving man.

The Jockey club, or the Riding house club, in Malborough Green, may have the sanction of power, or the vindication of the lettered, yet we will insist that our defence of cock-fighting, will bear more conviction with the generous and humane, than any apology which has yet received the meed of deference or the character of conviction, from the advocates of fashionable errors. Cock-fighting is proscribed in the list of the amusements of the great, as it tends to bring the lower ranks of life into social intercourse, to enjoy themselves at a price agreeable to their circumstances, the prevailing policy being directed to keep the people, or what the aristocracy term the mob, from frequent associations, and by interdicting or discountenancing amusement accessible to the poor, and encouraging only such as are beyond their reach. The opulent only have an exclusive monopoly of pleasure, as a man must be able to keep a horse, or empowered to torture his fellow creature, before he can participate in fashionable amusements. Cock-fighting notwithstanding the stigma, which affected humanity would affix on it, must be allowed by every person not poisoned by an Anglo Irish education, not a slave to power, nor a dupe to fashion, to be a less reprehensible amusement,

amusement, than either hunting a man or a beast

The spirit of jealousy and anger, which stimulates these birds to battle and mutual revenge, must tend to diminish the feelings of pain and the agonies of death; for by the previous care taken to arm them, and the equality of weapons, they are not driven to despair, by the appearance or superiority of an antagonist they are taught to avoid. Urged by the mutual confidence they possess, and conscious that each is in no manner inferior in strength or spirit to his antagonist, he fights for victory, and the hopes of conquest, helps him through the combat; thus death is disguised in the passion of revenge, and the spirit that urges to the combat, conceals the injuries sustained throughout the contest.

On the contrary the poor hare started from his retreat, by the voices of his enemies and the image of war

around him, feels all the horrors of death, and the anxiety to escape that any wretch must, at the sight of a powerful and implacable enemy.—He has not the equal battle to gratify by retaliation, the spirit of vengeance for injuries inflicted, the refuge which the brave have in battle, are denied this tamed animal; he sees nothing but hosts of enemies, who rejoice in proportion as his torments are prolonged by the chase, and not one minute of his existence can be gratified, by the hope of avoiding the impending fate, by one struggle that would demonstrate courage or gratify despair. He falls at last into the jaws of his pursuers, and the humane and manly huntsmen triumph in noisy exultation over the mutilated captive, with as much pride, as the greatest conquerors could evince in the intoxication of the most splendid victory.

—000000—

French Literature.

“Nouveau Voyage en Italie, et en Sicile,” &c.—New Travels into Italy, and Sicily, by M. Creuze Delesser.

“I HAVE beheld,” says he, “almost every thing remarkable that Italy presents to the eye of a foreigner; I have contemplated the Pantheon, Vesuvius, the Coliseum, and St. Peter’s; I have visited Milan, Florence, Naples, Palermo, Rome; but what I desire most to see again, is Pompeia.

“Pompeia was nothing more than a little city of Campania! it is but a small remnant of antiquity, and yet it is the most true, and the most affecting one in existence. It has not the

least resemblance to Herculaneum, indeed nothing wonderful is to be found; it is not like Rome, a new capital which effaces an ancient one; it is in truth an ancient town, the inhabitants of which seems to have fled but yesterday. But what do I say? The unfortunates could not fly! The people of Herculaneum, had nearly all of them an opportunity to escape from the lava which pursued them; but the ashes here, more rapid and more destructive, overwhelmed in a few moments all Pompeia, together with the whole of its population.

“How could this city have been so long and so completely forgotten? Scarcely were the ashes elevated a
a few

a few feet above the tops of the houses, What ! had its unhappy inhabitants no friends in any of the neighbouring villages who possessed courage enough to rescue them from that tomb where they were buried alive ? Did not the government of that day recur to the means necessary for such a noble operation ?

“ The great road that leads to this place appears to be cut level with its soil. On approaching it, one beholds a little elevation to the left—it is Pompeia, but Pompeia swallowed up ; for but a small portion of it has as yet been discovered. You descend but a few feet, to enter a city built by the Romans ; you pass along the solitary streets ; you behold the houses of the inhabitants—you contemplate their paintings, you form an idea of their manners ; there is not a single object that is not remarkable, a single stone that is not interesting.

“ The quarters of the soldiers first present themselves to the view, and they possess a striking resemblance to our cloisters. In different apartments are to be found the mills that served for grinding their corn ; they are ingenious, and have been engraved in a variety of collections ; but what is to be found no where engraved, is the impression made by the bones of a soldier ; we still behold the irons with which this unfortunate wretch was bound at the time of the eruption ; the judges and the accused perished together !

“ The street which have been excavated is very narrow ; it is paved with the lava of Vesuvius. One still distinguishes the traces of the wheels, traces which prove that the carriage-way was but four feet broad. There are foot-paths three feet in breadth on each side, which proves this to be an ancient custom, and it is one too good ever to be forgotten or omitted.

“ All the houses resemble each

other : the greatest and the smallest alike possess an inner court, in the midst of which there is a bath.—Most of them are adorned with columns, and the distribution of the chambers is equally simple and uniform. All are small ; several are destitute of windows, and receive no light but from the door, or an opening above it. If to this may be added, that the chambers in general are insulated, and do not communicate with each other, we shall have a just idea of the manner in which the ancients were lodged and must frankly declare that even the poor among us possess more conveniences than the rich among them.

“ Another thing which is also worthy of observation, ought not to be omitted here ; and that is that all the doors are extremely low ; and that unless the Romans thought proper to bend their bodies every time they entered an apartment, it is evident that they were not so tall as we.

“ The Italian taste for paintings in fresco, is also to be found at Pompeia ; and there are very few chambers indeed, on the walls of which one does not find something of this kind.—They are all below mediocrity in point of execution, and only curious on account of the images which they represent. Many of them exhibit mythological subjects, and serve at least to prove how universal at that period was the taste of those ingenious fictions, which triumph over the abuses to which they have been subject, and which will for ever constitute the religion of the arts.

“ Several shops are still distinguishable, and in one of them we find the print made by the cups or small vases, on the marble which covers the counter. As a proof how fond the ancients were of public shows, we have only to observe, that two theatres have already been discovered in the

the little city of Pompeia. The greater one is semi circular and its numerous seats, ascending one above another, are dug out of the soil. It conveys that true idea of the ancient theatres, for which we should search *Herculaneum* in vain. But what antiquaries most admire, is a little temple dedicated to *Iris*, which at this day is in the most perfect preservation; the opening under the spot, where the statue was placed, is still visible, and by means of this aperture the diety was probly enabled to give answers.

“The more one contemplates *Pompeia*, the more it is to be regretted that such a valuable discovery had not fallen into other and better hands. Although the French were in possession of *Naples*, in 1798, but for a few months, yet they have left traces of their activity behind them which are still visible. They have now more time, and a better opportunity, so that great things may be expected from the present government.

“One of the most interesting objects to be seen at *Pompeia*, is what the stranger generally views last: this is a country-house, or villa, at a little distance from the city. He arrives there, by means of a most agreeable road, which tends only to render, by contract, the tomb into which he descends still more dreary—Yes, I repeat the tomb! for this residence, although the roof be destroyed, still conveys by means of its eternal structure, a better idea of the dreary houses of antiquity, than any other I have yet beheld. The very garden is discovered, and the ponds and divisions are still visible.

“At *Pompeia*, one may be said to reside with the Romans, but here you may also walk with them. Here one still meets with all the remnants of

antiquity, and beholds the *Amphoræ* which were filled with a wine that no doubt had its age attested by the names of many consuls. One may behold—but as for me, I could behold nothing more, after having traversed the subterraneous apartment, in which twenty seven dead bodies were found! It was there that the whole of an unfortunate family had taken refuge; it was there that they in vain expected that succour which never arrived, and retained that hope which was finally blasted; it was there that resounded the cries of terror, and the sighs of agony; it was there that horror hunger and despair, immolated their victims. The fiction of *Ugolino* vanishes before this frightful reality. Of twenty-seven human creatures, doubtless they were not all equally good, and equally worthy of regret: but doubtless also here was to be found one virtuous man, one faithful friend, a fond mother, innocent children: all the sentiments, the tenderest ties of humanity, were here rent assunder; amidst the darkness of night, and the screams of anguish, one old man, at least, the head of a family, uttered his last farewell in the hearing of a son who perhaps was in search of him of a daughter who still supported him, and of all his generation, doomed to be extinguished along with himself!

“And yet, while I resigned myself to reflexions which wrung my heart, while I contemplated in silence this theatre of destruction, the birds were singing above my head. Nature was clothed in her gayest garment, the sky was clear, the air serene, and even from the distant *Vesuvius* scarcely was perceived the issue of that smoke, which gently glided along its dark flanks, after resting awhile on its tumultuous top.”

Th:

The Merry Go Round, a Vision.

*The adventure of the bear and fiddle,
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.*

HUDIBRAS.

Mr. Editor,

Infected as I am by that epidemic curiosity, so universally entailed on human nature, a disease, the inoculation of which is undoubtedly coeval with the eating of the forbidden apple, and which hurries us onward, imperceptibly towards the contemplation of novelties, in themselves nugatory and nonsensical, with all the open-mouthed impatience of English bores, pressing forward to gape at, and characteristically applaud the antic mummery of some itinerant Jack-pudding; and unfortunately, being under the necessity of sustaining a brisk cannonade from the flippant tongues of some of my female acquaintance, contrary to the usual cause of surrender, my gallantry compelled me to beat a parley, and come into terms which my curiosity was not behind hand in dictating. *The Merry-go-Round*, a recreation whimsically singular, derives its sublime origin from the tasteful head and skilful hand of some ingenious Russian mechanic; a nation which has latterly made prodigious improvement in all the arcana of the arts and sciences and are now I understand, about to remunerate the people from whom they received the first rudiments, by introducing a system vastly superior in refinement to any hitherto practised, be that as it may, one thing is most certain that at a late entertainment given in the great metropolis of England to the Russian ambassador, the temporising Britons present, in a most condescending manner, substituted *train oil* for *turtle*, and gave their unanimous suffrages in favour of the former, as much the most palatable, gratifying, and digestible; such strange revolutions in the uncharitable manoeuvres

of the tormenting little Corsican, work on the physical as well as moral constitutions of mankind. Pardon, Mr. Editor, this digression from the subject proposed. I perceive my error and stand corrected. I visited the machine, numbered its noisy, transitory tenants, and returned; it was late in the evening, and I soon retired to bed and fell into a profound sleep, but although my wearied frame yielded to the festive charms of repose, still the active faculties of the internal man, bursting from her sluggish embrace, created in my mind's eye, one of the most unaccountable illusions that ever trenched on human slumber.

To the impression made on my mind, by the giddy whirl of the machine, do I attribute the idle fantasy, methought I had identified myself with a croud of spectators, who collected by its magnetic attraction, were dallying away the precious moments of life in beholding its rapid rotation, when the wheel suddenly stopping, discharged each bench successively its load of laughing loungers, whose term of amusement was expired, and the paling immediately became filled by a group who could not fail of attracting notice from the conspicuous lead they have taken in public life, the first personage that attracted my attention was a spare figure something below the middle stature, in one hand holding a copy of "*Burke on the Sublime*," his chin leaning on the other. denoted that his mind was absorbed in deep cogitation. Luck had cast me cheek by jowl with a gentleman whose deportment and appearance bespoke information, and I discovered by a few trifling, preliminary interrogatives that he was well versed, at least, in political personality. "May I ask,

Sir," said I, "who is that gentleman who moves onward in so pensive an attitude to take a seat in the ærial whirligig?" at that moment my eyes fixed on a singularity I had not previously observed in the subject of my enquiry, it appeared as if his shoulders were encumbered by a large pair of wings (which Mr Editor you will allow were to a human body no common appendage;) "Good Lord," continued I, "he seems to be furnished with the means of taking corporal as well as mental flights *sublime*." "I plainly perceive, Sir," said he, "that you are an utter stranger in this city, as well as a novice in the political sphere, when you appear thus ignorant of one of the most conspicuous personages that ever moved in its horizon. Observe narrowly the weight of wing he carries, and notice the contrast between this on the right and that on the left shoulder." "I perceive," said I, "that the pinion on the right is formed of parchment written over with a multitude of names, most of which on a nearer examination I find to be *Milesian* however the *tout ensemble* seems in a shattered state when compared with the other, on which is written names of several places, the geography of which I am ignorant of.

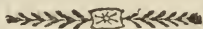
The wing on the right, returned he, was formed by the assiduity of a body of men, who had for the space of a century, groaned under thralldom the most unjust and privations, the most mortifying, till this extraordinary man, stimulated as it would seem by the most zealous devotion, to the cause of liberty advocated their rights in a manner so energetic, and I may say, successful and apparently disinterested, as could not fail to solicit a public testimonial of their gratitude. These wings of parchment are formed of divers petitions and remonstrances, and was richly gilt by the donors for a season, the eloquent possessor maintained the popularity he had acquired, till becoming vain; the dazzling ho-

nours that surrounded him, he mingled with the rumours of party and power, and while fluttering in their wake, the lightning of corruption levelled at his ascent, blasted with a fatal certainty all his speculations of popularity, and he fell like another Icarus, the object of the contempt and abomination of the body, by whose assistance he had worked himself to his temporary elevation. The figure then stepped into the seat, in doing which, I eyed a scroll which he bore in one pocket with the letters, '*Insurrection Act*,' there sir, said he, (pointing towards it) is the grand instrument of his degeneracy, and the several names the meaning of which you were unable to interpret, are in my mind the places of emolument, and lucrative sinecures which he views in perspective; I had heard enough to be convinced that it was H—— G——, with whose character I considered myself perfectly acquainted, although his person was utterly unknown to me.— Since you are so condescending sir, (said he) as to take the trouble of explaining to a stranger like me the prominent features in the characters of this group of gentlemen; who seem to be of no common consideration, I shall trespass on your goodness so far as to request you to inform of the opinion entertained of the public conduct of the person who follows Mr. G the person to whom I alluded was remarkable for a squat, stunted figure a protuberant rotundity of paunch, and a jazythe color of which was nearly akin to tawny, his cleric stock and waistcoat were cryingly begrinned with the snuffy refuse of a snout of large calibre, and he moved with a self-sufficiency of strut that plainly demonstrated his having lately received some right hon. appendage to his acquired respectability. My polite interpreter immediately recognized him and complied with my request in the following manner.

JACOB.

(To be Continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

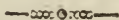


THE CHEMICAL AND COMICAL POET.

MR. COX,

You are certainly no friend to ignorant pretenders to genius, or to emblazoning plagiarists, the enclosed is addressed to a person eminently entitled to be considered in both these points of view. He is a native of Birmingham, and, I believe, was bred to some of the handicraft trades there, afterwards he became a stroller and followed the fortunes of some itinerant manager: he is now, forsooth, a *poet*; mind, sir,---a *poet*! and a *chemist*; yes, sir,---a *chemist*! His qualifications for the former is an assiduous perusal of the *verse* department of old magazines, and a milliner-like facility of arranging shreds and patches of metre, with some few crude *things* resembling *ideas* of his own, and some miserable conceits, gleaned from the subaltern performers, "the luggers, cutters, hulks, and tenders," of our theatre. His chemical, equal, at least, his poetical acquirement. He is a profound adept in the abstruse art of *soup making*, and hath a most astonishing insight into the almost cabalistic science of transmuting hogslard into pomatum, and if not exactly a Kirwan, the appellation of *chemist* cannot be denied to him.

"See how we *Apples* fail."



I. W. K————.

POET, CHEMIST, BUTTON-MAKER, &c.

The poet's meed is fair applause,
Could writer have a nobler cause?
In grammar's spite, and spite of sense
The trader rhymes to gain the pence.
Dear me what mighty filly ways,
New poetasters look for praise.

K————d the *chemist* and perfumer! !
(The Lord defend me from *misnomer*,)
Has brushes fit to scrub your gums,
(His poems are nice to wipe your —s,)
But this is only entre-nous,
—A secret known to the "happy few,"

On whom such nonsense acts as well,
As e'er did Glauber, or Rochelle.

His words he sings in 'deathless verse,'
Sublimely sweet, divinely terse,
What dulcist news for every glutton,
"Here's capers fine," to eat with *mutton*,
Nice vermicelli, macaroni,
And usquebaugh, to give a crony.
Or should you wake at night and be,
From cause whate'er in a *quanderie*,
His "bottled tre" will instant give
The scene around in light to live,
And save your poking at the embers,
And burning oft your *extreme members*.

He'll never deal, good soul, in speeches,*
Nor el'vate aught except your breeches.
He loves his customers too well,
And though he *necklaces* may sell,
He's studious quite to make it known,
Not *hemp* composeth them but *stone*,

He condescends to sell you *purses*,
But mind, they're "empty" there the
curse is.

To ladies "*our*" high respects he pays,
For them reserves his choicest lays,
Every rose and every flower,
From honied bank, from woodbine bower,
Their sweets exuberantly impart,
To mend, of making *soup*, the art,
For vap'rish fits he now proposes
"Fungent salts to sting their noses,"
Inks he has, both black and blue,
Timbles and bodkins not a few,
And many things unknown to rhyme,
From ev'ry region, place, and clime.

Yet vile's this kiddier-minstrel is,
The gingling trash I mean's not *his*,
Haddock of Cork, a cunning wight,
Who figures made embroidered hight
Composeth the *namby pamby clink*,
Which lifts poor K—— to Pindar's brink.

PHILO DOGGREL.

* The poet conscious of the *deserts* of his customers, but feeling at the same time an affection for them, will not deal in things (however well suited,) that might seem *invidious*.

MR. COX.

SIR,

I beg leave to request the insertion of the following little poem in your excellent and truly national magazine, as I have always found yours, at least, ready to give the merited rebuke to wanton insolence and upstart arrogance. The subject that gave rise to it is too well known, to have escaped your notice. It is fully detailed in Saunders's News-Letter for September 21st. 1799, and most of the other newspapers about that period. It relates to the famous quarrel between Mr. ****, formerly a *butcher*, and professed orange-man, (who has since, *by means best known to himself*, risen to a superior station in life,) and an unfortunate neighbour of his who happened to have been implicated in the preceding troublesome period.

I remain, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

A SINCERE WELLWISHER,

Dublin, 30th June, 1809.

“ *Palmam qui meruit ferat.* ”

1

The butcher rose at dawn of day,
His knife across his shoulder slung,
‘ Ere the evening’s parting ray,
‘ Twenty *puppies** shall be hung.’

2

He seized his victim by the throat !
Full wicked his intent I ween ;
‘ Thy life is now not worth a goat,
‘ As shortly will be seen.’

3

‘ Thy tripe, across my steel shall hang,
‘ And dangle through the street,
‘ And in my wrath with them I’ll bang,
‘ All whom I chance to meet.

4

‘ ‘Tis o’er ; the fatal deed is done,
‘ That vital struggle was thy last,

‘ And thus I end all rascals fun,
‘ Who dare to *memorate* † the past.’

5

The wretched victim’s dying breath,
Extinguished like a candle’s light,
‘ Sad † and gloomy was thy death.
‘ Shrunk into the tomb of night.

6

‘ Take warning all ye *junior branches*, §
‘ Tremble at poor ———’s doom,
‘ Lest crouching on y’r mangl’d haunches, ¶
‘ Disgrac’d, you seek the silent tomb.

7

‘ And while full bright along the street,
‘ In richest pageantry || ye roam,
‘ Beware of the army or the fleet,
‘ Think, oh ! think, of absent home.’

* *Puppies*, a common term with Mr. ——— when he mentioned the catholics, a familiar allusion, I suppose drawn from his own bull dogs, ‘ *Expressa arbasio regerit convicia.* ’ —Horace.

† I suppose he meant *all Catholics are puppies*, according to his own phraseology. If the gentleman in this case does not mean what he says, I can readily forgive him, as he was always desirous to say what he meant ; aye and that too in down right *Billinggate*.

‡ *Memorate*, a word coined by the worthy subject we are treating of, and frequently used by him. As few of your readers can be supposed to understand his ton vulgarian, I must inform them that *to memorate the past* is to recal to his recollection the time when he had been a *butcher*, which foul offence the unhappy object of his wrath then happened to commit in the heat of passion, being incited so to do, by the unmanly invectives of his opponent.

§ From this to the end is a paraphrase of the very eloquent speech made upon the downfall of the unfortunate opponent of Mr. ———, by his formidable antagonist. — When I speak of eloquence I do not mean to insinuate that the Demosthenian or Ciceroian eloquence should be compared to his ; no, no. ‘ *Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Græci.* ’ I am certain that had Socrates, Læzus, or the greatest of our orators been there, he would not have made a speech in the same style.

§ This term I never could get a satisfactory meaning for, although present at the time of the whole transaction ; it must be therefore referred to the *prolific genius* of the orator who in his eloquence soars far out of sight, leaving us, poor plebian mortals, in amaze at the capacity of his understanding, perhaps it means the young men who were present during the fray.

¶ This smells strong of the *slaughter house* !

|| The unhappy object of vengeance happened to have a new coat on when he encountered the formidable Mr. ———.

I beg Mr. ———’s pardon for inserting this word in a paraphrase of his speech. — I am sure such a word never escaped his lips. The expressions of that Shakespeare, that *regius sheep-stealer*, should never disgrace the lips of an *honest sheep slayer*.

The following were as near as I can recollect the words of the terrible Mr. ——— : ‘ Get out you set of *rascallion* Papists. By the’ (swearing a terrific oath.) ‘ I’ll send ye all aboard the tender, or to the recruiting sergeant, you scoundrels—there you’ll be taught manners ; ye damned set of traitors ! ’ The concluding paragraph with which he finished his *swinging* oration is too vile for insertion.

CRITIQUE ON THE FINE ARTS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 335.)

CRITIQUE, &c.

Mulvany next th' attention raises,
His bold delineation pleases
With free unshackled hand he shews
The children's pangs and parent's woes,
Here is no dull perplex'd confusion,
No creeping, timid execution,
But boldness freedom, ease and spirit,
At once declares the artist's merit.

But see what now attracts the view,
What melancholy thoughts ensue ;
A son degenerate vainly tries,
T' obtain his long paternal prize !

Who tho' he might have proved his claim,
And not dishonor'd quite his name,
(If e'en he glow'd with noble fire,
And aim'd to emulate his fire,)
Now sinks unpitied in the cloud,
Which ever shall his pencil shroud ;
Truly unworthy to inherit
The station, when he wants the merit.
This artist* shews th' immortal pair,
Not veil'd in clouds nor high in air,
But their due purpose to fulfil,
Encamp'd in order on a hill ;
Full nigh the Theban queen they stand,
With bow and arrow in the hand :
Diana, † cunning jade, stoops low,
To make more sure th' intended blow:

O'er-

* Wishing to improve on the poet, he shews the *Divine avengers* a little elevated on a cloud, (as he would have it conceived,) which rests upon the ground, after having conveyed them through the vast ærial world ; but he has so ill succeeded in the delineation of this refined thought, that his gods appear to have entrenched themselves on an earthly dunghill close by the wretched victims, while the painter seems to have confided very little in the celebrated skill of the *far-shooting Apollo*, and to have been under serious apprehensions of his missing his aim was he further removed from his object.

† The attitudes of the *godly figures* are strictly military ; Diana is upon her knee, while Apollo in a position close behind plies his arrows over her head. Both the Divinities are together engaged in the work of death, which is an egregious blunder in the painter, as *one* should be only in action : For if we believe the poet, Apollo first destroyed the sons, while employed in martial exercises on a plain in the neighbourhood of the palace.—The mother hears of their fate ;

Fama mali, populique dolor, lachrymæque suorum
Tam subitæ matrem certam fecere ruinæ.

Swift to the mother's ears the rumour came,
And doleful sighs the heavy news proclaim.

And as we are led to believe, forthwith proceeds with her daughters to the fatal spot, where, after again insulting the matron goddess by boasting of her superiority even after the destruction of her sons,

———— miseræ

O'er-head, the god portending harm,
Extends his awkward length of arm,
Which, if suspended downwards close,
Would surely reach his sacred toes.
While for a Niobe's fair face,*
That rival of celestial grace,
Canidia's hideous front is seen,
Or Sagana's more ghastly mien;
And what creates our wonder quite,
The goddess now can bear the sight,
From which she once before withdrew
Her eyes, and hid her faintly view.

What air of excellence is shewn,
The painter cannot call his own;
For all his work has been despised,
Were not *some beauties plagiarised*.

Last Broca † makes his bold career,
And soars presumptive 'bove his sphere;
His *little talent* high he cocks,
And *frog like* swells to ape the *ox*.
All credit to the *Gods* refuses,
And damped those daring jades the *Mu-*
ses,

Who

————— miseræ mihi plura supersunt,
Quam tibi felici, Post tot quoque funera vinco.

Triumph too cruel rival, and display
Your cong'ring standard; for you've won the day.
Yet I'll excel; for yet though seven are slain,
Superior still in number I remain.

She witnesses the fall of her daughters by the arrows of Diana. It is therefore an unpardonable error to represent them *both* engaged in the dispensation of mortality.

* The ghastly delineations of grinning horror strongly marked in Niobe's features, call to mind the hideous resemblance of howling witchcraft.

Vidi egomet nigra succinctam vadere palla
Canidiam, pedibus nudis, passoque capillo
Cum Sagana majore ululante, Pallor utraque
Fecerat horrendas aspectu.

————— videres
————— Lunamque rubentem
Ne foret his testes, post magnum latere sepulchrum

Canidia with dishevell'd hair
(Black was her robe, her feet were bare,)
With Sagana, infernal dame!
Her elder sister hither came,
With yellings dire they filled the place,
And hideous pale was either's face.

*The blushing Moon to shun the sight,
Behind a tomb withdrew her light.*

FRANCIS.

† His performance is altogether inferior to general expectation. There is indeed one part well executed, in which, I am informed from indubitable authority, he has copied an original drawing of his grandfather's. This imitation, in which he has been successful, is the only interesting piece of the composition; but it is only *imitation*; *odi imitatores, servile pecus*.

† This gentleman's *design*, if so it may be called, is inconceivably fantastical and ridiculous; wherein he betrays a most open and shameful ignorance of his subject. Instead of

Who fain would make the artist swallow,
 The vain existence of *Apollo*;
 Who, say they, with his *modest* sister,
 (For none of *Gods* or *men* e'er *kissed* her,
 Howe'er the bards of old receive it,
 Our modern fair will ne'er believe it.)
 Made the poor *Queen* both flesh and bone,
 As hard as any *Portland stone*,
 And deep within the *Royal* marrow,
 Fix'd the ill natur'd godly arrow;
 Because, forsooth, she bet a wager,
 In which no goddess would engage her,
 She'd shew as fair and white a skin,
 As any of his godship's kin,
 And by some dire mischance or other,
 Nam'd th' *lurking* *wench* his mother.
 To this queer story out of season,
 He would not sacrifice his reason,
 But to correct the poet's blunder,
 Would singe her *majesty* with *thunder*.
 Ah! Brocas, make a good retreat,
 For sure 'tis better than defeat.

Those *glorious deeds* no longer dare,
 But peaceful breathes your *native* air,
 Which may besit you pausing well,
 The *snail* lies safe within the *shell*;
 But if you still presume to soar,
 You only rise to fall the more.

— 00000 —

Here* should my judging muse descend,
 This warning her survey should end,
 But *pencil'd deeds* of greater fame,
 (Howe'er a trite and hackney'd theme,)
 Invite her, while upon the wing,
 Of *finer arts display'd* to sing.
 A form of more than mortal size,
 The first attracts th'astonished eyes,
 A *Bacchanalian Priestess*† rude,
 Wex face with juice of grape imbraed,
 While on her head a viny crown,
 Hangs o'er her moisten'd temples down,
 A lewd,

of a Niobe distracted at the slaughter of her children by the avenging arrows of a god, we behold indefinitely a terrified mother clasping her infant in a thunder storm: see the two divinities indispensable in the delineation of a story wherein they are the poetical machinery, a gloomy cloud emitting lightning in copious effusions; for the Cadmean palace in perspective, a thick, spreading, circumfusive grove, which completely surrounds and chokes the picture. I am very confident, were this artist to represent the ocean, he would paint in its centre the shadowy expanse of a branching oak, and it is only in this comparatively trifling department of the art he can extort any praise.

et fortasse cypressum
 Scis simulare: quid hoc, si fractus enatat exspe:
 Navibus, ære dato, qui pingitur?

HORACE.

For though your talent be to paint with grace
 A mournful cypress, would you pour its shade
 O'er the tempestuous deep, if you were paid
 To paint a sailor midst the winds and waves,
 When on a broken plank his life he saves.

FRANCIS.

The *drawing* is cramp and incorrect, the *execution* stiff, and the *expression* consequently bad. His *Antinous* has so much of the *Ties water Ox* about it now in the exhibition painted by his son Samuel it would be an acceptable present to the Farming Society, as an instructive model for fattening cattle; most powerfully therefore do I recommend the offer at the next *Spring show*.

* As the general exhibition of *Fine Arts* bears some proximity to the subject I have been upon, I cannot well conclude without some observations on a few of the paintings.

† This is an exact description of the gigantic figure which is improperly nominated *L'Allegro*: the *design* is wretched, and Milton's *revises* are disgraced by the application. Instead

A lewd, debauch'd, fantastic grin
Proves *all the Roly God* within,
Such was fell *A gave* before,
When her *reforming* son the tore.
What then can mean the appellation?
Or what the pomp of vain quotation?
Say, can this barb'rous figure be
The fairest *Grace* of all the *Three*,
"In Heav'n y clep'd Euphrosyne?"
Another|| shape of huger height
An impious, black, and gloomy sprite,
Appears like stalking Murder fell

Stealing from forth her midnight cell:
Her hand in act to draw express'd,
The secret poniard from her breast;
While in her pale and withered mien
Death's grisly portraiture is seen.
His *grand Madona's*† only claim
To notice, is the *curtain'd frame*,
Which, with such neat projection made,
Throws o'er the piece a welcome shade:
The Artist sure could not refine
Upon a trite and old design,
Or paint the subject more divine

}
Than

Instead of the chaste, yet cheerful form of the Goddess of mirth, and most amiable of the *Graces Euphrosyne*; the eye is offended by the beauly picture of an enthusiastic votarefs to Bacchus, celebrating the drunken orgies of the God:—And for the

—————"wreathed smiles,
"Such as hang on Hebe's cheek."

We are disgusted to behold a vile meretricious grin within a crimson circle occasioned round the mouth by frequent and immoderate drafts of the intoxicating juice.

|| The artist calls this representation *Il'Penferosa*, and has a long quotation to illustrate the design:

But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose faintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight
And therefore to our weaker view
O'er laid with black, fluid wisdom's hue
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure
Sober, Steadfast, and demure
Come but keep thy wonted state
With even step, and amusing gait,

This is very unhappily chosen; how much more applicable had this been,

Now, o'er one half the world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtains sleep: now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and *witherd Murderer*
————— thus with stately pace
Towards her design moves like a ghost.

SHAKESPEARE.

† A late *observer* on the *Fine Arts* in the Evening Herald, after shewing his ability to a considerable extent in the *fine art* of puffing, brings it to a refined consummation by telling us—"Mr. Twigg's *Madona* would not have disgraced the pencil of *Corregio*"—The *Madona*, whose superb frame is a chief recommendation, and without which it would appear extremely naked indeed, is marked for sale, as are many other paintings in the exhibition; but are the artists apprehensive, they will not receive the just value of their labors, without attempting to deceive the public by the extravagant and ridiculous plaudits of hireling puffers?

Than those immortal sons of fame
 Who long before him wrought the same :
 Or will the composition stand
 To rival great *Corregio's* hand ?
 The doating bard who now would dare
 To mount his *Pegasus* in the air,
 And chose what *Virgil* chose before,
Aeneas wrecked on *Lybias* Shore,
 Ought sure in charity be led
 To good *Dean Swift's* to ease his head.
 Of all this painter's portraits shewn
 The best is recognised *his own*
 Which had been almost thought *Van Dyke**
 Were not the features so unlike :
 Thus once in *Lion's* garb array'd
 His ears the cunning *As's* betrayed.
 Here *Niobe's* fair offspring bludo*
 By *arrows* keen and *trampling* studs ;
 These madding midst the mourners fly }
 Those whizzing rattle down the sky, }
 While sons and daughters mingled die. }
 And though the females " bite the ground"
Diana's quite inactive sound,
 Just peeping from the cloudy air,
 Full close upon *Apollo's* rear,
 Where if she bent the pliant bow,
 And let th' avenging weapon go,
 The shaft had struck the god of day
 Behind, and found an easy way.

Delighted the fixed eye surveys
 Where *Gabrielli's*† pencil plays
 O'er Nature's verdant image gay,
 With sweet and delicate display :
 Old scenes of Roman grandeur rise
 Our admiration, and surprise,
 So painted by the artist's hand,
 They seem in solid mass to stand,
 The bush see waving in the storm
 Tempestuous winds its locks deform ;
 From the dark rolling clouds in show'rs
 The rain in rapid torrents pours,
 While on the desolated plain
 The traveller cloaks himself in vain.
 Such is the Magic of the art
 And such the force it can impart.

Ashford but justly holds a claim
 As second in the list of Fame,
 (The others scarce deserve a name)
 For though,—ib gives me pain to tell,
 His pieces cannot now excel,
 They're truly thought extremely well. }
 The *Beggars*§ are display'd anew,
 And hurt the violated view ;
 But if on this poor, ragged deed,
 For fame the artist hangs his creed,
 The fame is as the *subject* sure
 As vilely ragged and as poor

Behold

* Mr. Twigg has with his own portrait exhibited no small degree of vanity in shewing himself arrayed in the sumptuous habillements of this distinguished artist ; it naturally calls to mind, and realises the fable of the *As's* in *Lion's* clothing.

* This fine subject is wretchedly prostituted The family of *Niobe* are here in danger of being trampled to death by a troop of furious horses, which the artist has thought fit to make *principal* in the piece ;—for it is with difficulty the *chief figure* in the story can be distinguished in the midst of the madding team. The males and females are indiscriminately pierced by the arrows of *Apollis* ; as *Diana*, behind like an army of Reserve, is in total inaction : the inconsistency here is much more absurd than in Mr. West's drawing. See the second note.

|| This gentleman's landscapes are to the last degree beautiful ; the *colouring* is sweet and delicate, and the judicious management of *light* and *shade* preserves an exquisite *harmony*, whereby all the *parts* are artfully combined, and a strict *unity* or *whole* constituted. His architecture is grand and natural. The composition of a *storm* is no less excellent in *design* and *execution*, the above description is the just effusion of its effect.

§ As this odious picture is not remov'd from the Exhibition Room, where it has hung so long to the disgrace of public taste, we must conclude Mr. Grattan esteems it the best of his performances ; It certainly has been the most profitable, for, owing to the extraordinary generosity of the *Dublin Society*, though a *beggary subject*, it has had the *richest effect* of any he ever executed.

Behold that veil extending show,
From bow'ring wood she seems to grow,
What can the strange resemblance be?
Or is the 'meek ey'd evening' she?
The wild production of, 'tis plain,
A doating, dull, disorder'd brain.
Does Brocas here exhibit too
His work, to *show what he could do*?
This figure proves his powers no more,
Than *Nisbe* has done before;—
It only serves to make more plain
His vanity and barren vein.

Richardson in fruit and flowers,
Displays extraordinary powers,
So well portrayed is Nature's dye,
It mocks the hand and cheats the eye.
But cease my muse nor further go,
For round its trace the *motley show*,
So small the portion to commend,
Would more of time and paper spend,
Than is th' intrinsic worth of *all*,
By *Aaron* marshall'd 'gainst the wall.

§ The thing extending a veil (for not knowing what *name* to call it by, I consider it the safest way to speak indefinitely) is the most unintelligible design ever conceived by the most irregular imagination. The *artist* (if I may use the term) would have it to represent evening, drawing her 'gradual dusky veil' over the world. The quotation will serve to shew the absurdity of the composition:

But when chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds and swelling floods,
And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears the simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw,
The gradual dusky veil.

Collins's Ode to Evening.

This conception beautifully figurative in the poet, would be too vast for *personification* in Painting: the attempt therefore to *personify* evening drawing, the 'dusky veil, over *wilds* and *swelling floods*, and *hamlets brown*, and *dim-discovered spires*, is beyond expression ridiculous: Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis amici?

This artist by his exhibition of this *unnatural* 'study from nature,' has unwittingly laid himself open to manifest conviction of Tautology: this miserable monument of *Brocasian ability* is the great original, of which we have a simulative sample in his *Nisbe*. It is really astonishing how a man of this gentleman's years can entertain the most distant idea of his own merit in an art of which he appears evidently ignorant.

ERRATA.

To the first part of the Critique on the Fine Arts.

Page 331, line 21, for to appointment, any important office, read or appointment to any important office.

Page 222, line 20, for must, read most,

Page 333, line 4, for string, read sting; ditto, line 31, for when, read where.—And for communicating, read commencing.

Page 335, line 16, for he'd, read he's.—Ditto, line 13, for prafer'd, read proffer'd.

AUGUST, 1809.

3 B

ON THE EXPORTATION OF IRISH PROVISIONS.

The fertility of the country is a frequent theme of discussion, but an Irish person who reads in the public papers a daily account of the immense quantity of provisions sent to feed our English friends, must feel the most poignant indignation, when we view the wretched condition of at least three millions of our unfortunate people, whose labours contribute to raise this immense produce, and who actually never taste one grain of the corn, or one pound of the flesh produced in our abundant climate. Other countries calculate the extent of their means and the value of their commerce, by the superabundance which they are enabled to afford to other countries after supplying the domestic consumption. With us the order of political and commercial economy is inverted: we feed others and starve ourselves. The potters of Lancashire and Stafford, and the nailors of Birmingham, riot on the fullness which our beef and corn causes; while the generous and brave men, whose natural right it is, pine in the most degraded privation and oppressed bondage. Nothing more offensive to public understanding, than the number of societies formed in the country, professing to improve the morals, the country and condition of the people, while the object of contributing to the trade and ease of our British masters, is really what is intended to be the ultimate consideration. The fawning society we may rank the most leading in this plan of quackery and chicanery, and with much address they have imposed on a considerable part of the community, by frequent exhibitions and pompous descriptions. We would ask this Farming Society, is not the object of like institutions in other countries by encouraging a spirit of improvement to contribute to extend the riches and thereby improve the condition of every individual in the nation? The Irish Farming Society patronize the plough, but in a spirit of contempt, shew the utmost disregard for the human creatures who work it.— Fat cattle are in great request by this Society, warm flables and large hogs, but man, unfortunate Irishman, is beneath the contemplation of such illustrious patriots. Notwithstanding the immense drain made into England of these necessaries of life, which should have been shared with the degraded men whose natural property they are, and whose comforts ought to be the first consideration with the legislators who make the laws, or even with the soldiers who enforce them. The fertility of the country is not more than adequate to the supply of its own population. Were the three millions, who in their whole lives never respectively consumed four hundred weight of wheaten meal, nor one hundred weight of beef or mutton, to be even allowed to consume animal food and eat bread, as the people

people of other countries do, not an ounce could be spared to foreign markets. It must be admitted that if the people of Ireland were to be the exclusive buyers, in the present abridged condition of the commercial manufacturing means of the country, the prices of corn and other food would be considerably depreciated, and those men who are the proprietors of land, and law makers, would feel a proportionate decrease in their fortunes, for a nation of starved husbandmen, can never be enabled to give the same prices for any articles, that a nation of artificers can, so that to gratify the pride, and administer to the splendour of our lords, we are doomed to everlasting privation, and all its consequent miseries, frequent insurrections and frequent executions. The vices, obloquies and odium of a disturbed and ferocious community Originating with inhuman landlords, and tyrannic proconsuls, imposing a character of barbarism and ferocity where the most generous and manly spirit excites as much as among the most polished committees known in modern Europe. It is much to be regretted that the causes of such disorders as afflict our country by the commercial restrictions and jealousies of the governing country must never admit any remedy, while our trade and taste for commerce, are restrained and discouraged by a foreign legislature, composed of merchants and mechanics, or as Adam Smith expresses it, influenced by them, so that the Irish labouring community have no expectation of redress from any quarter; they are doomed to eat their potatoes and salt, and to hear Mr. Foster declare

to the empire that the same potatoes is their favorite food; intimating in plain language that the Irish have no taste or inclination for beef or bread, though the courts of criminal jurisdiction and the gibbet record innumerable instances of illicit means made use of to make a meal at the expence of their four-footed fellow labourers. Mr. Foster or the Farming Society, with as much propriety might assert that they had no taste for a straw bed, because so long innured to sleep on the naked earth. Or with as much justice they might add, that we were cowards, from the uniform submission with which we yielded our trade and independence into the hands of masters, had not the unfortunate year of 1798 given some strong specimens of Irish courage as disagreeable to their real antagonists as they were ultimately fruitless.

—○○○○○○—

On Saturday the 29th of July last, Mr Cox the Proprietor, of this Magazine, attended the divisional magistrates of Duke-street, to defend himself against a prosecution instituted against him on the part of the commissioners of stamp duties, for neglecting to register three months publication of the Irish Magazine within the time limited by law. After hearing Mr. Cowper Crawford, solicitor of stamp duties, and the evidence of the informer, one Kelly, and the register of pamphlets, the court was pleased to fine Mr. Cox in the sum of sixty pounds, and execution to take place within eight days.

ORANGE ATROCITY.

DISTURBANCE AT BANDON.

We beg leave to present our readers with the copy of a celebrated declaration, which appeared in a late number of the *Cork Advertiser*, that we may do the parties the justice of publishing their own statement of the business.

DECLARATION.

We the members, lately composing the *Boyne, Union and True Blue* corps of yeomanry, under the denomination of the *loyal Bandon Legion*, having seen in a late publication a false and erroneous statement of our conduct on a recent occasion, feel it our duty, as well to satisfy the public mind as to prevent a recurrence of similar evils, and vindicate our character, openly to declare to our countrymen, the multitude of our brethren, and the world at large, the sacred cause for which the Bandon yeomanry laid down their arms. On the 6th day of July, being the first parade after our anniversary, the ever-memorable first of July, we were ordered for inspection by Col. Auorial, our brigade major. The corps appeared on their respective private parades, wearing that simple though grand characteristic of loyalty in their caps, an orange lilly. On all former occasions Colonel Auorial, in common with his predecessors, bestowed the

greatest praise on the legion for its high state of discipline and military appearance; but, being stimulated by some of the officers of the legion, he now entirely altered his tone—reproaching in the most insulting terms, and in the most degrading, reproachful and mortifying language, the wearing that lilly, telling them it was only a badge of cowardice—crying down the revolution under the degrading appellation of our forefathers having beaten a few unfortunate men, over an hundred years ago; accused us of wanting to trample on them again—and declared that although we wore that insignia of loyalty in our caps, we may have the United Irishman's oath in our pockets—and that it was not safe to go into the field with such men. When he had thus given full vent to every thing which had a tendency to inflame and irritate, he declared we must either take down the lilly, or lay down our arms—the latter command we instantly obeyed. Was this the treatment which our steady services called for? Were officers afraid to venture themselves with us, when our offer of service was tendered and accepted to any part of the kingdom, in case of invasion or rebellion? Can such conduct be defended? To heap charges upon men who proudly defy both friends and ene-

emies

mies to select an instance wherein, not to say a rebel, but even a suspected person was found among their ranks; perhaps we have remained silent too long. Are not our feelings to be respected as well as others? Incapable of fear, but fully capable of loyal love, we openly declare our sentiments, as *Protestants* and *Orangemen*; that we will faithfully support his majesty king George the third, his crown and dignity, the laws and constitution of these kingdoms, as delivered to us by our glorious deliverer William the third, of immortal memory; and we further declare, that we will not serve as yeomanry under any officer or officers who are either afraid or ashamed to wear an orange lilly on our grand festival, at the head of our true hearted columns; and we defy any man or number of men, to contradict one assertion of this our public declaration.

Signed by order, and in behalf of the Bandon Legion, July 24, 1809, &c.

Surprise and indignation must be roused in any breast not polluted by the like bigotted and political sentiments expressed by this Bandon banditti, discountenanced by their officers in their annual display of insult and ferocity, to the terror of the *wives* and

children of the brave men who form a considerable majority of the soldiers and sailors of the empire, at a time when Europe, with the exception of these islands, is exclusively in the hands of the French Emperor, and when even the existence of the empire is become a serious cause of prolonging an unequal contest. The Bandon ruffians, cowardly and cruel as they are, impatient at being interrupted in their work of desolation, refuse to carry arms on other terms than those of intimidating and persecuting their disarmed countrymen. Do these wretches in persevering to exhibit their orange ensigns, in their beastly ignorance presume to think they can preserve the influence of a house and a party that have no residence or refuge in any corner of the world, with the exception of a miserable handful of the Irish Anglo faction? Or do they mean to think that any government wanting the assistance of every man in the country, will insist on excluding four millions of Irish catholics from the protection of the laws, to gratify the beastly loyalty of six hundred Bandon orangemen, a majority of whom are even the very dregs of the Protestant society, which they so proudly boast of?

OBITUARY.

DIED on Friday the 14th of July, at his house in London, the most Rev. the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin. His grace had been lately advanced to the dignity of an Earl, by the British Minister, as a reward for the eminent services he uniformly performed to secure the dependence of his country on the will and management of British councils. The history of this man's political and religious life forms a disgusting picture of avarice, ambition, and an abject servility to the measures and politics of the English Cabinet. The unfortunate Catholics, or in other words, the people of this prostrated country were the objects of his contempt and ridicule. In the Senate, when yet we were ranked as a nation, this Bishop evinced the most inveterate resistance to the claims of the Catholics, whom he designated as so stupid a race that they professed a religion only fitted for knaves and fools. None of the furious fanatics, whom the teachings of Luther released from the restrictions which the church imposed on the passions when she interdicted conjugal intercourse and the enjoyments of the table to the priesthood, displayed more vulgar hostility to the Catholic faith. His name and character will ever appear to an Irish mind of such detestable materials that history will regard an Agar, which was the family name, among the Fitzgibbons, Fosters, Beresfords, and other scourges that irritated and humbled a suffering country. So sordid was his mind, that to accumulate wealth, after his passion for power and titles was the most prevailing feeling of his heart. The poor, or what we may call the people, have in their rude manner of composing satirical verse characterised him. He is called in one awkward lampoon '*Agar the Negar*.' Several stories are told of him that fully shew the native form of his soul. He on some occasions allowed the travelling paupers, when his dogs were absent, to take away such broth or waters in which meat had been boiled, but under the strictest commands that no solid food should be allowed to be added. One day some poor people were departing with their

pitchers from his house, he pursued them, and with his walking cane searched every vessel, to discover had any broken meat been given away contrary to his express injunctions, on which one of the poor creatures abruptly applied the following words to the *man of God*:

'Agar the Negar, to shew he was great,
'Put his stick in my pitcher to fish up
some meat.'

At this time the county of Kilkenny was remarkable for three families, whose respective vices were objects of common animadversion, the Floods, Agars, and Bushees, which the wits of the time lampooned in this manner; '*Kilkenny is distinguished by three extraordinary phenomena, Floods of iniquity, Eager for pelf, and ever Bushee harbouring a rogue*.' As a Privy Counsellor, of which he was an indefatigable member, his name is to be found to all of the proscriptions published in the frightful administrations of Westmorland and Camden. His Apostolic zeal for the welfare of his flock may be known from the dislike he has evinced in common with the other authors of Union, for the country. After effecting its political extinction he emigrated to the capital of the governing country. He converted the ancient and venerable Episcopal Palace in Kevin-street into a barrack, and the palace at Tallagh into a deserted wilderness. His lordship's person was offensive as his mind was vicious, about five feet four inches in height, so ill featured, that were he not usually disguised under a large wig, he might be mistaken for an overgrown baboon.

In Merrion-street by shooting himself through the head, Alderman Fleming. This Alderman, was as conspicuous as any of his brethren, for his guzzling capacity, extreme ignorance, fervent loyalty and stupid bigotry. We are not surprised at these prevailing characteristics in corporation monopoly, when we reflect that what are called the citizens of Dublin are

about

about three thousand persons, most of whom are taken from the lowest ranks of mental and moral condition, while the rest of the people of a city, that contains 260 thousand inhabitants, which must comprise the education and property of the metropolis are excluded. The Alderman-like his illiterate and vulgar associates, was an inveterate enemy to popery. A playing card-maker by trade, originally inherited some considerable property from his Aunt, the celebrated Moll Cockade, of the wooden man in Essex street. To the steams of a stew, the city of Dublin, frequently owe that fructification in animal life, that heats into existence from the filthiest materials, magisterial guardians of order and advocates for Religion, and the Alderman did not disgrace his origin, for, he was as loyal and as pious, as any student from a Charter school, or Protestant from Holland. And has frequently edified and entertained at Corporation festivals, by his deep knowledge of the Charter school catechism and his musical manner of singing "the Boyne Water."

In Great Georges street South, Mr. Michael Daly. In the year 1799 he was a respectable publican in good circumstances, but, like many other unprotected Catholics, living within the range of the

temporary empire quartered out by martial law, for the Major, fell into the hands of Jemmy O'Brien and his master, and consequent ruin ensued. He never after the loss of his property and business, recovered his former health, or circumstances, and literally died of a broken heart.

In Coles-lane Market, Mr. James Glindon, an eminent butcher; his premature death was preceded by a lingering decline which originated in the year 1798, when the reign of terror and the powers of the Major, and of Jemmy O'Brien, spread tears and death over the great surface of the country. Mr. Glindon was one of the victims of those days, dragged from his house and from the arms of a widowed mother, and without being confronted by any witness, he was tied up to a post in Godfrey's guard-house on Summer-hill, where he was so torn by whips, that he scarcely was able to leave his apartment for more than a year, though medical aid gave temporary relief, yet the strength of his constitution was unable to resist the progress of a consumption which ensued, and at length this respectable young man in the 35th year of his age, fell into the grave; regretted by his very numerous friends.

EPITAPH

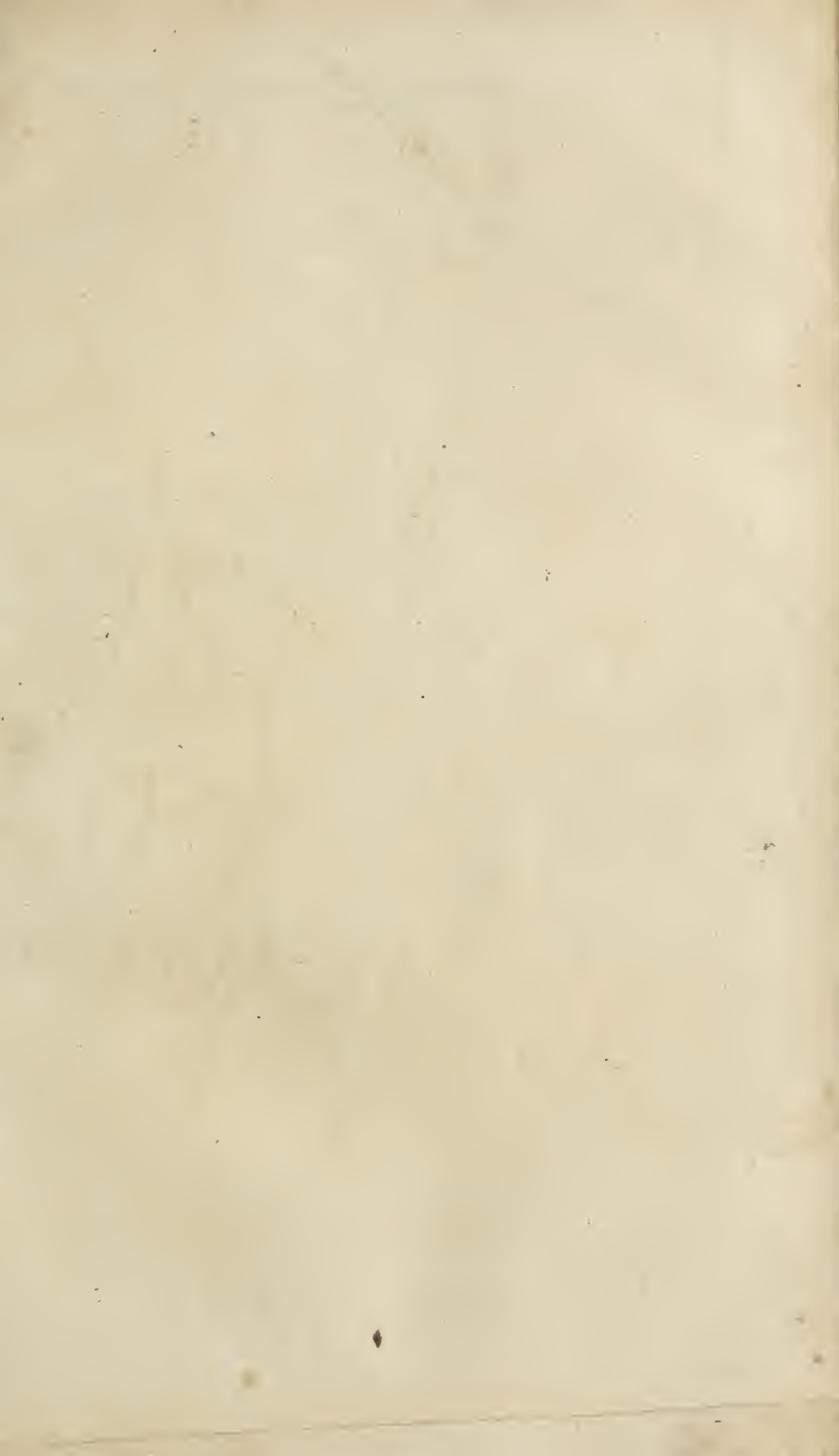
HUMBLY PROPOSED FOR A DEPARTED

ARCH B--SH--P OF D—,

*Qui congregat thesauros lingua mendacit, vanus et excors est et impingetur
ad Laqueos mortis Prov. 11*

Adieu thou mitred nothingness adieu,
Thy failings many and thy virtues few,
More true to speak to every vice a slave
A niggard, bigot, and a wily knave,
Affliction never bade your heart expand
And love of lucre clenched your gripping hand
We all do know Mark Antony averred*
“ That human good was with their bones interr’d
He lies, I swear (I hope he’ll prove forgiving)
For *scrape*-~~all~~’s good survives; a good *fat* living
Fat have I said ’tis rich ’tis rich I mean
Your Grace has proved that *rich* folks can be *lean*
In early youth the leech-like avarice tore
Your little heart and sucked the yielding gore
Dried each fine fibre shrivelled ev’ry vein
And filled the vacuum with deceit and spleen
The sordid wretch life’s fleeting treasures priz’d
And lived detested as he died despised,
Three *plums* aye more had he (the reader stares)
A mighty scatter for his hungry heirs
Who gladly saw him pass dame Nature’s goal,
And heil has griped him *if he had a soul*.

* The evil that men do live after them *the good* is of’t interr’d with *their bones*.





GENERAL DESAIX.

Eng'd for the Irish Magazine

THE

IRISH MAGAZINE,

OR

Monthly Asylum

FOR

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1809.

General Desaix.

LOUIS Charles Anthony Desaix a general in the French army, was born at Rouen, in 1768. He entered early into the army, and taking an active part in the Revolution became aid-du-camp to General Custine. He was severely wounded at the battle of Lenterbourg, but still kept the field rallying the battalions which were in disorder. Named successively General of Brigade and of division, he contributed greatly, by his talents, to the famous retreat of Moreau. In the battle of Raasdadt he commanded the left wing of the French, and forced the Archduke Charles to retire. Appointed General in Chief of the army of the Rhine, he stopped the progress of the enemy at Kehl with great bravery, and was wounded. He afterwards went into Egypt with Bonaparte, where he greatly distinguished himself, and was appointed

SEPTEMBER, 1809.

governor of the upper part of the country. He signed the treaty of El-Arish with the Turks and English and then returned to Leghorn, where he was detained by Admiral Lord Keith as a prisoner of war; he afterwards obtained his parole, and went to France.

On the opening of the campaign of 1800 he accompanied Bonaparte into Italy and was killed at the battle of Marengo, to which victory he principally contributed, on the 14th of June, 1800.

In this memorable action Desaix commanded a division of the army. The fortune of the day inclined towards the Austrians, when Desaix, by a sudden and rapid attack, snatched the victory from the enemy, and fell at the head of his troops. On receiving the fatal shot he said to the younger Le Brun, "Go and inform the Chief Consul (Bonaparte) that I

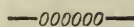
die

die with sentiments of deep regret, at not having achieved more for my country and posterity ;” and immediately expired.

The engraved representation we give of him, is copied from a statue executed by M. Gois, in plaster about five feet nine inches high. The

hero is made to appear, after having crossed the Rhine in a boat, he springs on shore commanding his soldiers to follow him.

This statue has much expression, and the artist has very advantageously displayed the French costume.



Dialogues of the Dead.

A croud of Ghosts from Ireland appear on the banks of the river Styx, impatiently waiting their turns to get a passage in the boat.

A number of them appear in conversation, some more inquisitive than the rest questions every new one that arrives, the nature of the condition they formerly held in the world and the cause of their respective deaths.

Q. My good ghost what were you doing above and how long did you live, and what caused your premature death ?

Ghost: I was married and lived with my husband who was a farmer in the county of Kildare, it was but last evening while we were preparing to go to rest our cabin was surrounded by a party of the Ancient Britons commanded by a clergyman, who was also a magistrate, they broke in the door, fired at me and two children while I was employed undressing them. I was immediately killed, my father and my husband who were sitting at the fire were tied together naked, and flogged first by the clergyman and then by each of the soldiers ; they were suffering so much that I expect they will be here every moment to take a passage in the boat. I think they will not come without the children, as my eldest daughter was roasting on a griddle when I came away, to make her

confess where any arms were concealed, the other children were suffering so much at the cries and torments of their little sister as I think will bring them here at the same period.

Ghost. Clergymen in your country are very wicked.

Q. What were you my young ghost ?

Ghost. I was reared a labourer near Dublin my name is Deane, but became a robber and was hanged yesterday in Dublin for my first offence. I dont regret the punishment, I am only uneasy about an aged mother who had no means of support but such as she had by my labour. I was arrested the morning after the robbery by the Major, who took from me twelve guineas, and then committed me. Hearing that I was to be executed, I requested the sheriff, Mr Fox, would wait on the Major and demand the money should be given to my poor mother as she was in the utmost distress, and then I would die with the most perfect reconciliation. Mr Fox done all I wished but could not prevail on the Major to return one penny, so that my parent must be soon herefor want of food, while the Major is rioting on the twelve guineas. Just as the Ghost had finished his story, another abruptly

abruptly speaks without waiting for the usual questions, several of the ghosts recognized him, it was the very notorious Jemmy O'Brien, who proceeded to inveigh against his old master; he stated that he committed the most horrid crimes, perjury and murder to please his employer, for nothing less would please, as the laws were suspended and the sovereign power of Dublin was transferred to the Major by the authority of the church and state; this power, said the ghost, we exercised with the most scrupulous exactness, to desolate, plunder, and torture. What hundreds of women and children have my hands gored and murdered? what youths have we not hanged? the enormities I daily committed caused such a dreadful sensation in that populous city, that the streets were abandoned whenever our arrival in any quarter was made known. Alarm, and pain, and silence, and screams were ultimately the amusements of the battalion. We have at pleasure snatched the child from the screaming mother, and either tore his body with lashes or daggers, or strangled him to terrify his neighbours or friends. The most reverend in the church and the most exalted in the state were delighted with my zeal, my ferocity, and horrid industry. I had the most generous encouragements; the fair sex greeted me; the most holy blessed me: and the generous rewarded me. I made money between the plundered and the opulent, so much that in one half year I deposited four hundred guineas with my master, but on the day of my conviction, for I was hanged for a murder, I requested him to let my family have the money, his answer to this was, that I must be deranged, as he never had a pen-

ny belonging to me, so that the wages of my crimes are enjoyed by the Major, and my wretched wife and child are labouring under the greatest distresses.

Another ghost appears and answers to the usual interrogatories, by the following narrative. I was bred a smith and lived near Dublin, it was only yesterday morning as I was passing to my day's labour, I observed a boy struggling in the river and on the point of drowning, while the screams of his mother who was present excited the most lively feelings in a croud of people that her distresses had collected. On the critical moment when the exhausted youth was ready to sink, I plunged into the river, and with much labour succeeded in bringing him safe to shore. The joy of the parent, and the benedictions of the people present were very gratifying to me, but mutual enjoyment was of but short duration, while we were separating we discovered a cloud of mounted attornies who surrounded us, and in a moment fifty or sixty men and women were cut to the ground, the dripping boy and myself were tied together and dragged to a neighbouring place of confinement, where we remained until evening about six o'clock, two men in uniform removed me to a very elegant house, first putting dry cloathes on me, as they said I was too wet and dirty to appear among gentlemen, from these words I flattered myself that some generous persons who heard of my resolution in saving the lad had sent to reward me. I was sadly deceived in this illusion, in a few minutes I found myself among the very men who had taken me prisoner, sitting down to a splendid dinner. After the cloth was removed a bumper was filled

filled, and on a signal made by the president, I was tied by the neck to a ring in the wall and strangled, while the first toast was giving from the chair. I was not any time dying.

It was the first day of the month, and as there is to be another festival on the twelfth, I suppose my young companion will be ready to join us here.

—000000—

Papista's 3d Letter,

To the Rev. Gentlemen of Denmark-street Chapel.

Gentlemen,

I am an English Roman Catholic who landed here some time back, and it being Sunday I enquired at my lodging, (Kearns's hotel) for a chapel where I might hear mass. A young gentleman there told me that he would accompany me to the most fashionable chapel in Dublin; I was somewhat struck with his choice of epithet and I attended him to Denmark street. We came in at the middle of the ceremony; I was indeed astonished on my entrance to observe, at the moment of the elevation, that a great number of persons were standing, and instead of manifesting adoration and devotional feeling, or even decent reverence, that their countenances were in general set to an expression of something pleasurable, and manifested not only a total insensibility to the great occasion of their assembling, but an indecent nonconformity to the feelings of the rest of the people, whose deportment was certainly what Christians must adopt, or forfeit pretensions to that name. I observed these characters were in general youthful, and I wished to apologize for them on that score: but I was denied that satisfaction by recollecting the observation, that if certain things happen in the green plant worse must happen in the dry, and I was obliged to

regret that these sprouting coxcombs must ultimately vegetate into great scoundrels, whose seed will scatter and bring forth such a fold, as may scourge a nation, with a progeny taught by their example, to be mean, callous, self-seeking, oppressive, and ready to barter all for interest, and sacrifice their very God for vanity. My feelings were still more hurt to observe some elderly characters exhibit themselves not in the least more reverential than the class I have mentioned, and who seemed to encourage youthful indecency by their unbecoming negligence and apathy, and their superannuated irreligious stupefaction.

My Cecisbo was a young gentleman not one whit more taught than the company I have mentioned. He was the son of a rich merchant, who from the lowest species of dealing had acquired a great fortune, his father from some feeling which I learn is too general among the Irish, imagined that the farther he was educated from where himself was *not* educated, the better gentleman would he make his son, and the more would he find him accomplished. He accordingly sent him to an English school and to the continent, and there he acquired every thing but what real education confers. He got master of pocket pistol, cants against the Trinity,

Trinity, Christianity, and jests against morality, and he shaped his whole conduct by his religious system. He asked me after mafs, whilst waiting for the next one was not such a girl damned handsome, and he called another a flat vulgar piece. He seemed to conceive himself vastly above every personage in the chapel, and indeed by the rule that gauges importance in your city, I believe he was not wrong, for he is worth a vast deal of money, belongs to the first mercantile house in town, and was dressed to the utmost point of elegance. He had a most sneering, malevolent turn, and I unfortunately set him a going by a question which converted him into a devil upon two sticks. I saw a large, meagre, fallow, important looking, thoughtful, ugly creature enter, whom I thought I recollected a surgeon's mate in the green horse, and I asked him was that Monsieur — My dear sir, said he, do you mean Gallico? Sir, that man you speak of is now a doctor, and one of the most prosperous of all our fasting Monsieurs, imported at the revolution,—ah, no sir, Gallico never comes to mafs, nor indeed does any great Catholic doctor that wishes to be thought of eminence, their absence from chapel shews their Protestant brethren that they are philosophers, and liberal, and that they have something else to do upon Sundays than worshipping God in a popish chapel, but Gallico preserves the clergy on his side by surer means than serving God; he gets the bishop to christen his child, for fear it would not be made a sufficiently good Christian by a common priest, he gives weekly dinners to Belmen-ecclesiastics who prefer a knave with venison, to a saint without it, and who preach him up with more zeal than they use to

enforce any text they ever quoted in the pulpit. No sir, that gentleman you see is a Doctor from the other end of the town, who comes here to see the ladies and shew his ugliness, I see him often at the library, but I really do not know his name, —but, sir, continued he, do you see that old man with the white head and big round belly, and a face expressive of foolery, surfeit, and indigestion, I nodded, that quoth he, is Major Gobble, a kind of table Atticus, whose appetite so regulated his genius that he preserved antipode intimacies, and whilst Paddy Duigenan was abusing popery, and Pat Dease was abusing Paddy Duigenan for his rascality, the Major dined day about with the two Paddys, and laughed at them both. Sir, continued he, did you ever hear of the Duke of Marlborough? Sir, said I I have lately been at Blenheim. Oh no sir, said he, I mean the popish duke, that fine, tall, plebian faced, vacant assuming, well looking young fellow, is the person I speak of, he was the correspondent of Mr. Fox, and was lately a leading and respectable Roman Catholic, and converted the Irish business of religion into an article of his commercial speculation, but my dear sir, said he, it is time for a man to cease standing up for a people when he is obliged to run for himself. He was afraid, continued my friend, that his *Blenheim* house would be disgraced by the contiguity of a papist chapel, and popish beggars and their vermin near it, but I believe he is about to *swap buildings*. I neither understood the story it alluded to, nor the low cant that followed the story; but my friend, who erroneously fancied that a knowledge of the shabby Dublin characters present, was to me of any importance, went on: for God's sake

fir, said he, look at that crooked Æsop-like Macaroni, sure said he, you must know him in London. I recollected having seen a thing like him, and noted it as a singular figure amongst the gigantic horse guards in St. James's park, but I knew not his name, for I thought he might be some French valet promoted by Mrs. Clarke, or by his own national persevering effrontery, but I was corrected by learning from my squire, who told me he is one of our great leading, consequential Catholics, who gave a bishop the lie upon the subject of the Veto, and he wanted to dragoon us, said he, into a surrender of that right which indeed I think damned nonsense, for what is the matter who is bishop, or whether we have a bishop at all, but he continued, do you know fir, why the fellow who is a Major comes here—you must know the Major is an atheist, but Miss ———, a most religious virtuous woman is upon the stage. The Orange gentlemen on the Theatre insult and undervalue

every thing popish, and calumniate this lady because she is a Roman Catholic: and this married pigmy affects gallantry *Nittmur in vetitum semper cupimusque negata*, and he considers the running down this young woman's fame a great conquest; he haunts her to the theatre, and dogs her to the chapel. But fir, said he, ———here the bell rung, and the priest came out, and I was liberated from the most disagreeable attention that ever good manners obliged me to discharge.

I am sorry, Gentlemen, that I was so unfortunate in my selection of a place of worship, but I have learned since, that all the chapels of the city except yours and Liffey-st. (the resort of the fashionable young gentlemen that there is that decorum and decency which we, Englishmen, are always shocked at not finding in any place that proposes the worship of God Almighty.

PAPISTA.

—000000—

Miscellanies

THE late Alderman Fleming by his will is said to have bequeathed his coach and horses to Counsellor A——'s. The alderman must have been deranged, or he would have consulted the circumstances of his legal favourite. A man in poverty has as much use with a coach and horses as a dead man has with a feather bed, certainly Phil. has a resource against the inconvenience, he can bring his coach and horses to Goulding's, before the expences of horses and whips diminish the value of the bequest. A coach can be so

awkwardly managed by some hands, that it may carry its owner to a wrong place, such as the repository in Green street, and a counsellor who has been imatriculated regularly in a sheriff's prison, we trust will sacrifice the vehicle to his safety and not hazard his extensive practice by indulging his vanity. The alderman would have acted a more friendly part by demising a reasonable supply of stockings to the probable amount of the old post chaise and the mares, which would contribute equally well to the safety as to the comfort of the Lawyer.

yer. A professional man who possesses the best wig and the worst shoes in the hall of the courts, would stand better in the opinion of his landlady if he had more boots and less of coaches.

THE statue of Lord Nelson has been placed on the column in Sackville-street dedicated to his memory. We never remember an exhibition that has excited less notice, or was marked with more indifference on the part of the Irish public, or at least that part who pay the taxes and enjoy none of the plunder. This latter description can have little interest and consequently less feeling in the triumphs of a Nelson or a Wellesly. English dominion and trade may be extended, and English glory perpetuated, but an Irish mind has no substantial reasons for thinking from the history of our connexion that our prosperity or our independence will be more attended to, by our masters than if we were actually impeding the victories, which our valor have personally effected. In short the most indifferent capacity in the country take little pride in com-

bats in which our country will never be considered only as an outwork or a depot. We have exchanged our gentry for soldiers, and our independence has been wrested from us, not by the arms of France, but by the gold of England. The statue of Nelson record the glory of a mistress and the transformation of our senate house into a discount office, strongly mark the degradation of the slave.

The late Sir St. George O' Kelly.

This loyal and active magistrate was one day crossing the Shannon, when a gale of wind overtook the boat, which excited very serious apprehensions among such of the passengers as were strangers to nautical adventures. The Ex sheriff was so apprehensive of a dismissal to the other world that he fell to crossing himself and reciting ave-marias, with the most sincere marks of devotion and penitence, frequently desiring the boat men to remember if they should survive him, that he died in full belief of the Holy Catholic faith in which he had been educated.

—000000—

Important Extracts from the Newspapers.

ON Saturday last a very edifying sermon was preached by Mr L—— to the sick patients in the Fever Hospital. Several souls long astray in the errors of popery, tho' rendered incapable of expressing in words the light they perceived, evinced in the most holy agonies of countenance the comforts of divine love.

After the sermon three of the converted were ordered to the dead room for interment. Thus three souls were gathered into the fold of the holy shepherd, and the works of the good teacher were made evident by luminous truths which outliveth all perishable things.

A charity

A charity sermon was preached in the society of *Cowpers* in Plunket-street, on Sunday last, for the benefit of the missionary society in Hindustan. Three new *Cowpers* converted within the last three months sung several *slaves* with such divine energy that many female *Vessels* full of love submitted to the impulses of grace, to the pleasure and edification of the brethren in the Lord.

It is reported in the evangelical circles that James Bewley and Seth Sprat, tailors and habit makers, heretofore of profane lives and dishonest conduct in their trades, have been called in the last heavy shower of rain, and the power of light and holiness has operated so strongly on the converts, that Seth is appointed to reduce the province of Connaught with the weapons of the holy gospel, which Wesley wrested from the Whore of Babylon. James Bewley is ordered under the instruction of corporal Knott, who teaches hymn singing and spelling in the 49th.

The Major has made a very handsome present to the *Cowpers* for the use of the tabernacle, a large cup taken from the house of Mr. Braughall in Eccles-street. We rejoice to see

the tankard which often graced the lips of the seditious and the tongue of treason, purified in the house of love and thanksgiving, *Coopered* with grace and filled to the upper hoop with the manna snatched from the heaven of heavens to refresh the holy.

WE hear that an application is to be made from a certain quarter to government, to have the three Irish pipers, taken in Flushing, hanged in College-green for their treasonable practices. These musical ruffians attended every fortie made by their countrymen, and by their manner of playing *Erin go Bragh*, and *Paddys evermore*, during every conflict lent such a degree of enthusiasm to the fellows in arms, that the loss of his Majesty's troops was very considerable. One of these rascally pipers is a Kildare man, and to encrease his guilt is actually blind, the fellow's name is Soughan, he lost a leg in Hacketstown, and escaped to the Continent in the year 1799. Mr. Peter Finerty recognized one of the pipers who turns out to be his uncle. Peter, with becoming patriotism and filial piety acknowledged his relation and has recommended his case to Sir Home Fopham.

- An Account

*An account of the Colony of CAYENNE, in South America ;
with Anecdotes of the celebrated VICTOR HUGUES—
from the French of PITON.*

GUIANA, or *Grand Terre*, is a part of America, properly so called, comprehending about ten degrees of latitude : bounded on the east by the North Atlantic ocean ; on the west by the mountains of the *Cordeliers* ; on the north, by the river Oronoco and on the South by the river of the Amazons, or the Line.

French Guiana is divided into districts, which take their names from the principal rivers or capes. The Maroni and Oyapoe are the only rivers which have their source in the great chain of mountains, which in this part of the world separate the waters which flow towards the ocean, from those which fall into the Amazon. The rivers Mana, Synnamaria, Oyac, and Appronague, spring from the mountains of the inferior order—all have several branches, more or less rapid, encreased by a great number of smaller streams.

The chief place of the colony of Cayenne is generally known by the name of the *Island of Cayenne* ; but no just idea can be formed of this island, if it is represented as being separated at a distance from the continent, and surrounded by a sea, navigable for vessels of all descriptions ; on the contrary, when the navigator first makes this land, it appears to him as forming a part of *Terra Firma* possibly it might have been so formerly ; at present it is only separated from it by a river or strait, which rises and falls with every tide, and

which can only be navigated by boats or vessels of very little burthen.

The greatest breadth of the island of Cayenne, measured on a line running from east to west is four leagues or twelve English miles ; its greatest length from north to south is sixteen miles and a half ; and its circumference, taking in all its windings, is about fifty miles : that part of the circumference bordered by the ocean, and which is to the north-east, may, perhaps, be about eleven or twelve miles.

The town of Cayenne, situated at the north west extremity of the island, at the mouth of the river of the same name, is fortified, and might be capable of being advantageously defended by a small mountain which is close to it. Its latitude is 4 degrees 53 minutes, and longitude 54 degrees 35 minutes, from the meridian of Paris, according to the observations of M. de la Condamine in 1744.

The days and nights are equal throughout the year, with the exception of about half an hour, which we lose from September to March, but gain in the six other months. Day appears at half-past five ; and at six the sun darts from the bosom of the ocean, surrounded with clouds of brilliant purple. We have two summers, two equinoxes, two winters, and two solstices. The heat is tempered by abundant rains, which fall during the winter solstice, from the middle of December to March,

and return again from May to the end of July, when the summer commences, and continues to December. The sun is twice vertical here—the 20th of April, and the 20th of August; it is but little felt the first time owing to the rains by which the earth is so moistened and cooled. Its return however, gives about six weeks of fine weather, which dries up the ground a little; but the fickleness of these climates often deceives the planters, who would be able to reap two abundant crops, if the summers and winters were regular. Europeans will smile at hearing of summer and winter in the torrid zone. The summer is a scorching sun, which for several months is only refreshed by a sort of breeze, which blows constantly from the east or northeast, during the day; this wind comes from the sea and gets the better of the land-breeze; this latter is only felt on the coast at certain hours almost always morning and evening, just at sunrise and at sun-set.

The winter is one continued fall of rain, so heavy and abundant as often to inundate whole plantations and cover them entirely with a sheet of water. The rain sometimes falls for fifteen days successively, without the slightest intermission; it was this which made the Abbe Raynal say, that the shore where the colony of 1733 had disembarked, was a land under water. The winter is sometimes however, dry and warm; then the plants and the trees wither; the north wind with its dry, cold, nitrous breath, burns and parches up the flowers, fruits, and tender buds, such is the north wind of warm climates, more destructive than a scorching sun in a dry summer in Europe.

The Old Town of Cayenne has a very miserable appearance; the

houses are nothing more than wretched cabbins, with sashes without glass; a heap of buildings erected, or rather huddled together, without art or taste; sloping streets dirty and narrow; and paved, one would suppose, from the pain we felt in walking through them, with the points of bayonets. In place of carriages and phaetons, old sorry looking jades more lean and wretched than the animals which drag our hackney-coaches, seven or eight fastened to a vehicle meant for a cart, drag slowly along some barrels of salt beef and fish. In the old town houses of two stories high are palaces, and stores which are let out for eight or ten thousand francs per annum, (from 350 to 450 pounds British), as magazines for the different productions of the colonies or of Europe.

The New Town is more regular, more lively, although built in the same style, on a Savannah or marshy meadow, drained about fifteen or twenty years ago; the whole, taken together, is less considerable than a large village in France. The houses appear empty, or for the most part occupied by people of colour, who have nothing, do nothing, trouble themselves about nothing, and who live more at their ease than our respectable tradesmen in France, whom the sun never shines upon in bed, and who labour hard all day. Here every one sells, exchanges, buys, and re-sells the same thing again; every thing is almost at the price of its own weight in gold, and every one procures it without scarcely knowing how. This paradox is very easily understood, when we come to know the colonies. Those who inhabit them spend with profusion the money they acquire without trouble, their indolence is so great, that sooner than incommode themselves they will pay a servant to pluck the fruits which

which are under their hands, and another to carry them to their mouths. Those who arrive from Europe pay for all; and when vessels are delayed and do not arrive at the usual time, the famine becomes general without alarming any person.

Population—There are as many different races of men here as there are distinctions under a monarchy. The *whites* or planters, who differ from the Europeans by their light hair, their pale and sometimes lead-like countenances; the negroes, by the shades more or less grounded in their skins, of bronze, of ebony, or a reddish copper approaching to a sort of brownish red. The mixture of all these colours give a race of people not unlike the jacket of harlequin. An Indian and a white woman will have a child, whose skin is of a reddish white. A negro and an Indian woman, one of a copper hue tinged with brown. A white man and a negress, a Mulatto. A Mulatto and a white woman, a Mestee. A Mestee and a white, a Quadroon. Each species has its various shades of singularity, and often partakes of the influence of their country. The Indian has all the cunning, the jealousy and the ferocity, of the wandering tribes of the three Arabias. The negroes, the idle, crafty, malicious, yet shallow and confined ideas of the savages of Africa. The others spring from the mixture of the different races, with the vices of the climate, and the stupidity of their ancestors; indeed it is a matter of doubt whether it were not to be wished that there were more blacks than those *half-whites* in our colonies.

That part of Cayenne which is on the continent is but partially cultivated. The principal plantations are there; but they are situated at a great distance from each other. The post

of Synnamari owes its name to a fountain about two-leagues to the south east, near the river, remarkable for the salubrity of its waters; there formerly was an hospital there but it does not now exist. Synnamari is at the north west extremity of a large Savanna, of 15 or 16 miles long and eight or ten wide. It consists of 15 or 16 huts, the melancholy remains of the colony of 1768. Konamana, the place allotted for the banished deputies and others, is six leagues further on. Some merchants of Rouen landed there in 1686. The shore from which the sea has retired full two leagues and a half, was then under water almost to the mountains. The Konamana appeared to them a proper situation for a colony, Cayenne and its environs being then peopled by savages they settled upon the summit of the rocks in order to carry on a war against the Indians. At the end of three weeks three fourths of them were carried off by pestilential fevers, and the remainder got on board their vessels, and set sail for France.

The chief productions of Cayenne are sugar, coffee, cotton, indigo, roucou. The sugar cane originally come from Asia, whence it was carried to Europe, and the island of Madeira: this latter place furnished a part of what the Europeans brought into America. There are two sorts; the one yellow, the other violet: the last sort was cultivated here by the Indians, before we discovered the New World. North America produces a tree not unlike our maple, from which sugar is obtained by making incisions in it. The process of curing it is much less expensive than that from the cane; it is tapped twice a year, and yields a white agreeable sugar but less solid than that from the cane.

The cotton tree is a shrub, which
the

the planters are obliged to keep in the dwarfish state, in order to render it more productive. It is not certain whether it is a natural plant of the country; it is not to be met with in the woods of Guiana; and yet before our discovery the Indians cultivated it to make hammocks and other articles. The leaf is broad, octagonal, smooth and soft, on the inside, and a little woolly on the out, the flower is of a beautiful yellow, shaped like a bell, and not unlike that of our gourd or pumpkin; when the flower falls off, a large pod something in the shape of an egg appears, which contains the cotton and the seed; when this egg is fully grown the heat opens it, and it shews four or five small black grains about the size of our vetches; from this grain is made an oil: the cattle are very fond of them, and will often destroy the fences to get at them. The cotton tree bears in a year; it gives two crops annually; but that of the month of March, which is but trifling, is frequently destroyed by the caterpillars, which always spring up after the first rains. The cotton of Cayenne is more esteemed in trade than that of other colonies, as much from its superior qualities as from the care they bestow upon its culture.

The origin of the discovery of coffee and the transportation of it from Arabia into Europe and America is thus related:—It is said that a flock of sheep having discovered a wood of coffee-trees loaded with the berries full ripe, began to browse upon them, and that very evening the shepherd was surprised to see his flocks returning home to the fold frisking and leaping; he followed them, tasted the berries, found himself more lightsome and cheerful, and was surprised to find the same flavour in the kernel as in the pulp

of the fruit; he dried and roasted some of them; smelt the perfume, and related his discovery to a Morlack or priest, who took it to prevent his falling asleep during his long meditations. The use of coffee soon passed from Asia to Africa, Europe, and to both the worlds. The Dutch succeeded in raising the plants in Europe in hot houses; and having shared them with France these sorts of magazines furnished the first seeds which were sent to America. The island of Martinique got hers from the Botanical Garden at Paris; but if we are to believe a tradition pretty generally known, those of Cayenne were brought from Surinam. It is said that some soldiers of the garrison having deserted, and gone over to the Dutch colony, soon repented of their fault, and wishing to return to their colours, they brought to the government of Cayenne some grains of coffee, which then began to be cultivated in the colony of Surinam: that they obtained their pardon in consequence of the service they thereby rendered to Cayenne, and the great advantages she would derive from its culture; it is also said that this happened so late as the years 1715 or 1716, when Mons. de la Motte Aignon was commander in chief.

The coffee of Cayenne is of an excellent quality; it thrives in all lands which are in an elevated situation; it very soon degenerates in a poor soil, and never arrives at perfection but in that which is good; as there is but little of the latter in the colony, there are but few coffee plantations of any extent. The trees being planted and attended to, with all the care which this sort of culture requires, thrive as well as those of the Dutch at Surinam and Demera; but the quality of the coffee is inferior.

Towards

Towards the summit of this mountain, the cocoa tree extends its scattered branches; and under its large leaves conceals its brown fruit, surrounded with a soft pulpy sap, inclosed in a spherical streaked kind of cap. There is reason to believe the cocoa is a native of Guiana; at least it is certain that a forest of it, of considerable extent is known here: it is situated beyond the sources of the Oyapok, on the borders of a branch of the Yari, which runs into the river of the Amazons. It is generally believed that the species of cocoa cultivated in the colony originally came from this forest, because the natural inhabitants of the country settled on the banks of the Oyapok, made several journeys to this part, either for the sake of visiting other nations, or when they sent expressly to bring the seeds of cocoa, when the price of this article could easily support the expenses of these journeys, which were never much to these people.

Indigo thrives very well in some parts of the colony, more especially on the borders of the river Approuague, where the soil is dry and rich. There is a sort of wild indigo which naturalists call Anil, which grows without cultivation at a little distance from the sea; it is celebrated for its medicinal qualities, and is much used in all complaints of a bilious nature.

The Roucou yields four harvests in the year, it fears neither caterpillars nor worms, which make such havoc amongst the canes and cotton. Nothing but the heaviest rains ever injure it, or makes it shed. The tree which produces the roucou is always loaded with fruit and flowers; its leaf resembles our winter pear tree, its flower our hedge rose; its fruit contained in a prickly husk like our horse chesnut, is separated into two

divisions of small seeds. A roucou tree in full bearing is a beautiful sight, but the gathering it, like the indigo, is unhealthy. The roucou is only cultivated in Guiana by the Indians, who stain their bodies with the red colour they extract from it. The berries of the roucou are made into a paste, which is much used in colouring different stuffs.—The Vanilla likewise thrives here; it is a native of the country; it is tall and luxuriant like the vine, the fruit resembles the Banana the Indians alone cultivate it, and make it an article of commerce with the colonists.

All the tropical fruits and plants are found in Guiana in abundance. The Bread fruit and the Mango, from the East Indies were introduced some years ago, and have succeeded well.

The rivers abound with various kinds of fish, but they are also infested with swarms of alligators or crocodiles as large as those of the Nile; they are so voracious, that they scruple not to attack boats, and often drag away the fisherman and his lines; some of them are full thirty feet in length, and as the interior of the country is but little known, it is probable there are much larger ones.

The forests abounds with animals and wild beasts of every description. Tigers are very numerous, and often take off cattle from the plantations. Man has many enemies on this great continent; and amongst them serpents of an enormous size. Were I to relate what many people of the colony have told as facts, relative to these reptiles, few would believe me.

In the year 1773, the court of France determined to establish a spice garden at Cayenne, and caused a number of various plants to be brought there from India. Two other

other expeditions followed in 1784, and in 1788, both from the Mauritius. The clove and cinnamon succeeded very well, the other plants perished on the passage; for a considerable length of time, the cultivation of those trees was prohibited to the colonies, which of course prevented their increase. This system having been abandoned the court sent several plants to St. Domingo and Martinique, in 1787 and 1788; at present the government of Cayenne is occupied in increasing the spice gardens through the colony. In the latter end of 1793, it distributed a great quantity of seed, and several plants of cloves and cinnamon to all the planters who asked for them; and the gardens of the town offer to the view allies of the mango growing beside the clove trees.

The strait which separates the island of Cayenne from the main is about a mile and a half wide. There are but few villages on the main. Of these the chief are Synnamari and Konamana. The latter place was fixed upon for the residence of those unfortunate deputies, priests, and others who were transported under the sanguinary decrees of the revolutionary tyrants. It is a wretched village consisting of a few huts, or Indian karbets, in a remote desert situation, surrounded with almost impenetrable forests, and distant about 90 miles from Cayenne. From this place the celebrated Senator Barthélimi, Ex-Director; Generals Pichegru, Willot, Ramel, and five others made their escape through the woods to Surinam, in 1799, from whence they got to Barbadoes, where they were furnished with a passage to Europe by the British government. The celebrated Collet o'Herbois, well known in the bloody annals of the revolution for his cruelties and murders died here; when he was taken

ill, the surgeon who was appointed to attend the exiles asked what was his complaint. "*I have a fever and a burning perspiration.*" "*I believe it well, you perspire with guilt and crimes.*" Collet turned from him and burst into tears; he called on God and the Holy Virgin to come to his assistance. A soldier, to whom, at his first arrival he had preached his doctrine of atheism and infidelity, approached and asked him, Why he invoked that God and that Virgin whom, but a few months before he had turned into ridicule? "Ah! my friend, my tongue belied my heart." And then added, "My God my God, dare I still hope for pardon? Oh! send me some consolation; send me some one who will turn aside my eyes from the fire which consumes me. Oh God! my God! grant me some peace and comfort."

The approach of his last moments was dreadful and horrible in the extreme. While a priest was sent for he expired in dreadful agony, vomiting blood, and every limb distorted. "*Discite Jusitiam moriti, et non temere Divos.*" The day of his interment was a holiday. The negroes who were to bury him, anxious to get to their dances, scarcely put him in the earth: his body became food for hogs and birds of prey.

Such was the end of a man who possessed many excellent qualities—weak but irascible to excess; generous without bounds; little regarding fortune; a staunch friend, but a most implacable enemy. The revolution was his ruin; he meant to expiate his crimes in some sort, in the History of his life, which he began but his notes could not be found after his death.

The garrison of Cayenne consists generally of about five hundred regular troops, which, with the militia, who

form a force of about fifteen hundred men are under the command of a governor or commissioner, who has the chief military as well as civil command. The present commissioner is the celebrated General Victor Hugues, who commanded at Guadeloupe during the revolution and who is well known in the New World. A sketch of his life may not be unentertaining.

Victor Hughes, born at Marseilles in France, is about the middle age, and size, rather inclining to be lusty, his whole appearance is so expressive, that his most intimate and best friend dare not accost him without fear; his heavy ordinary countenance expresses the feelings of his soul; his round head is covered with short thick black hair, which stands in all directions like the serpents of Eumenides; in passion, which is his habitual fever, his large thick lips, he feat of ill humour, make you not wish that he should open them to speak; his forehead covered with wrinkles, raises or lowers his heavy eye-brows upon his large hollow black eyes. His character is an incomprehensible mixture of good and evil. He is brave, but a liar to excess; cruel, yet feeling politic, inconsistent, and indiscreet; rash, but pusillanimous; despotic and cringing; ambitious and crafty, sometimes loyal: his heart brings no one affection to maturity; he carries every thing to an excess; although objects strikes upon his soul like lightning yet they leave a strong marked, terrible impression: he recognizes merit even at the very moment when he oppresses it; he destroys a feeble enemy; he respects, nay, fears, a courageous adversary, even though he triumphs over him: vengeance has made him many enemies; he easily foresees and provide for emergencies; ambition, avarice, the thirst

of power, tarnish his virtues, influence all his thoughts and identify themselves with his very existence: he loves nothing, wishes for nothing, toils for nothing, but for gold; he sets so high a value on this metal, though he already has abundance, that he would with the very air he breaths, the nourishment he takes, and the friend who visit him were all composed of gold: the small portions he has scattered at Cayenne are like the acts of generosity of the Parnai, or of Mithridates, scattering gold upon the plains of Cisca to dazzle and retard the conqueror. These great and varying passions are sustained by an indefatigable ardour, never ceasing activity, by enlightened views and means always certain, whatsoever they may be. Neither guilt nor virtue hinder him from employing both one and the other to serve his purpose though he well knows the difference between them. Ever fearful of delay, he always lays hold of the first favourable means which offers: he appears to honour atheism, which however, he only professes outwardly.

He has a strong, sound judgment, a most retentive memory; he is a good practical seaman; a severe administrator; an equitable and enlightened judge, when he only listens to his conscience and his understanding, an excellent man in any crisis of danger and difficulty when no great management is required. Although the inhabitants of Guadeloupe and Rochefortain reproach him with abuses of power and revolutionary excesses, which decency and humanity shudder at, yet the English and I have been a witness to it give the highest credit to his tactics and his bravery.

From a cabin-boy Hugues became a pilot, and afterwards a baker at

St. Domingo. At the first insurrection of that colony he went over to France, and was elected a member of the Popular Society, and of the Revolutionary Tribunal at Rochefort; got himself to be appointed agent to Guadeloupe, retook that island from the English, and in all the Antilles acquired the esteem of the English and the execration of the colonists. The stormy and unsettled times in the midst of which he lived, has completely revolutionized his spirit, and a life of peace and tranquillity is to him a sort of anticipated death.

His very name was dreaded thro' the colony, his arrival was looked upon as the coming of a wild beast, the sounds of joy gave place to those of terror and dismay. He was so well convinced of the odium which attended him, that when he was appointed to the command of Cayenne he got a letter of recommendation from Jennett, who succeeded him at Guadeloupe, which on his arrival, he caused copies to be circulated in every district. The following is a copy of it:

“Worthy Inhabitants of Cayenne, lay aside your fears. I know that Citizen Hugues appears terrible in your eyes. he will restore happiness to your colony; he asks no more of Fortune: he will cause you, by his clemency to forget the miseries which Guadeloupe experienced under his government. It will be his chief ambition to deserve your confidence and esteem.”

Most people took this letter for a piece of sarcastic irony, and very few indeed gave faith to it.

His policy began to manifest itself on his arrival. He permitted the banished deputies to visit the island of Cayenne with proper passports—which was never done by former

agents. He even visited their hospital. The government, he said, had ordered him to treat them with attention. He praised those inhabitants who had done acts of kindness to them. He wished, he said, to restore peace and order. He made no change in the system of police, as left by Burnet; because the Consular Government had only appointed him provisionally. He paid off the debts of the colony and corrected the errors of his predecessor. He gave balls and splendid entertainments. The troops which had disembarked along with him were a mixture of deserters from all nations—men ready to undertake any thing, if the thermometer of politics should again descend to anarchy. Whenever prizes were brought in, he had their produce shared most equitably. He put the black soldiers on the same footing as the white; new modelled their discipline, and brought them to perfection: yet, notwithstanding all this for the first six months he could gain no friends; he had even the precaution to get himself praised in some of the Paris journals, that the colonists might see how he was respected in France.

It would appear difficult to reconcile such rigorous measures as he adopted, with the good he has done the colony; and still less with the praises which certain journals bestow upon him. He revived trade and commerce by making himself a merchant. He opened in his own name a mercantile concern, in which he figured as a merchant, and sometimes as an agent, to set what value he thought proper on the different articles.

In the course of his long residence at Guadeloupe, he has amassed a considerable fortune. Some say he is

is not worth less than eighty or a hundred thousand pounds sterling, most part of which it is said, he has well secured in America; dreading, perhaps, were he to place it in France, some pretext would be found to make him disgorge some of his ill-gotten wealth.

Yet in spite of his activity he has

experienced several losses. Famine has visited the colony no less than three times during his agency. He was never disconcerted: he caused the police to be observed with the utmost severity, and kept the negroes in subjection, more by the terror of his name than by his proclamations,

—000000—

English Fanaticism in India.

Taken from the Proceedings of the Baptist Missionary Society.

THE rational and enlightened reader must be astonished to hear at this day, that such a fanatical and ignorant association, as may be seen they are from their own journals, could receive patronage in such silly and stupid undertakings and that by the East India Company, as well as others in a rank of life, where we could expect some judgment, from the superior advantages which good education and polished society are supposed capable of bestowing. With all the efforts and industry of these ignorant wretches, for more than a century they have not been able to detach sixty of the people from the religion of the country. Though another holy projector a methodist in London, proposes to convert sixty millions of people in Hindostan, with the assistance of four men and twenty-four guineas.

Extracts from Brother Carey's and Brother Thomas's Journals, at Sea and by Land.

1793. June 16. Lord's-day. A little recovered from my sickness; met for prayer and exhortation in my

cabin; had a dispute with a French deist.

June 30. Lord's-day. A pleasant and profitable day; our congregation composed of ten persons.

July 7. Another pleasant and profitable Lord's-day - our congregation increased with one. Had much sweet enjoyment with God.

1794. Jan. 26. Lord's-day. Found much pleasure in reading Edwards's *Sermon on the justice of God in the damnation of sinners.*

April 3. Had some sweetness to-day, especially in reading Edwards's Sermon.

June 8. This evening reached Bowlea, where we lay to for the Sabbath. Felt thankful that God had preserved us, and wondered at his regard for so mean a creature. I was enabled to wrestle with God in prayer for many of my dear friends in England.

June 16. This day I preached twice at Malda, where Mr. Thomas met me. Had much enjoyment; and though our congregation did not exceed sixteen, yet the pleasure I felt in having my tongue once more set at liberty, I can hardly describe.

Was enabled to be faithful, and felt a sweet affection for immortal souls.

1796. Feb. 6. I am now in my study; and oh, it is a sweet place, because of the presence of God with the vilest of men. It is at the top of the house; I have but one window in it.

The work to which God has set his hand will infallibly prosper. Christ has begun to bombard this strong and ancient fortress, and will assuredly carry it.

Success in the Sixth Year.

We lament that several who did run well, are now hindered. We have faint hopes of a few, and pretty strong *hopes* of one or two; but if I say more, it must either be a dull recital of our journeying to one place or another to preach the gospel, or something else relating to ourselves, of which I ought to be the last to speak.

Extracts from Mr Ward's Journal, a new Anabaptist Mission ry, sent out in 1799.

Mr Ward admires the Captain.

Several of our friends who have been sick begin to look up. This evening we had a most precious hour at prayer. Captain Wickes read from the 12th verse of the 33d of Exodus, and then joined in prayer. Our hearts were all warmed. We shook hands with our dear captain, and, in design, clasped him to our bosoms.

Mr. Ward is frightened by a Privateer.

June 11 Held our conference this evening. A vessel is still pursuing us which the captain believes to be a Frenchman. I feel some alarm, considerable alarm. Oh Lord, be thou our defender! The vessel seems to gain upon us. (Quarter past eleven at night.) There is no doubt of the vessel being a French privateer; when

we changed our tack she changed hers. We have since dark, changed into our old course; so that possibly we shall lose her. Brethren G. and B. have engaged in prayer: we have read Luther's psalm, and our minds are pretty well composed. Our guns are all loaded, and the captain seems very low. All hands are at the guns and the matches are lighted. I go to the end of the ship. I can just see the vessel, though it is very foggy. A ball whizzes over my head, and makes me tremble. I go down and go to prayer with our friends.

Mr. Ward feels a regard for the Sailors.

July 12. I never felt so much for any men as for our sailors; a tenderness which could weep over them. Oh, Jesus! let thy blood cover some of them! A sweet prayer meeting. Verily God is here.

Mr Ward sees an American Vessel and longs to preach to the sailors.

Sept. 27. An American vessel is along side, and the captain is speaking to their captain through his trumpet. How pleasant to talk to a friend! I have been looking at them through the glass: the sailors sit in a group and are making their observations upon us. I long to go and preach to them.

Feelings of the natives upon hearing their religion attacked.

1800. Feb. 25. Brother C. had some conversation with one of the Mussulmans, who asked upon his denying the divine mission of Mahomed, what was to become of Mussulmans and Hindoos! Brother C. expressed his fears that they would all be lost. The man seemed as if he would have torn him to pieces,

Mar 30. The people seem quite anxious to get the hymns which we give away. The Brahmans are rather uneasy. The Governor advised his Brahmans to send their children to

to learn English. They replied that we seemed to take pains to make the natives Christians; and they were afraid that, their children being of tender age would make them a more easy conquest.

April 27, Lord's-day. One Brahman said he had no occasion for a hymn, for they were all over the country. He could go into any house and read one.

May 9. Brother Fountain was this evening at Buddabarry. At the close the Brahmans having collected a number of boys, they set up a great shout, and followed the brethren out of the village with noise and shoutings.

May 16. Brother Carey and I were at Buddabarry this evening. No sooner had we begun than a Brahman went round to all the rest that were present, and endeavoured to pull them away.

May 30. This evening at Buddabarry, the man mentioned in my journal of March 14th, insulted brother Carey. He asked why he came, and said if we could employ the natives as carpenters blacksmiths, &c. it would be very well; but that they did not want our holiness. In exact conformity with this sentiment, our Brahman told brother Thomas when here, "That he did not want the favour of God.

June 22. Lord's-day. A brahman has been several times to disturb the children, and to curse Jesus Christ! Another brahman complained to brother Carey that, by our school and printing we were now teaching the gospel to their children from their infancy.

June 29. Lord's-day. This evening a brahman went round amongst the people who were collected to hear brother Carey, to persuade them not to accept of our papers. Thus darkness struggles with the light.

Mr. Fountain's gratitude to Hervey.

When I was about eighteen or nineteen years of age Hervey's Meditations fell into my hands. Till then I had read nothing but my bible and the prayer book. This ushered me as it were into a new world! It expanded my mind, and excited a thirst after knowledge: and this was not all; I derived spiritual as well as intellectual advantages from it. I shall bless God for this book while I live upon earth *and when I get to Heaven I will thank dear Hervey himself.*

Hatred of the natives to the gospel.

Jan. 27. The inveterate hatred that the brahmans every where show to the gospel, and the very name of Jesus, in which they are joined by many lewd fellows of the baser sort, requires no common degree of self-possession, caution and prudence. The seeming failure of some we hoped well of, is a source of considerable anxiety and grief.

Aug. 31. Lord's day. We have the honour of printing the first book that was ever printed in Bengallee; and this is the first piece in which brahmans have been opposed, perhaps for thousands of years. All their books are filled with accounts to establish brahmanism, and raise brahmans to the seat of God. Hence they are believed to be inferior gods. All the waters of salvation in the country are supposed to meet at the foot of a brahman. It is reckoned they have the keys of heaven and hell and have power over sickness or health, life and death. O pray that brahmanism may come down!

Oct. 3 Brother Warshman having directed the children in the Bengallee school to write out a piece written by brother Fountain (a kind of catechism), the schoolmaster reported
yesterday

yesterday that all the boys would leave the school rather than write it, that it was designed to make them lose cast, and make them *Feringas*; that is, persons who have descended from those who were formerly converted by the papists, and who are to this day held in the greatest contempt by the Hindoos. From this you may gather how much contempt a converted native would meet with.

Oct. 26. Lord's-day. Bharratt told brother Carey to-day what the people talked among themselves—"Formerly, say they, here were no white people amongst us. Now the English have taken the country, and it is getting full of whites. Now also the white men's shafter is publishing. Is it not going to be fulfilled what is written in our shafters, that *all shall be of one cast*, and will not this cast be the gospel?"

Nov. 7. He also attempted repeatedly to introduce Christ and him crucified; but they would immediately manifest the utmost dislike of the very name of him. Nay, in their turn they commended Creefnoo, and invited brother C. to believe in him.

Dec. 23. This forenoon Gokool came to tell us that Kristno and his whole family were in confinement! Astonishing news! It seems the whole neighbourhood, as soon as it was noised abroad that these people had lost cast was in an uproar. It is said that two thousand people were assembled, pouring their anathemas on these new converts.

Jan. 12. The brahmans and the young people show every degree of contempt; and the name of Christ is become a by-word like the name *methodist* in England formerly.

Sept. 15 I then took occasion to tell them that the brahmans only wanted their money, and cared nothing about their salvation. To this they readily assented.

Nov. 23. Lord's-day. Went with brother Carey to the new pagoda, at the upper end of the town. About ten brahmans attended. They behaved in the most scoffing and blasphemous manner, treating the name of Christ with the greatest scorn; nor did they discontinue the ridicule while brother Carey prayed with them. No name amongst men seem so offensive to them as that of our adorable Redeemer.

Dec. 24. The governor had the goodness to call on us in the course of the day, and desired us to secure the girl, at least within our walls, for a few days, as he was persuaded the people round the country were so exasperated at Kristno's embracing the gospel that he could not answer for their safety. A number of the mob might come from twenty miles distant in the night and murder them all without the perpetrators being discovered. He believed, that had they obtained the girl they would have murdered her before morning, and thought they had been doing God service.

(To be continued.)

Singular Instance of Hospitality.

A FRENCH refugee, at Brussels, was surprised in that city by the French troops in their victorious entry after the battle of Fleuris. Dreading to be made a prisoner, he fled. a young girl, an entire stranger to him who was sitting before a door, observing the terror and distraction of his air and countenance, seized him by the arm—"Stay!" she cried, "you are lost if you go forward." "and I am lost if I return," he answered. "Then enter here," said the generous girl, "and be saved."

The Frenchman accepted her offer. His hostess informed him she was niece to the sexton of the neighbouring church; that it was her uncle's house in which she had received him, who would have been far from suffering her to exercise so dangerous a rite of hospitality he had been at home; and she hastened to conceal him in an outhouse, where she expected to leave him in security.

Scarcely was it dark when some French soldiers entered the same place to take up their abode for the night. Terrified at the situation of the French stranger, the girl softly followed them without being perceived, and waiting till she was sure they were asleep, she informed the refugee of his extreme danger, and desired him to follow her. Their movement wakened one of the soldiers, who, stretching out his arm, seized that of the refugee, crying out, "Who goes there?" The girl dexterously placed herself between them, and said, "It is only me, who am come to seek for—" Fortunately she had no occasion to say a word more: the soldier, deceived by the voice of a woman, let go his captive. She

conducted the refugee into the house, and taking down the keys of the church, with a lamp in her hand she led him to that place as the securest asylum she could find. They entered a chapel which the ravages of war had despoiled of its ornaments. Behind the altar was a passage to a vault, the entrance to which was not easy to be discerned. She raised the door, and said, "This narrow staircase leads to a vault, the repository of the ashes of an illustrious family. It is scarcely possible they will suspect any person of being concealed there. Descend, and remain there till an opportunity offers for your escape." She gave him the lamp; he descended into this melancholy abode, and she closed the door upon him. His feelings may well be imagined, when examining this dismal place by the light of his lamp, he saw the arms of his own family, which had been originally of this country. He examined the tombs of his ancestors; he viewed them with reverential affection, and rested his head with emotion upon the marble that covered their ashes. The first day passed unperceived in the midst of these strong impressions: the second brought with it the claims of hunger, even yet more pressing than the desire of liberty; yet his benefactress came not. Every hour in its lingering passage now increased his sufferings. his terror, and despair. Sometimes he imagined the generous girl had fallen a victim to her desire of saving his life; at others he accused her of forgetting him; in either case he saw himself doomed to a death a thousand times more horrible than that from which he had escaped. At length, exhausted with fruitless efforts, with
agonizing

agonizing fears, and the intolerable gnawings of hunger, he sank into insensibility upon one of the graves of his ancestors.

The third day was far advanced, when he recovered to a languid sense of his deplorable condition. Shortly after he heard a sound—it was the voice of his benefactress, who called to him from the Chapel. Overwhelmed with joy as with weakness, he has not the power to answer—She believes him already dead, and with a mournful exclamation lets fall the door that covers the entrance of the tomb. At the sound of the falling of the door the unfortunate man feels his powers return, utters a shriek of despair, and rushes with precipitation up the stairs. Happily the niece of the sexton had not left the spot—she hears the cry, lifts the door, and descends to save him. She had brought him food, and explained the causes of her long delay, assuring him that she had now taken such precautions, that in future she could not fail to administer to his daily wants. After seeing him refreshed and consoled, she quitted him; but had scarcely proceeded some steps when she heard the doors unlock, and the noise of a number of armed men entering. She flew back to the vault, and motioned the refugee to silence. The persons who now filled the church were a detachment of French soldiers, who had been sent there to search for an

emigrant the sexton was suspected of concealing. The sexton himself led them on. Perfectly unconscious of the danger his niece had incurred, and proud of his own innocence, he loudly encouraged their activity, and directed their researches to each remote corner of the chapel, that every spot might attest his good faith. What a situation for the two captives! The soldiers passed many times over the fatal door, led by their restless and prying conductor, and each footstep sounded to the trembling victims below as the signal of their death. The entrance of the vault however remained unobserved, the noise by degrees died away, and when the niece of the sexton ventured from the vault, she found the door of the church shut, and every one gone. She again assured the refugee of her steadfast protection, and retired.

On the following day, and for many succeeding days, she regularly supplied him with provisions; and the instant a favourable moment arrived for his escape, his vigilant friend conducted him from his subterraneous abode, and instructed him in the safest means to pass unmolested. Leaving the tomb, he gained the country; and soon after rejoining his wife, her presence and affections taught him to appreciate still more highly the services of his generous benefactress.

—000000—

Letter from an Irish Refugee in New-York.

Dear Patt.

After a long silence of seven years, you must be in some degree surprised to hear I am in the land of the liv-

ing, such a picture of distress and disappointments, as I could give to you since my last letter, would be so painful to enumerate, that I shall take some more favourable opportunity, perhaps

perhaps my dear Patt, I shall have the pleasure of telling them to you in person in this land of peace and plenty. where our amusements are not interrupted by the frightful drum or alarming horn, for my dear Patt the good citizens of these happy states are strangers to military authority, there exists no power here, that dare muster an armed force, and burn a village under the pretext of preserving order, or vindicating religion. The act of printing is not under the restriction of proud statesmen, and voluptuous ecclesiastics, a printing office is never destroyed here under a law, created to preserve the liberty of the press. With the possession of such valuable protection, the trade of this country is as extensive as yours is contracted, for our ships are seen in every country in the world, as they are more numerous than those of any other nation hitherto known, your ships if you have any in Ireland, sail no further than Liverpool, or if a solitary one crosses the atlantic once or twice in a year it is generally some decayed one of British manufacture. Of Dublin I have lately read you had twenty thousand manufacturers, who are starving. As no body starves here, I am not prepared to say how such persons would be relieved. You in Ireland accustomed to hunger and want of business have regular methods long established for the purpose of giving relief. I have seen an account in some of your papers, that the twenty thousand poor manufacturers, were to have the benefit of two or three fancy balls. An American would be much embarrassed to know how an hundred or two hundred persons could dance twenty thousand men into peace and comfort, from hunger and idleness, as the methods observed here are of a dif-

ferent kind and complexion, when activity and commerce are to be encouraged, we build Ships and erect new towns to give employment, we leave dancing to the gay and the idle, for it is understood among this plain people that such sprightly amusements are better calculated to discourage industry than to sustain it. The whole of our manners and customs, though in general not elegantly finished are much better contrived to make every body happy. For example, every citizen of the American states, eats meat three times every day in the year if he pleases, In Ireland the poor can get meat only three times a year. It must be allowed that your streets are better decorated on public occasions, than ours in New York, nothing with you is seen but splendour and elegance, your bishops are numerous and their retinues so elegant that every person except the hungry, is captivated, and as the hungry have no great taste for the more elegant arts of life they generally stay at home, so that nothing but the best part appears abroad, that is the best dressed. In America the Streets have not the advantage in point of public appearance as we have no such exhibitions, long cavalcades of coaches, and liveries, deep files of infantry, squadrons of horse and such gaudy and menacing etceteras, yet all our people may appear, as no person is so wretched as to create disgust by his poverty, or to feel any consciousness of his comparative inferiority. You see my dear Patt though we are a new people we have old fashioned manners, we have discharged all the silly appendages of factitious man with our English friends and have returned to the plain manners of our European ancestors, that preceded the
authority

authority of tyrants, and the corrupt ages that have enslaved society and raised privileged factions on the ruins of nations. At some future day my dear friend I shall trouble

you again with other communications from this most enviable country.

Yours most affectionately
ANDREW O'CUINN.

—0000000000—

Le Chevalier Bayard.

ALL that is grand and interesting in bravery, good faith, and magnanimity, united in this illustrious warrior. The name of Bayard recalls instantly to the mind all the virtues of chivalry. To consummate goodness he joined the greatest intrepidity. His modesty was excessive, and his fame universal. Though he held but the rank of a captain he was chosen to invest with the dignity of a knight the monarch whom he served.

Peter de Turail (called the Chevalier Bayard) was born in the year 1475. He was descended from a noble family in Dauphiny, and first distinguished himself at the battle of Fornoue under Charles VIII. The Duke of Orleans who witnessed his exploits, perceived in him another Du Guesclin. Wherever he went rendered himself conspicuous. His valour was the theme of general admiration. On the death of that sovereign he joined the banners of Louis XII. The conquest of Milan was accelerated by his military talents; while his noble refusal of the presents of the vanquished established his reputation. The life of Bayard presents innumerable traits of generosity and feats of heroism. Many warriors have fought as bravely as Bayard, but no one like him triumphed over the frailties of human nature, no one could confer kindness with so much simplicity, nor, in fine, meriten like this hero, the title which was given

to him, of *the knight without fear and without reproach*. Like Cocles he alone defended a bridge against two hundred persons. To commemorate this achievement he obtained of the king a device, having for emblem a porcupine, with these words: *Vires agininis unus habet* But his goodness was equal to his valour. Having taken the city of Brescia, he was presented with a purse of two thousand pistoles by two females, in testimony of the gratitude of their father, for preserving his house from pillage, which he generously bestowed upon them. The following year he gave a proof still more signal of the excellence of his nature. Near his dwelling at Grenoble, there was a female of exquisite beauty, and so circumstanced in life as to flatter his hopes. The poverty of the mother was such as to induce her to listen to any proposals. She conducted her child to the chevalier; the young girl no sooner beheld him than she threw herself at his feet, and bathed them with her tears. "My Lord," said the amiable creature, "you will surely dishonour one who is already the victim of misfortune, and whom your virtue should incline you to defend." These words affected Bayard, who replied; "Rise, my child you shall quit this house with all the modesty and virtue with which you entered it." He then gave her a portion, and provided her with a husband suitable to her condition in life

life. Compelled to yield to the ascendancy of the English on the day of the fatal battle of Guinegaste, he called it the day of Spurs. Bayard submitted to an officer whom he had previously made his prisoner. He pretended for his ransom that they should only mutually return their word of honour. This delicate point was submitted to the decision of the king of England and the Emperor, who declared in his favour.

This circumstance so confirmed his reputation as a knight, that Francis the first, the evening before the battle of Marignan, was desirous of receiving the order of chivalry at his hands.

Bayard then undertook the defence of Mezieres, a place badly fortified, against a very superior force. Being summoned to surrender by the count de Naffau, he replied: "I shall never quit a place entrusted to me by my king, but over a bridge constructed by the bodies of his enemies." Francis, conscious of its incapability to stand a siege, expressed a wish to set it on fire, which Bayard opposed.—"No place," said this gallant soldier, "is weak that is defended by brave men." By his perseverance the siege was raised.

In the year 1523, he accompanied Bonnivet into Italy; and the following year, in his retreat from Romagnano, received a musquet shot which lodged in his spine. He fell, exclaiming, "My God, I am dead." He entreated they would bear him under a tree, with his face towards his pursuers. "Having never during life turned my back upon the enemy, let it not be said that I did so in my last

moments." He charged Allegre to tell the king, "That his greatest regret in quitting life was, that he could no longer be useful to him." And when the Duke of Bourbon, with much anguish of mind, came to him and lamented his situation, Bayard, with renovated vigour, pointedly returned, "I prithee, my lord, do not pity me, but compassionate yourself who are bearing arms against your allegiance, your country, and your king." He expired a few minutes after, in the year 1524, in his fiftieth year.

Although Bayard had never a principal command, he was as much regretted by the army as if it had lost its most skilful general. Many officers and soldiers deserted from the enemy to view his body. The Duke of Savoy paid him the same honours which are rendered to kings, and caused his remains to be attended to the frontiers by the principal nobility. He possessed that attractive virtue, and that ingenuous heroism of which more polished ages furnish no example. In the present times, what might such a character not achieve? Being asked one day, what was the best inheritance a gentleman could give his son? "That," he replied, "which time cannot corrode, nor human art destroy—wisdom and virtue."

Bayard left a natural daughter, the mother of Chastelard, then in the service of Mary, Queen of Scots, whom she ordered to be beheaded for aspiring to her regard. It is also stated, such was his sense of religion, that he never went to battle without having previously attended mass.

Cancer Cured.

A SCOTCH surgeon has of late made a great discovery in medicine. He was called upon by an old woman with a cancer in her breast, with whom he tried every thing that ever was tried for cancer; he put her upon arsenic pills, sent her a voyage to sea, gave Maryats dry vomit, tried Dr. Smyth's specific of the swing-swang, oxygenated her, hydrogenated her, tried the nitrous muriatic, all the acids, rubbed her with mercury sublimate, all in vain; at last when nonplussed, he took a box

of Packwood's paste, consisting as Mr. Kirwan declares of Carbonate of iron and candle grease: he gave her this paste in pills of which she had not taken two boxes when granulations shot up, and in one week she was cured. We understand Mrs. Packwood and he have had some dispute about his infringement upon her cure for gapped razors, but as Mrs. Packwood is a widow, and the surgeon a beauteous buck, the dispute may end in matrimony.

—000000—

Diseases in Dublin.

WE hear that a big Munster doctor is about to let the world know that such a man exists, by publishing a work entitled *The Diseases of Dublin*. In this work there is an addition to Nosology by many new diseases known to infest this city—we read the following new melodies—the Attorney Heartburn; the Apothecary, *an old disease*; the Frenchman's cure; the Come again; Cure

of Salivation: to which we hope to see added, starvation and nakedness. Doctor Radcliff said the disease called the Doctor, was the worst disease he knew of. We hope the author of this work, like many of our new writing surgeons may not give his own name like the Carmichael Cancer to some, as yet unawakened symptom of disease to be started into notice by his philosophy.

—000000—

Dublin Custom House.

THIS magnificent building which cost the public such immense sums, is so much deserted from the effects of the Union, and other evils brought on the country, by the quarrels and ambition of the English our

governing nation, that it reminds us of the splendid ruins of which we read, formerly the abode of a people whom time and revolution had scattered or extinguished, leaving behind in animated marble and stately porticos,

porticos, such specimens of taste and former opulence that the feeling mind which ancient literature or modern politics have influenced, sees with the deepest regret the melancholy condition which a country is exposed to, in the neighbourhood of armed vandals, or greedy and proud monopolists. Our Custom house is not a ruin whose corridors and chambers are yet become the abode of noxious vermin coiled in the leaves of the rich capital, or humming on the prostrated column. If ruin has not perfected the climax of desertion and silence, other living excrescences who riot on the remnant of industry, are seen busy, gathering the spoils of internal means, to divide between themselves and those crouds of mercenaries, who under the pretext of defending the country and avenging its wrongs, absorb all, and afterwards seek other climates to fatten on the produce. Our custom house is literally an hospital for the benefit and repote of the illegitimacy and idleness of our masters, where the polite paupers are more numerous than the merchants, where spurs and whips are more used than pens or paper, besides the busy noise of horse jockeys and gamblers, who occupy the interior, a mob of inferior favourites are apparently employed on the quay; but what an insult on commercial intelligence, not one pound of the growth of other climates which our little trade, or domestic consumption require, is imported direct from the original country that produced it, with the exception of British goods, of which a considerable show is made, such as hogheads of whiting, piles of bricks, and other coarse and heavy articles which occupy the space; every thing is had through Britain, and every thing is given to Britain.

In short our custom house is of no use, nor of any importance to any but to those idle and greedy reptiles to whose comforts and extravagance it is converted. A stranger at first sight of the procession that each morning may be seen entering the custom-house, would conceive the throng was hurrying to an extensive Mews or horse auction, as every gentleman is furnished with a cutting whip, spurs and hunting frock, from Lord Castle-Coote down to the meanest clerk on the establishment. So little is the custom house like a commercial office, that on entering the long room it would be understood, by the conversation of the clerks, that they were busy registering the pedigrees and ages of horses, while the timid coal captains and Munster skippers appear waiting their turns to receive instructions for the next business on the Curragh or at the cock pit: instead of files of invoices suspended behind a writing desk, new saddles and bridles are seen dangling, waiting the hour of two o'clock, to be fitted on some favourite poney or sprightly huntress, for at two o'clock every gentleman departs and the same scene that was displayed in the forenoon is done over again. The clock strikes the signal, and every person with the utmost accuracy draws his whip from its place in the same instant of time, and the hurry and bustle of mounting is so great, and the number so many, that Lord Castle-Coote with his spectacles is frequently embarrassed to gain his landau. Not a hoghead of copperas or pipe of cider dare quit their positions until the gate-porters announce the departure of the last spur from the gate. Not even the appearance of trade is kept up among the demi genery who are billeted on
this

this mock custom-house, they despise the idea of business and the vulgar restrictions annexed to it. Taken from the beds of illicit love, from the kitchens and close-stools of the rich, bastards and menials, they closely imitate all the careless foppery and giddy extravagance, they were so accustomed to see with their suppoed parents and masters. To

such evils is every nation exposed when reduced to a province, and such repules are always the precursors of a nation's decline. They fatten and riot, for the tax-gatherer is out on their business, and industry is compelled under the authority of military agents, to yield up its means to pamper idleness and vary the amulements of profligacy.

—000000—

An Account of MOUNT ATHOS, taken from the life of Dr. Greaves, in Dr. Ward's Account of the Travellers in Gresham College; 1740.

MOUNT Athos is a peninsula in Macedonia, but four days voyage from Constantinople, famous among the ancients for the extravagant attempt of Xerxes, who, digging through the Isthmus reduced it to an island, as we are informed by Herodotus *. But this canal (was it really ever made) has been long since filled up again by the falling in of the earth from the higher grounds, so that no appearance of it now remains; and therefore the truth of the story has been questioned by most writers of the later ages.† There are several monasteries upon this mountain, which were settled there long before the Turks overran the Grecian Empire; and being wholly posessed by monks, it is called by the Greeks, the *sacred mountain*.‡ As

this place had escaped the general ravage and plunder of the Turks, Mr. Greaves, not without reason, imagined that many valuable remains of antiquity might still be preserved there, and particularly Greek manuscripts. This motive strongly induced him to make an excursion thither, but he could not, it seems accomplish his design; which was afterwards the case of Dr. Smith, who had the same intention when he was in those parts *. Father Belon who had been there, and visited several monasteries wrote an account of it in the year 1553. He says, The mountain as it extends itself from the continent westward towards the south, is in length three days journey, and half a day's in breadth, rising very high and steep to the south in the shape of a pear. The top of it is always covered with snow: the north side, where the snow lies longest, is very fertile; but towards the south, rocky

* Lib. vii c. 24.

† Vid. Is. Voss. Observ. in Mel. L. ii. c. 2.

‡ There are two views of the monastery, in this mountain, one from the land and the other from the sea, taken in the year 1726, and brought to Oxford by Lezithus, archimandrite of that monas-

tory, which are now placed in the Bodleian Gallery.

* Vit. J. G. p. 11.

and barren.—Viewing it very carefully, he could discern no traces of the channel mentioned by Herodotus. There are three or four and twenty monasteries, founded and endowed by different persons, at different times, which contain, one with another, upwards of two hundred monks, in the whole making nearly six thousand, who are highly esteemed by all who adhere to the Greek church. These monasteries are encompassed with strong and high walls, both to defend them from the sea the assaults of pirates, most of them being built near to the shore. The monks all live a rigid and ascetic life, wearing only a russet woollen garment, with out any linen, and faring very hard. They eat no flesh, and therefore keep no tame creatures, neither fowls nor beasts of any kind. Their principal food is dry olives, raw onions, beans soaked in water and then salted, bisket bread and fish either fresh or salted. But, in Lent time they eat no sort of fish that has blood in it. They are all employed in some manual business, and perform all the common offices of life for each other, without calling in any foreign assistance. They are extremely ignorant; and it is a rare thing to find one or two in a monastery who can write or read. But where any one has so much knowledge of the Greek tongue as to read their public service, (which is written in that language), it commonly gives him some authority among them, and he leads the rest in chanting the devotion. They have some divinity books, but none of poetry, history, or philosophy; and would be excommunicated if they read any thing but divinity. They are subject to the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Constantinople. As they are not allowed to marry, their numbers are kept up by persons

who go among them, and take upon themselves that way of life; who, upon their first coming, deliver up their effects for the common use of the monastery. They are hospitable to strangers, and treat them in the manner they live themselves without expense.*

This is the substance of that writer's account. But John Comes, a physician of Wallachia who staid in Mount Athos a considerable time at the beginning of this century, published a more particular description of their monasteries in the vulgar Greek language, which was afterwards translated into Latin by the learned father Montfaucon, and put at the end of his *Palæographia Græca*. Though the greatest part of what he says relating to the vast number of relics preserved in them, and the miracles performed there, seem entirely fabulous: for if any credit is to be given to his narrative, the monks were not altogether so ignorant in his time, as father Belon represents them. For he tells us "some of them were employed in copying books, and others in binding them." And in speaking of their libraries he says, "You may see there a great number of ancient manuscripts, never yet published, and to many unknown, full of all wisdom, divine knowledge and sublime thought; books of divinity and many in every science."* So that father Belon seems not to have been inquisitive in examining their libraries; and though father Montfaucon tells us, "that he had never seen one book that was written at Mount Athos"

* Les observations de plusieurs singularités et choses mémorables, trouvées en Grèce, &c. Lib. 7. c. 35, etc. en Avers. 8vo. 1555.

* P. 454.

when he published his *Palæographia Græca*, in 1702, yet afterwards in drawing up the catalogue of Greek manuscripts, in the *Bibliotheca Coisliniana* or *Segueriana*, published by him in 1715, wherein were upwards of 400, he says “He was surprised to find that near half of them were brought from the monasteries in that Mount.” And it appears by the accounts he has given of them, that they consisted of various kinds literature, divinity, philosophy, mathematics, history, philology, some

of them of a considerable age, and likewise that many of them had been written there. Since the publication of that book, two parcels of Greek manuscripts have also been brought from thence into England; one about twelve years since,* which was purchased by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the university of Oxford, Dr. Mead, and Dr. Bentley, and more are yet expected, a person being gone thither for that purpose.

* It is to be recollected, that this account was published in 1740.

* In præfat.

—00000—

Quadrupeds, Birds, Butterflies and Fishes of China.

From the Abbe Grosier's Description of China.

The mountains and vast forests of China abound with wild animals of every species; such as the rhinoceros, elephants, leopards, tygers, bears, wolves, foxes, buffaloes, camels, horses, wild mules, &c. Some beavers, fables and ermines are found in the northern provinces, but the skins which they furnish are much inferior to those procured from Siberia.

Game is very common in China. The squares of Pe-king, during winter, are filled with different heaps of various kinds of volatile, terrestrial and aquatic animals, hardened by cold, and perfectly secure against all corruption. Prodigious quantities of stags, deer, wild boars, goats, elks, hares, rabbits, cats, squirrels and wild rats, geese, ducks, partridges, pheasants and quails are seen there, together with several other kinds of game, that are not to be found in Europe.

The Chinese horses have neither the strength, beauty, nor swiftness of ours; and the inhabitants of the country have not the art of breaking them: they are obliged to castrate them; and this operation renders them mild and tractable. Those intended for military service are so timid, that they betake themselves to flight as soon as they hear the neighing of the Tartar horses: besides, as they are not shod, their hoofs are soon destroyed; so that, in six years, the best horses become unfit for service.

A kind of tyger is seen in China, which has a body like a dog, but no tail. He is remarkably swift and ferocious. If any one meets this animal, and, to escape from his fury, climbs up a tree, he immediately sends forth a loud yell, and several others arrive, which, all together, dig up the earth round the roots of the tree, and overturn it: but the Chinese have lately

lately found out a method of destroying them. — A certain number of people assemble towards evening, and raise a circle of strong pales, in which they shut themselves up; they afterwards imitate the cry of the animal, which attracts all those in the neighbourhood; and while these ferocious beasts are digging up the earth in order to overturn the palisade, the Chinese dispatch them with their bows and arrows, without being exposed to danger.

Camels, both wild and domestic, are found in the north-east parts of China, ‘the camel’ says a Chinese writer, ‘in his body, resembles a horse; he has a head like that of a sheep, his neck is long and his ears hang down, he has three joints in his legs, and two bunches of flesh on his back, which form a kind of saddle; he chews the cud, endures cold without pain, and is naturally afraid of excessive heat: hence it happens, that, at the summer solstice, he sheds his hair, and his skin becomes entirely naked. He can bear a burden of three thousand Chinese pounds in weight, and travel two or three hundred *lys* in a day; by natural instinct, he foresees an approaching storm of wind, and discovers springs hid in the earth, by digging in the place where the camel beats with his foot, one is certain of finding water below. Scorching winds frequently arise during summer, which suffocate the traveller in an instant: when the camels flock together with loud cries, and bury their muzzles in the sand, it is a sure sign that this wind is about to blow. He sleeps without touching the earth with his belly. Camels which, when laid down to the rest on their bended legs, leave space between their bodies and the ground for the light to pass through, are called *min-to*, or *transparent camels*, and

these are the kind which can perform long journies. There are others, named *son kioto*, or *wind footed*, on account of their great swiftness: they can travel a thousand *lys* in a day.

The fat found in the bushes of the wild camels, which is named *banchoil*, is much used in the Chinese medicine.

There are several species of apes in China. Those named *sin sin*, differ from the rest in their size, which is equal to that of an ordinary man. They walk with facility on their hind legs; and all their actions have a singular conformity to ours.

The most beautiful quadruped of China is a stag, which is never large or smaller than one of our middle-sized dogs. The princes and mandarins buy them at an excessive price, and keep them as curiosities in their gardens. They have also another species, of an enormous size, which they call the *horse stag*.

China possesses a valuable animal, which is not to be found any where else: it is the *hiangtchung-tse*, or musk deer. This animal is very common, and is met with, not only in the southern provinces, but also in those which are to the west of Pe-king: it has no horns; and the colour of it approaches near to black. The bag which contains its urine is formed of hair exceedingly fine and soft. The flesh of this deer is well tasted, and is served up at the most delicate tables. The following extract of a letter, written from Pe-king, by a Jesuit missionary, will convey a better idea of this singular animal.

‘To the west of the city of Pe-king’ says this missionary, ‘rise a chain of mountains, in the midst of which we have a Christian settlement and a small church. Among these mountains are found a kind of musk-deer. While I was engaged in the duties

duties of my mission, some poor inhabitants of the village went out to hunt, in hopes that I would purchase their game to carry to Pe-king. They killed two of these animals, a male and a female, which they presented to me, yet warm and bloody. Before we agreed on the price, they asked me if I would take the musk also ; because there are some who, satisfied with the flesh of the animal, leave the musk to the hunters, who afterwards sell it. As it was the musk that I wanted chiefly, I told them I would purchase the whole animal. They immediately took the male, cut off his bag, and tied it at the extremity with a packthread, that the musk might not evaporate. The animal and the musk cost me only a crown. The musk is formed in the interior part of the bag, and adheres to it like a kind of salt. Of this musk there are two kinds ; that composed of grain, which is called *teu-pan biang*, is the most valuable : the other, named *mi aing*, which is very fine and delicate, is less esteemed. The female produces no musk ; at least the substance which has any appearance of it is entirely void of smell.

‘ The flesh of serpents is the usual nourishment of this animal. Although these reptiles are generally of an enormous size, the musk deer finds no difficulty in killing them : because, when a serpent is at a certain distance, it is immediately overcome by the effluvia of its musk : it is deprived

of sensation, and remains without moving. This fact is so certain, that the peasant who goes in quest of wood, or dig coals in the mountains, finds no better method of guarding themselves against serpents, than to carry about them some grains of musk : they may then, after dinner, enjoy a sleep in perfect security. If a serpent approaches them, it is suddenly stunned by the odour of the musk and becomes incapable of advancing any farther.

What happened when I was returning to Pe-king, is in some manner a new proof, that the flesh of serpents is the principal food of the musk deer. A part of the animal I had bought was served up for supper. One of the guests had always shewn great horror at the sight of a serpent ; and his aversion to this reptile was so strong, that he could not hear its name pronounced without the most violent agitation. He knew nothing of the manner in which the musk-deer fed ; and I was careful not to give him the least hint of it ; but I watched his looks with great attention. He took some of the flesh of the animal with intention of eating ; but he had scarcely put a bit to his mouth, when he was seized with an extraordinary nausea, and refused to touch it again. The rest of the company eat heartily, and he was the only person who shewed any dislike to this kind of food.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. COX.

SIR,

Please to give the following old ballad, with its translation, a place in your Magazine, and you will much oblige,

Yours sincerely,

DANIEL HICKEY.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET. GULIELMUS & MARGARETA

A BALLAD.

CARMEN LATINE REDDITUM.

I

I.

When all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Tempore quo medium cæli nox atra tenebat,
Cunctaque per terras contiguere loca;
Margaritæ thalamos subit infelicis imago,
Et Gulielmi horrens constitit ante pedes.

2

II.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand,
That held the sable shroud.

Ora, ubi densatur nigra caligine cælum,
Nubibus Aprilis pallidiora gerens:
Atque manus nivea seu luvum frigore læscæ,
Linteæ fœnalis quæ tenuere stolæ.

3

III.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Haud aliter facies erit, heu! pulcherima,
frontis
Cum rugæ, senium venerit atque grave.
Non alio clarus rex quisque tegetur amictu,
Abstulerit sceptrum cum LIBITINA suum.

SEPTEMBER, 1809.

3 G

Vernalis

4

IV.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
And opening to the view.

Vernalis species floris perhibebat honorem,
Quem reficit liquidi vitrea roris aqua.
Jam rosa flos veneris, decorabat virginis
ora,
Purpureis splendens floruit inque genis.

5

V.

But love had, like the canker worm,
Consum'd the early prime:
The rose grew pale and left her cheek—
She died—before her time.

Ast amor, erucæ similis. florente juventâ,
Annos, eximium dimiditque decus.
Purpura confugit, facies pallore gravata.
Interiit virgo sebilis ante diem.

VI.

6

"Awake," she cried, "thy true love
calls,
"Come from her midnight grave;
"Now let thy pity hear the maid,
"Thy love refused to save.

"Surge!—vocat constans jam te tua,"
dixit, "amica,
"Quæ venit è tumulto, nocte tenente po-
lum.
"Exaudi quæso!—quæso miserere vocan-
tis,
"Qui mihi stas miseræ barbara causa
nevis.

7

VII.

"This is the dark and fearful hour,
"When injured ghosts complain:
"When dreary graves give up their dead,
"To haunt the faithless swain.

"Terrificâ hâc horâ, tenebris dum cuncta
leguntur,
"Pallida spectra viri fraude petita ge-
munt;
"Tellus hians manes emittit at ima sepul-
chris,
"Quæ infidum moveant quemque pa-
vore virum.

8

VIII.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
"Thy pledge and broken oath;
"And give me back my maiden-head,
"And give me back my troth.

"Sis memor infandæ fraudis sis criminis,
oro,
"O, Gulielme, puer perfidiose, tui.
"Virgineum votum quod ego juvenilibus
annis
"Peci, redde mihi redde precorque
fidem.

9

IX.

"How could you say my face was fair,
"And yet that face forsake?
"How could you win my virgin heart,
"Yet leave that heart to break?

"Quomodo dixisses faciem nostram esse
venustam
"Quandoquidem facies postea spreta ti-
bi?
"Qui fueris nostrum cor adeptus, cum po-
tuisses
"Mærori cor idem destituisse meum?
"How

10

X.

" How could you promise love to me,
 " And not that promise keep?
 " Why did you swear mine eyes were
 bright,
 " Yet leave those eyes to weep?

" Pignora cur nobis tegeretum promissus a-
 morum,
 " Cum tua promisso pondere vota ca-
 rent?
 " Sydera cur oculos dixisti, cum potuisses,
 " Heu! lachrymis oculos destituisse
 meos.

11

XI.

" How could you say my lip was sweet,
 " And make the scarlet pale?
 " And why did I, young wretch's maid,
 " Believe the flatter'ing tale!

" Quomodo labra mei fallax formosa vo-
 caris
 " Quando privasti pallida facta rosas?
 " Hei mihi! quod delusa fui, florente ju-
 venta!
 " Hei mihi! quod nimium credula
 stulta fui!

12

XII.

" That face, alas! no more is fair;
 " That lip no longer red;
 " Dark are mine eyes, now closed in death
 " And every charm is fled.

" Ora nec ulterius formosa nitore rosive;
 " Corallisque carent nostra libella suis.
 " Luce carent oculi, tenebris et nocte se-
 pultri;
 " Et decus è vultu fugit, et omnis honos.

13

XIII.

" The hungry worm my sister is,
 " The winding sheet I wear;
 " And cold and weary lasts our night,
 " Till that last morn appear.

" Vermicula est nobis soror, heu! habita-
 mus et una
 " Ipsa ego feralis tegmine vincta stoix.
 " Frigore et en tenebris noctem ludum-
 que trahemus
 " Eos dum rapierit signa suprema polo.

14

XIV.

" But hark the cock has warn'd me
 hence:
 " A long and last adieu;
 " Come see, false man, how low she lies,
 " That died for love of you."

" Adestin!—reditum canit ales lucis—
 adumbras
 " Avocor—in longum jam, Gulielme,
 vale!
 " Aspice, quoniam jaceat tumulo submersa
 profundo
 " Victima quæ periit tristis amore tui.

15

XV.

Now birds did sing, and morning smile,
 And shew her glistening head;
 Pale William shook in ev'ry limb,
 Then raving left his bed.

Mulsit alaunda polam: Tithoni lutea con-
 jux
 Subrisit, croceas explicuitque fores.
 Contremuit juvenis, pallensque cubile re-
 liquit,
 Pectus dum furis exagitatus erat.

16

XVI.

He bled him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay,
And stretched him on the green grass turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay.

Inde gemens petiit qua eheu ! tumultata
jacebat
Lugubrem miseræ virginis ossa locum :
Inque sepulchrali jacuit jam cespite mem-
bra,
Corpus ubi vernans gramine clausit hu-
mus.

17

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore ;
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And word spake never more.

Nomine Margar'tam tremula ter voce vo-
cabat
Tèrque trahens gemitus illachrymatus
erat :
Illius in gelido ponebat et ora sepulchro,
Ul'a nec ulterius verba locutus—o ! it !

D. HICCÆUS.

Glennel, August 12, 1809.

THE HARP.

In imitation of part of the CXXXVII. Psalm.

O, Erin, as on Liffey's side,
Thoughtful of thee we wept and sigh'd,
In seas of anguish tost ;
Our harp, neglected and unstrung,
Upon the waving willows hung,
And ev'ry note was lost.

Behold the conquerors of the land,
Beneath whose proud oppressive hand
We drag the galling chains ;
Approach, and to their captive's cry,
Why does the harp neglected lie,
With all its tender strains ?

How can such mournful slaves as we,
Held in a long captivity,
In mirth our voices raise ?
How can our hands unwilling sweep
Ierne's harp so long asleep,
Or wake our native lays ?

And yet, O darling Erin, yet,
If e'er our country we forget,
Or sing a land but thee ;
Mute be our harp, and every strain,
And may it never breathe again,
For all eternity !

PHILIERNES.

Glennel, August 1809.

MR. EDITOR,

The following poem is the production of Counsellor James Murphy, who afterwards took the name of French. He was brother to the celebrated Arthur Murphy; and a man of most superior wit and accomplishments. He was the particular intimate of Garrick, and known confidentially to be the author of *High Life below Stairs*, which goes under Garrick's name, and was author of most of the papers of the *Gray's Inn Journal*, published under his brother Arthur's direction. The lady he addresses was Miss Frances Duany, one of the most elegant and beautiful women of her time; the same lady to whom Dr. Usher dedicated his celebrated and elegant work of 'Clio, or, an Essay on Taste,' she afterwards married John Michael Daly, M. D. of Brothal Castle, King's County, whose virtues, elegancies, and learning, were very pre-eminent; and whom Mr. Gilborne, in his poem upon all the Doctors of Ireland describes most appropriately

"As Daily fit on majesty to wait."

There are others of that name who bear no other likeness to each other.

AN EPISTLE TO A LADY.

ON SEEING THE FARCE CALLED THE AUTHOR.

'Tis still, Belinda, the fine lady's fate,
A trifle is a cause for grand debate,
Thus Foot's low farce affords to you and me
A soft discourse on love and poetry.
I first premise Apollo is a wag,
Who never plays at commerce, whist, or brag;
He courts the Muses, and the muses find
More pastime from the follies of mankind.

What are these muses that so charm the wife?
Why ma'am they're nymphs of fashion in the skies:
They dwelt in England once; till drum or rout
Appeared and drove the pleasing virgins out;
Then letters vanish'd from the world below,
All but two favorite letters, E and O,
Then poets were exalted into garrets,
And gamester's roll'd about in gilded chariots,

Then it became the prudent female rule
Not to espouse a poet but a fool,
The nymphs grew venal, and the gaudy swains,
Secured their paramours in golden chains.

Once on a time there was an age for bards,
Unlike the present—'tis an age for cards.
When cards alone employ a happy nation,
Let chance make matches and not inclination
Go join the female tribe of modern times;
Partake of all their follies and their crimes;
To nuptial-rites with any dunces retire,
A foreign fribble, or a country squire,

Now fashion joins you, and now fashion parts,
The case was different with poetic hearts,
The tuneful hill, the sweet inspiring grove,
Parnassian lands excite no more to love.
While vulgar toils possess a stronger power,
They win the ladies for they yield a dower.
Thus

Thus I, for lucre, from the muse with-
draw,
And wed the portioned science of the law,
To all her sweetest joys I bid adieu,
And only court her when she sings to you.
Your sex to poets should be ever kind,
A sort of Beaux who decorate their mind,
Poete's farce can set you an example rare,
Which captivates, for once, a British fair;
Whilst comely merit stript of paltry pelf,
When naked, looks more lovely—like
yourself,
With silks and diamonds cover every part,
To win some vulgar avaricious heart;
For me your native, heavenly charms dis-
play,
And snatch my soul to Paradise away.

—xxxOxxx—

FREDERIC'S GRAVE.

1

Ye roses that sigh o'er the cold chilly clay,
The cold chilly sod of my dear,
Oh, droop low your heads, and your sorrows
display,
And drop from your bosoms the tear.

2

The tear that at eve on thy wild blushing
head,
Descends on thy bosom anew;
O, weep it again! and O, let it be shed!
The cold chilly sod to bedew.

3

Spread your arms around, and the green
grave enclose,
Defend it from demons of night,
And to gentle-wing'd Zephyr, your fra-
grance disclose,
O, never fear canker or blight!

J. S.

Camden-street.

—xxxOxxx—

GOOD BYE!!

1

"Good-bye! my dearest soul, good-bye!
"We must alas for ever part."
O, cease, sweet maid, to bid "good-bye!"
It pains, it pains my troubled heart.

2

Ah! I shall not thy words repeat,
That hang upon thy lips of dew;
Nor shall I now articulate,
Nor breath to thee, fond maid,—adieu!

3

"Part," my soul! O, never! never!
For thee I live, for thee I'd die;
'Tis death alone that shall us sever
And our last words shall be "good-bye!"
J. S.

Camden-street.

The following Epitaph for Henry Luttrell the hero of Limerick, was written by Mr. John Hallion, an eminent farmer, a native of Leixlip, and a contemporary of Luttrell's, in the year 1717.

If heaven be pleased when mortals cease to sin,
And hell be pleased when villains enter in,
If earth be pleased when it entombs a knave,
All must be pleased, now Luttrell's in his grave.

A DOGGREL

A DOGGREL RHAPSODY.

Don't daub the blockhead.

SWIFT.

'Tis a laughable joke that we all must
 acknowledge,
 That a *beautiful statue* just fronting the
 College,
 Should be getting fresh coats and a bright
 orange brushing,
 While his country is langing our armies
 at Flushing.
 'Tis odd that Lord Chatham and his brother
 jugglers
 Are unable to conquer a handful of smug-
 glers,
 But the fact is, some lads from the banks
 of the Shannon,
 Are seen sponging and ramming the ene-
 my's cannon.

CHORUS.

Then sheriff M'Kenzie be not such a
 flat,
 To be-dizen anew your poor broken
 necked croney,
 For mayhap, in some time he may
 get a cocked hat,
 And transmographied be unto *Emperor*
Boney.

His snout which is hooked in the true Ro-
 man stile,
 Should suffer some rasps not to leave the
 damned hunch on,
 A good lusty smith, with a good rusty file,
 Would ease his proboscis as well as his trun-
 cheon.

The horse Billy rides apes the far-famed
 grey,
 (And therefore has no need for the arti-
 zan's tool)
 On Boney bestowed by the great *Eli Day*,
 And the saddle no more will be used a
mule.

Chorus, &c.

* Read *his grace* instead of *disgrace*; a mere typographical error.

'Gainst Billy some Jacobite started this
 joke,
 When on his Bucephalus mounted he spied
 him,
 He thus said, with a grin, to the king gaz-
 ing folk,
 "The *horse quadruped* has an *ass biped*
 astride him;
 'Twas a doctrine maintained by the animal
 man,
 And from it experience artists not to wean
 'em
 That since copulation 'twixt mongrels be-
 gan,
 Horse and ass do engender a *mule between*
them.

Chorus, &c.

When the Irish horse at the Boyne first de-
 scended,
 On Bill and his vet'rans O how they did
 saucer,
 Each thinking his lease in this world was
 ended,
 Helter-skelter pell-mell bolted into the ri-
 ver,
 Topsy-turvy Bill fell in the liquid 'twould
 seem,
 And danced on his noddle a circular jig,
 For some people who dwelt on the verge
 of the stream,
 Caught and keep to this day his identical
 wig.

Chorus, &c.

Those iron uprights 'twere useless to place
 Round the statue, as if you intended its
 jailing,
 Your duty was done when you set up dis-
 grace*
 And the duty left us is to give it due rail-
 ings.

His

His steed broke his neck and he did it right
well

For the deed our best thanks to his manes
be given,

And as sure as his master is cozy in hell,
If a horse has a soul, *he* is stationed in hea-
ven

Chorus, &c.

Good Lord curb the Frenchmen's illiberal
spleen,

Who are keeping a ledger of debtor and
creditor,

And while loyalty lives may our staunch
magazine

Be secure, and our monarch's *palladium*
the editor.

Oh guard our fine statues from danger and
harm,

Our *countrymen* all, whom we ever should
honor,

Lest they fix upon Sackville street figure
an arm,

And change *Nelson's* fine name to the
broguish *O'Connor*.

ENIGMA.

Write a term by which you'll oppose the
word, foul,

And a word which we use for the foot of
an owl,

Or what of attornies all tremble to get in,
And harpies and hammers have then set a

betting,
That if you would make in the long coach
a journey,

Towards — — — town to find out an at-
torney.

Whom love of a Papist wont strike of the
roll,

I who carried a damned papist's head on a
pole,

A la-mode de Paris, like a lady Poissard,
Or a beggarly Drogheda orange black-

guard,
Whose bosom ne'er knew what is mercy or

shame,
This riddle decyphered will go near his

name.

ENIGMATICUS.

LETTER

LETTER FROM COUNSELLOR DUANE TO JOHN
MICHAEL DALY, M. D.

I beg pardon for being so backward in acknowledging the receipt of your presents and very obliging letters. I hope your lady and my worthy friend Mr. Duany are well. I beg of you to present my humble respects to her and him. I sincerely wish you and her every thing that can tend to your happiness.

I am particularly obliged to you for Mr. O'Connor's books, which I have read with the greatest pleasure. It is a pity that so judicious a writer should not be empowered to inspect and transcribe all the material public and private records, papers, &c.; the specimens he has favored the public with, shew him to be equal to so arduous and extensive an undertaking. I have some materials for such a work, and particularly a very minute account of the Irish affairs about the year 1641, and before the war broke out, it was wrote by one Mr. Bealing, who assisted at all the conferences at Kilkenny, &c. &c. gives the speeches of the several persons that appeared upon that theatre. I have been informed that he wrote the latter part of Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadea.

My manuscripts were presented to my uncle Mr. Sexton, by Mr. Arundel Bealing, who, I believe, must have been a nephew or cousin of this Mr. Bealing.

August, 1809.

All Sir James Ware's papers were lately presented to the British Museum, by Dr. Mills, Dean of Exeter. I have cursorily looked into some of them, but I have not had time to see whether they have been published or not. There are many other manuscripts relating to Ireland in the museum and in the library at Lambeth, and in private collections in this town.

I beg of you to mention to Mr. O'Connor, that one Mr. Symons did some years ago publish in Dublin an account of the Irish coins, and some engravings of many of them; there are several of Aulaff and Sirheric, the last is on them called king of Dublin. There are many others which in all probability were struck in Ireland, as they have been found there, and no where else; there is one of Ethelred, with *Rex Anglo*, on the reverse the word *Dyffle*, which signifies Dublin. It is plain that this coin was struck there; and yet neither Mr. O'Connor nor any other Irish antiquarian or historian takes any notice of the English Saxons having had any footing in Ireland; I think that these coins shew they had. I have some of them in my possession. I wish he would endeavour to clear up the matter. There are in Symons many other coins, struck in all probability in Ireland, of which no notice is taken

in the histories ; many of them are in my collection. Some of them are engraved. I could send Mr. O'Connor some of the plates. I beg of you to present my most humble respects to him. Medals are certainly the most certain, as generally they were struck at the times, or during the reigns of the kings mentioned on them.

Pardon, dear sir, my giving you the trouble of this long letter, and believe me to be, with the greatest esteem and friendship, dear sir,

Your most humble,
and obedient servant,
MAT. DUANE.

From some medals in my possession, struck in Britain, about the time of Claudius or Tiberius, it appears that they had a very good taste, especially as they are in a manner equal to those struck then at Rome. Of *Canabolin* in gold, silver, and brass, as he had been at Rome, he might have engaged Roman workmen to go with him from thence to Britain ; or, as the Roman armies had always a mint with them, he might have got some of the Roman artists to strike his medals and make the dyes, they are in the taste of the Augustan age.

Lincoln's Inn, Nov. 3, 1767.

ORANGE ATROCITIES.

On the 12th of July the town of Omagh was much disturbed, and the Catholic garrison of militia insulted by a gang of Orange ruffians, parading in every direction, under the pretext of celebrating the anniversary of a Dutchman's triumphs over this unfortunate country. The taunts and menaces of the privileged wretches became so exasperating, that the soldiers rushed from their barracks, and notwithstanding every effort of their officers to restrain them, fired several shots among the Orangists, many of whom were killed on the spot. The remainder of the cowardly banditti saved themselves by flight, leaving their colours, drums, and other of their decorations, and their arms, scattered under the feet of their

brave chastisers. Nothing can be more gratifying to Irish feelings than this very seasonable and severe lesson ; if it does not tend to diminish their animosity, it must teach them not to depart from their usual murdering prudence, by attacking any armed party of their countrymen. We were much surprised that this severe check on their loyal amusements did not operate to prevent a repetition of the like outrage.-- For again, on the 12th of August, they mustered in considerable force, and attacked some young men who volunteered from the Limerick militia as they passed through the town on their route to the regiment they were to serve in. In their hats they wore green boughs, which the Orangemen
were

were pleased to denominate insignia of disaffection, and proceeded to use the most provoking language, calling the young fellows papists and rebels, and actually attacked them; the Limerick men being unarmed, were obliged to retreat and seek refuge in the barrack. The poor fellows of the garrison, exasperated at the treatment their friends received, flew to arms, and in a few minutes so handled the Orangists, that twelve or fourteen of them paid for their loyalty and temerity with their lives. The remainder fled in the utmost confusion, and in some short time were invited from their hiding places by a strong party of their friends from Aughnacloy.—The artillery and yeomanry in the neighbouring towns were collected and the barrack invested, several pieces of cannon being planted in front of the gates, the offending militia were compelled to surrender, and were conveyed to prison, during their way to the gaol several of them were wounded by the orangemen, with their bayonets.

That these ruffians are authorised, or at least connived at, no reasonable person can have any doubt, as no proclamations, burnings, or hangings, are used, either to prevent them assembling, or to punish for their guilt, we are to suppose their conduct appears not very reprehensible to Lord Castlereagh, or his associates in power. It is a serious proof of the carelessness and apathy with which the murders and other acts of atrocity are felt by ministers here

and in England, and the alarm which the most trivial act of the hunted Catholic causes. For should any giddy excess on their part, or any tumultuous meeting take place, to what horrors would not the entire vicinity be exposed by the authority vested in the magistrates and army by Mr. Grattan's Insurrection act. Not only the wives and children of the brave men now in Spain and Holland are trembling under the Orangeman's bayonet, but the very men who are engaged to protect the country against invasion, are frequently treated as if they were on the territory of an enemy. So contemptible are the Orangemen, for their numbers as well as for their prowess, that were not the Catholic militia at hand to protect them from the indignation of the populace, whom their insolence often aggravates to the highest degree of despair, the whole fraternity would have long since been erased from the green face of the land which their atrocities had so often bathed in blood.

Among the six advertisements in the Dublin Journal of the 26th of August, one is the resolutions of the orangemen of Mountrath, approving of the spirit of their murdering colleagues of Bandon. It is no surprise to us, accustomed as we are to persecution, to see the monsters who murdered the Rev. Mr. Duane, in their loyal orgies, defending their atrocities, by vindicating their brethren. Feeling every alarm for the fate of our brethren, such as the abject nature of our condition must naturally

excite; seeing our enemies unchained, and their crimes, if not authorised, connived at, and heedlessly looking over our miseries, the authorities, whose duty it is to protect not even us, but at least the children, parents, and sisters of the brave men who are engaged in the army and navy of the empire, against a loyal contagion that threatens to spread to every part of the country after it effects the destruction of the Catholic industry and population of Ulster.

The following advertisement appeared in the paper called the *Correspondent* of Saturday 26th of August:

“SUBSCRIPTION

“For the wives and children of
 “the yeomen who have fallen,
 “and these who were wounded in
 “the late unfortunate affair that
 “occurred in Omagh the 12th of
 “August is open. Subscriptions
 “will be received by Sir John
 “Stewart, Major Crawford, and
 “John Spiller, Omagh; and at
 “the Office of the *Correspondent*,
 “which subscriptions are intend-
 “ed to be vested in a Committee,
 “to be hereafter appointed for
 “the distribution thereof.”

This official instrument intended to justify the ruffians by applying to their companions for relief, is as impertinent on the part of

men whose names are inserted in it, as it reflects disgrace on the ministers of government, who would allow public subscriptions to be solicited for an illegal and riotous accoutred mob, who dare attack a corps of his majesty's militia army in the open day, for the purpose of punishing them for their religious opinions. We rejoice that as no pains have been taken to punish the orangists for their disorders, that the brave fellows who were insulted did not leave their punishment to the uncertain temper of other times. Do these men, Sir John Stewart, Major Crawford and Spiller, by offering such a public offence to the Catholics of Ireland, presume to think that a numerous people will bear to be goaded and trampled on forever, because they are silent?—The Catholics of Ireland rest under the most profound assurance that orange influence, which has been driven from the continent must speedily meet a similar fate in Ireland, and they are aware if persecution and murder are to be the rewards the Catholics are to have for the quotas of men and money which they furnish for the common defence, they may be driven into such a state of despair, that they will be careless by what means or by whose hands the faggot is wrested from their brutal persecutors.

MATHEMATICS.

BY MR. TIMOTHY DILLON,

Principal of the Mercantile and Mathematical Academy and Teacher of the different branches of the Mathematics.

No. 30, Poolbeg-Street.

QUESTION I.

Two ships bound to a certain place in north latitude depart from two ports situate under the equinoctial; the ship A, by sailing directly north from the most easterly port, arrived at the destined place in $22\frac{1}{2}$ days; but the ship B, though she sailed at the same rate, and steered the shortest possible course, did not arrive at the intended place till the end of 36 days. From hence it is required to determine the latitude of the place arrived at, and the exact distance sailed by each ship, when the longitudes of the ports sailed from are 10° . 22. W. and 60° . 58. W. respectively.

QUESTION II.

Standing at the foot of a statue in a gentleman's domain, I observ-

ed two conical spires at the extremities of the east and west line which terminated the domain on the northern side; and in a line with the spires there grew a remarkable oak tree, which bore due north of the statue. I now found that the bearing and distance of the statue from the eastern spire exceeded its bearing and distance from the other by 21° . 16. and 40 perches respectively; and on measuring the distances between the tree and the eastern and western spires I found the former to be $1\frac{7}{9}$ times the latter; from these data it is required to determine the true content of that part of the domain included by right lines connecting the statue and the spires, as also their respective bearings, and distances asunder.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

AMERICA.

THE public mind in the United States of America, expresses the highest degree of indignation against Britain for the manner that nation has conducted itself, by denying the authority of Mr. Erskine its minister, in making the late adjustment, which promised so much to restore a good understanding between the countries, as it extended so much relief to a considerable and very numerous class of the people of these countries, in almost every branch of domestic manufacture, by the immense quantities of raw materials America poured in, during the interval of negociation, as well as the market which the British manufactures had to such an immense amount as to relieve many houses in every part of Britain from impending bankruptcy. All parties will now unite in the common cause, against the audacious policy that basely rejects the treaty effected by Mr. Erskine. The Federalists, who may be deemed the orangemen of America, proudly attributed all the success of the negociation to their wisdom and firmness, and to shew their contempt for the other party, the democrats, celebrated their success by the most open and noisy demonstrations of joy. By this time we are assured from our knowledge of parties in America,

and the commercial jealousy with which they are as highly gifted as the proudest Briton, that even the *Federalists* will join in the common spirit of indignation, and either compel the British Cabinet to rescind its decrees, or at once sacrificing every other consideration, again, try the cause between the two nations in the tented field, and again, compel the proud islanders to acknowledge, after frequent defeat, the right the the Western Republics have to an equal share of the seas with the quondam mistress of the ocean.

SPAIN.

The gallant Sir A. Wellesley has been called to the peerage for the victory obtained by his army at Talavera. By every account received from the peninsula, it is admitted that this great battle, is succeeded by a rapid and harassing retreat, that his army want provisions, that the people of Spain who reside on the line of his *march backwards*, abandon the plains, carrying away every species of provisions, lest any sustenance should remain that would serve the army. The French general who has so often retreated before the English general, has so well succeeded by his adversities, that he has drawn the British into the country, given them another victory, and while they are busy ornamenting themselves

themselves with laurels, and the British minister manufacturing titles, Soult again appears on the theatre, interrupts the amusements by getting between Sir Arthur the Conqueror, and Portugal, lays waste the country, and reduces his antagonists to such distresses, that they are compelled to leave their sick and wounded to the care and skill of French physicians, while the brave survivors want the necessaries of life. It would be more prudent and less laughable to send the army a reinforcement of bread, and wait patiently for such part of it as may return, to daub with ribbons or mount with coronets. Sir Arthur may be a man of vast military merit, but we are much astray for the ground where he performed any transcendent action, that could justify us in saying he possesses superior ability to his friend Soult. Sir Arthur has been one of the conquerors of the throne of Tippo, and one of the plunderers of that unfortunate monarch's treasury, with all these successes in the east, we cannot agree with the British parliament, and others of Sir Arthur's panegyrists, that there is any great military talent necessary to make a very ordinary european army cut an amazing figure over the timid and divided natives of India. Sir Arthur's plan and organization of the Dublin police, is a great proof of his skill in arraying a municipal body of horse, foot, and baristers, providing for each respective person very liberal rations, and disposing of them in such skilful positions, that they can judge and execute on the quickest

and cheapest terms. Sir Arthur, by some satyrist's ludicrously called the brave, uniformly while in the senate, vindicated the established and liberal religion of his native country, and with much strength of mind and energy of language, shewed the impolicy of making additional grants to Maynooth college, as such encouragement would ultimately tend, by continuing popery, to subvert not only the religion but the dominion, which the people of England have a legitimate right to see perpetuated in this country, his eloquence with the powerful assistance of Mr. Foster, so operated on a British senate, that the proposed grant was refused, and the gallant Sir Arthur, shortly after set out to give the Catholics of Spain, at the imminent hazard of his life, what he refused the Irish Catholics at home.

FRANCE.

Mandate of Bonaparte to the Bishops of the Empire to offer up prayers for the victory of Wagram, dated 13th June, 1809.

" Though our Lord Jesus
 " Christ sprang from the blood
 " of David, he sought no worldly
 " empire; on the contrary, he
 " required that in concerns of
 " this life men should obey Cæsar.
 " His great object was the deliverance and salvation of souls.—
 " We the inheritors of Cæsar's
 " power, are firmly resolved to
 " maintain the independence of
 " our throne, and the inviolability of our rights. We shall
 " persevere in the great work of
 " the restoration of the worship
 " of God: we shall communicate to its ministers that respectability

"pectability which we alone can
 "give them: we shall listen to
 "their voice in all that concerns
 "spiritual matters and affairs of
 "conscience. We shall not be
 "drawn aside from the great
 "end which we strive to attain,
 "and in which we have hitherto
 "succeeded in part—the restora-
 "tion of the altars of our divine

"worship; nor suffer ourselves
 "to be persuaded that these prin-
 "ciples, as Greeks, English Pro-
 "testants, and Calvinists affirm,
 "are inconsistent with the inde-
 "pendence of thrones and na-
 "tions. God has enlightened us
 "enough to remove such errors
 "from us. Our subjects enter-
 "tain no such fear."

OBITUARY.

DIED in Dublin, aged 46, Mr. Robert M'Cormick, he was a native of Belfast, and was for many years a respectable gun smith in that celebrated town, but in the year 1797, when general Lake destroyed the printing office of the Northern Star, Mr. M'Cormick's principles and profession, became as objectionable to the spies and tyrants of the day as the offending newspaper, though no positive act of criminality could be proved against him, he was ordered to depart, but, with a promise, if he silently submitted, to be allowed to carry on his business in Dublin, where he might be placed under a more severe and strict state of inspection. Ruined and harassed by the consequent loss of business, by the change he was obliged to make, he became insolvent and retired to America, where he met every encouragement from the government of that envied and happy region.—His spirits were so broken down that he neglected the generous and hospitable reception, flattering to any man who was not rendered indifferent by a series of misfor-

tunes, to the enjoyments of life. During his residence in America, overtures were made to him by the French Ambassador, to engage himself to conduct a manufactory of small arms for Tippo Sultan; this offer he would have embraced as it met the taste of his eccentric manner of thinking, but his health suffered so much, that he was advised by his physician not to undertake so long a voyage. Perhaps Mr. M'Cormick, had no rival among his contemporaries of any nation, for abilities in the trade of a gunsmith, no man that ever preceded him surpassed him for mechanical ability, nor did ever a mechanic display more talents, or a greater taste for philosophical enquiry, with all these valuable acquirements which would have made him an acquisition to any nation. He was of an easy and engaging temper that gave him the character of an edifying and innocent companion.

Died on the City Quay, Mrs. Anne Gilligan, aged 21, daughter of Captain Begg, regretted by her numerous and respectable friends.





Carolan
The Celebrated Irish Bard

THE
IRISH MAGAZINE,

OR
Monthly Asylum

FOR
NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR OCTOBER, 1809.

The Establishment of the Harp Society in Dublin, and their late celebration of the Memory of CAROLIN, have excited so much inquiry among the Irish public, for a correct account of that extraordinary man, that we think we could not have a more appropriated subject for this month's publication, which we republish from the first number, Nov. 1807. No such authentic or accurate memoir of CAROLIN ever appeared before, nor is there any source from which an equal one, for a just and faithful picture of the temper and genius of our Bard, could be had, with this original piece we give a Likeness, engraved by an Irish Artist.

LIFE OF CAROLIN.

CAROLIN, the great Irish Bard, was born in Nobber in Meath, on the lands of Carolin's-town, which were wrested from his ancestors by the English under Strongbow; his father was a poor farmer. Carolin must have been very early in life deprived of his sight, for he had no remembrance of colours. From this heavy misfortune he felt no uneasiness, "My Eyes," he used to merrily say, "are transplanted into my Ears." Carolin became enamoured of Miss Bridget Cruise (of Cruise-town in his native county) the song which bears her name he composed at this period, and is the most tender and most harmonious of all his works. Though Miss Cruise had a considerable attachment to our

OCTOBER, 1809.

Bard, yet some family influence prevented a union between the young lovers. Carolin's affection for Miss Cruise and his sense of feeling were strongly exhibited in a few years after; he was waiting to take his passage at a ferry in the county of Donegal, and holding out his hand to assist some ladies out of the boat on its return, he chanced to take a stranger's hand in his, when he exclaimed in the most generous rapture in Irish, "By the hand of my gossip this is Bridget Cruise," his exquisite discernment was correct, it was the hand of her he once adored. Some time after he married a Miss Maguire of the county Fermanagh, whom he loved most affectionately; some pecuniary inconveniencies drove him from domestic enjoyments to seek the hospitable society of the descendants of the Milesian race; whose little properties and narrow means left them by the English invader, were always devoted to administer relief and refuge to their persecuted countrymen who were unhappy enough to survive the loss of their patrimonies, or fortunate enough to escape the vigilance of religious intolerance.

Among others, he was a particularly noticed by Denis O'Connor of Belenagare, Esq. at whose residence Carolin spent a considerable part of his life; amongst other fugitive visitors who composed the numerous society at Belenagare, was Doctor O'Rork Bishop of Killala, who had the care of young Charles O'Connor's education, then about eighteen years of age. The good bishop gave his pupil the psalm of Misere as an exercise, to translate into Irish. Carolin was present when the translation was read, by the bishop, and who is described with all his faults to be very devout, burst into a flood of tears on hearing it read in a so-

lemn and affecting manner. On this occasion he seized on his harp in a fit of rapturous affection for the family of Belenagare; he swept along the strings, in a sudden fit, his Donagha Cahill Oig, singing extemporé the fall of the Milesian Race. The hospitality of old Denis O'Connor, and his greatness of soul, which in the midst of crosses and calamities harboured that very night in his house a croud of reduced gentlemen, had hired a number of harpers to strike up a solemn concert at midnight mass, (For it was Christmas Eve). A religious enthusiasm, a peculiar fondness for the old Irish families, an irreconcilable hatred to the English nation, an habitual attachment to intoxicating liquors, and a constitutional devotion, were the leading features of Carolin's character; his pieces of music he composed only when some mighty passion had elevated his soul: then with the unstudied abruptness of the Cumean Sybil, he swept his feelings along the harp with an impassioned originality, which had the effect of communicating to every one present, the enthusiasm of the performer's mind. It was in such extacies he composed his Stafford, his Grace Nugent, Mrs. Crafter, Bishop Hart, and almost all his compositions. His "Receipt for drinking" it is said by good critics, for sprightliness of sentiment, and harmony of numbers, stands unrivalled in the list of modern drinking songs. He began the words, and the air, in the evening at Boyle, and before the next morning, he sung and played this noble offspring of his imagination in Mr. Stafford's parlour at Elphin.

The fame of Carolin reached Italy, where he was called Carolinus; the celebrated Geminiani, while in Dublin, to try the abilities of Carolin as a composer and musician,

fitian, singled out an extraordinary and excellent piece of music, and highly in the Italian stile. This piece he mutilated and so altered, and in such a manner, that no person but a great master could dis over the original. Carolin bestowed the deepest attention upon the the performer while he played it, not knowing how ever that it was intended as a trial of his abilities; and that his reputation depended on his discernment. He declared it to be an admirable piece of music, but to the astonishment of every one present, said, very humourously in his own language, "Ta se air chois air baccaig, that is "Here and there it limps and stumbles." He was prayed to rectify the errors, which he accordingly did; in this state it was sent from Connaught to Dublin, and the Italian no sooner saw the amendments, than he pronounced Carolin to be a true musical genius. Mr. Charles O'Connor, in a letter to J. C Walker, thus describes Carolin, very few have I ever known, who had a more vigorous mind, but a mind undisciplined, through the defects, or rather the absence of cultivation. Absolutely the child of nature, he was governed by the indulgencies, and at times by the caprice of that mother; his imagination, ever on the wing, and eccentric in its poetic flight, yet as far as that faculty could be employed in the harmonic art, it was steady and collected. So happy, so elevated he was in some of his compositions, that he excited the wonder, and obtained the approbation of a great master who never saw him.—I mean Geminiani.—It need not be concealed that he indulged in the use of spirituous liquors; this habit he thought, or affected to think, added strength to the flights of his genius; he fondly imagined himself inspired, when he composed some pieces of church mu-

sic. Gay by nature, and cheerful from habit, he was a pleasing member of society, and his talents, and his morals, produced him friends wherever he went; he assisted with his voice, and with his harp at the elevation of the host, and composed some pieces of church music which are excellent. On Easter day I heard him play one of those pieces at mass; he called it a Gloria, and sung it in Irish verses as he played. At the Lord's prayer he stopped, and after the priest ended it, he sang again, and played a piece which he denominated the resurrection; his enthusiasm of devotion affected the whole congregation.

Carolin had an affectionate attachment to the name of O Connor, "I think," said he one day to Belenagare, "that when I am among the O Connors the harp has the old sound in it—No, said Mc. Cabe, who was present "but your soul has the old madness in it."

In the beginning of the last century the then Lord Mayo brought from Dublin a celebrated Italian performer, to spend some time at his seat. Carolin, conscious of his professional merit, and indignant at the preference unskilfully given to the foreigners by Lord Mayo, complained of the neglect he was treated with in presence of the Italian; his Lordship answered "When you play in as masterly a manner as he does, you shall not be overlooked. Carolin wagered with the musician, that though he was almost a stranger to Italian music, yet he would follow him in any piece he played; and that he himself would afterwards play a voluntary in which the Italian should not follow him; the proposal was acceded to; and Carolin was victorious.

In the year 1733, the wife of his bosom was torn from him by the hand

hand of death. This melancholy event threw a gloom over his spirits which was never dissipated. As soon as the transports of his grief had a little subsided, he composed a beautiful melody to her memory.

Carolyn did not long survive his

wife; while on a visit at the house of Mr. McDermott, of Aldesford in the county of Roscommon he died in the month of March, 1738, in the 60th year of his age. He was interred in the parish church of Killronan, in the diocese of Ardagh.

—000000—

General Lasalle.

The body of General Count Lasalle, killed in the battle of Wagram, has been conveyed to Paris for interment. The following biographical sketch of this distinguished Officer is extracted from the *Journal de l'Empire*, of the 7th August:

Death has snatched away an officer of rare merit, at the age of 34 years. Cherished and honoured by his family, his friends, and his soldiers, General Count Lasalle has left a great example to some, and a memory dear to all. He was born at Metz, on the 10th of May, 1775, of a noble family of that city. He embraced the profession of arms at a very tender age. So early as 1783 he served in a regiment of Alsace as an officer. Impatient to distinguish himself, he had sought an opportunity in vain, when the Revolution opened a vast career to those whose genius destined them to a command over others. But a new prejudice had succeeded to an old one.—The birth of the Count Lasalle, which had opened to him the road to military honours, deprived him of his rank. He forgets that he had commanded—he conceals his name and his services in the rear ranks of the 23d regiment of mounted chasseurs, and, like Tabert, his great uncle, he retains nothing but his native courage. He soon attracted notice. His regiment served in the army of the north, and he obtained the rank of a Corpo-

ral. Followed by some chasseurs of his company, he attacked and took a battery.—The report of this action reached the commander in chief. He saw young Lasalle, and made him an officer.

In Italy, at the head of 18 horsemen he met 100 hussars of the enemy, and did not hesitate a moment to charge them. The hundred Austrian hussars, electrified by a French cavalier, yield to the impetuosity of 18 men. Carried away by his ardour, he went astray in pursuit of the enemy, and found himself alone in the middle of four hussars, who rushed upon him. He fights these four adversaries, wounds all the four, and rejoins his little band, who had despaired of him as lost.

The battle of Rivoli added to the glory which he had already acquired. The enemy occupied a height which commanded the plain—they must be driven from it; and it is Lasalle who was chosen by him, who knew so well how to select among men the persons most fit to execute an enterprise as perilous as honourable. The enemy is driven from one position to another, and the modest victor returns, charged with colours and laurels, which he lays at the feet of his general. The Emperor says to him “Rest yourself under these colours, Lasalle you have done well.”

His services in Egypt procured for him the rank of Colonel. He return.

from Egypt to gather fresh laurels in Italy. He was made General of brigade in the campaign of 1805, against Austria.

Stettin opens its gates ; a garrison of 6,600 men, and 100 pieces of cannon, fell into the hands of the victor.

At the battle of Heilsberg, Lasalle was every where at the head of his light cavalry. By one of those inexplicable chances which frequently happen in war, the Grand Duke of Berg, now King of Naples, was enveloped by twelve of the enemy's dragoons. Lafalle had not time to reflect, nor to give orders. His heart carries him off. He rushes alone upon the enemy, with the rapidity of lightning, slays the officer who commands the detachment, and puts them to flight. In a few hours after, Lafalle is enveloped in his turn while abandoning himself to his impetuosity. The Grand Duke of Berg perceives the danger of his deliverer. He flies to his succour, rescues him, and embracing him, says "General we are quit."

The war in Spain opened to General Lafalle a new career of glory. With a corps of 6,000 infantry, and only 800 cavalry, he fought at Torquemado a Spanish army of 27,000 men, and took all its cannon. Pursuing his success, he gained a second victory before Placencia ; and that city, although defended by a river, and a numerous garrison, was obliged as well a Valladolid, to surrender at discretion. Charged with the administration of the Spanish provinces which had submitted, he made the government beloved among them. He was no longer that formidable man whom they had only known by his exploits. Persuasion flowed from his lips ; goodness was painted in his countenance ; and honour was the rule of his conduct, and gained him the hearts of all.

Cuesta, twice conquered, and Blake who was ambitious of the honour of fighting the French, had assembled an army of 40,000 men. The Duke of Istria had not more than 12,000 to oppose to them. A terrible battle took place at Medina-del-Rio-Secco. The fate of this day was for a long time uncertain. Gen. Lafalle decided the victory by a charge at the head of the 10th and 22d regiments chassieurs. In a few days after this memorable action, he was appointed grand officer of the Legion of Honour.

When the French army made a retrograde movement upon Vittoria, Lafalle was charged with the command of the rear-guard. He checked the enemy by the skill of his manœuvres, and merits the praise of his Commander-in-Chief, and every intelligent officer.

The Emperor appeared in Spain. Every thing yields in a moment to his inconceivable ascendant. While his Majesty was fighting in person with the almost innumerable army of Castile, Lafalle, with his two regiments of chassieurs, attacked, and forced Burgos, where a division of the enemy was entrenched. Twelve pieces of cannon, and 17 standards, were the fruits of this new victory.

At Villariego, he orders his faithful chassieurs to follow him, and, with them, takes 17 pieces of cannon and four standards.

At Medeline, he rushed among the ranks of the enemy, at the head of the 4th regiment of cuirassiers—kills every thing that opposes him—and it is to him that France is indebted for the success of that day.

Called to the army of Germany, General Lafalle has terminated his illustrious, but short career, his feats of arms, meriting the praise and regret of his Majesty.

PRODUCTIONS:

Production and Commerce of Germany.

FROM the advantageous situation and the great extent of Germany, from the various appearance of the soil, the number of its mountains, forests, and large rivers, we most naturally expect, and actually find an extraordinary variety and vast plenty of useful products. The northern, and chiefly the north-east parts, furnish many sorts of peltry, as skins of foxes, bears, wolves, squirrels, lynxes, wild cats, boars; &c. the southern parts produce excellent vines and fruit; the middle provinces great plenty of corn, cattle, and minerals. Mines have been explored in Germany from the earliest times, and the riches derived from them were in a great measure the cause and support of the former celebrated trade of the Venetians. The Hartz-mountains, in Lower Saxony contain, gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, zinc, cobalt, vitriol, sulphur, and other minerals; gold, however, is found only in the Lower Hartz, to the amount of some hundred ducats; silver is coined annually in the Upper Hartz, to the amount of 6000,000, or according to other statements, 655,000 dollars: and the value of all the minerals of the Hartz amounts to near double that sum. The mountains of Upper Saxony are still richer; they have yielded not less than 34,000 lbs. of silver annually; and the famous Saxon cobalt, chiefly used in making the blue colour called *smalte*, is reckoned to be nearly equal in value to the above quantity of silver. The quantity of iron and lead Germany supplies, is extraordinary the iron works and founderies of Smalkalden, Ilserlohe, Herzberg, Solingen, &c. are very

little inferior to the iron-works in England, Hesse Cassel as well as Hesse Darmstadt, the principalities of Nassau, and some neighbouring provinces abound in copper, iron, and lead. The Palatinate is remarkable for its minerals, chiefly for its quick-silver, of which Deux-ponts alone produces 50 000 lb. a year. The minerals of the provinces belonging to the house of Austria, the value of which is remarkably great, and those of the Prussian provinces, are not here spoken of. Salt is found in Germany in such abundance and so great purity, as in few other countries. The salt works of Salzbουργ, in the circle of Bavaria, are immense, the Durnberg yields annually 750,000 bl. I shall not dwell upon those of Swabia, of Allendorf, Naupheim, Hall in Upper Saxony, Creuzanach, Schoenebeck, which are perhaps the greatest salt works that either now are or ever were; but I must not omit to take notice; that the best or purest salt we know of is that of Lunenburg, in the Hanoverian dominions. The articles of less use, as for instance, topazes, garnets, emeralds, crystals, do not deserve any particular mention; but the fine clay of Upper and Lower Saxony, of Hesse, and the Palatinate, forms a very considerable object of commerce, as it is used in making the porcelaine of Dresden, Berlin, Furstenberg, Frankenthal, &c. superior to all other sorts of porcelaine, except that of Japan and China. Pitcoal is found in Silesia, in the circles of Burgundy, and of Westphalia, and in Hesse. The small bishopric of Liege exports annually to the value of near 100,000 ducats.

ducats. In other parts, plenty of fuel is supplied by the forests. The mineral waters of Germany are in high repute, and prove considerable articles of trade. The electorate of Treves gains 80,000 florins annually by that of Seltze: the prince of Waldeck 40,000 dollars by that of Pyrmont. The spa waters produce a revenue of 6,000 dollars; and those of Aix la Chapelle, Wisbaden, the Sohlungenbath, Embs, Rehberg, &c. sumis proportioned to their reputation and their salutary effects. There are in Germany exceeding fine materials for building; the mountains near the Rhine furnish the best basalt, and other strong and useful sorts of lava, the greatest part of which is sold to the Dutch; the mountains of Saxony and Franconia contain excellent granite, porphyry, and marble quarries.

Notwithstanding the northerly situation of Germany, vines prosper in the greatest part of it, viz. in both the circles of the Rhine, Swabia, Franconia, Upper Saxony, Westphalia, Bohemia, and Austria. Among the German wines, those of the Rhine and Swabia claim the first rank; the best sorts are, that of Hochheim, commonly called old hock; those of Johannisburg, Rudesheim, and Bacharach, &c. Excellent fruits are found in great abundance in the southern provinces; thus, for instance, Lankheim, a small village in the circle of the Rhine, sells sometimes, in one year, dried plumbs to the amount of 50,000 florins. The apples of Leipzig, are a considerable article of exportation. Tobacco is cultivated in large quantities; the Palatinate, for instance, exports to the amount of 800,000 florins annually; Baireuth 5,000 wt. of the same article. The richest corn countries are both Saxonies, Hesse, Mecklenburgh, Bavaria,

and Pomerania; flax and hemp are produced chiefly in Lower Saxony, Westphalia, and Silesia. The great value of this branch of trade is too well known to need any particular mention. The greatest trading towns of Germany are, at present, in general the imperial cities, Hamburg, Lubeck, Bremen, Frankfurt on the Main; none of them a seaport town, yet they are situated on large rivers and the three first not far from the sea. Formerly these three cities commanded, in a great measure the trade of all Europe, while they were at the head of the famous Hanseatic league; and though their present power and opulence is no longer equal to their influence in former ages, they still may be considered as the greatest factories or emporiums of Germany. A considerable inland trade is carried on at the fairs of Leipzig, Brunswick, Frankfurt on the Oder, and Frankfurt on the Main. As to the national industry I shall observe, that there are scarcely any articles of trade, convenience and luxury not manufactured in Germany. If the Germans are inferior to the English in the manufactures of cloth, hardware, and in the articles of luxury, the causes must perhaps entirely be looked for in the political situation of this country: the great number of princes, the variety of the forms of government, the different interests and mutual jealousy of the petty states, are great checks on the commerce and prosperity of the whole. The great number of courts require large sums of money, which might be appropriated to useful purposes, and the encouragement of industry; they kept up a predilection for a court and military life among the nobility and gentry, and a contempt for the employments of a tradesman and manufacturer. The jealousy of surrounding neighbours

can greatly confine the market of a small country, whose industry is greater than theirs, and the difficulty of obtaining their commerce in mea-

asures of general utility is frequently the cause why there are so few canals and good roads, to facilitate travelling and inland trade.

—000000—

Mirabeau :—a Fragment.

Gabriel Honoré Riquetti de Mirabeau, was the eldest son of Victor Riquetti, marquis of Mirabeau, by Marie Genevive de Valsan, widow of the Marquis de Sauvebœuf. He was one of the ablest, most witty, most eloquent, and most dishonest men of his age.

While in Prussia, by corrupting the clerks and other subalterns in office, he obtained intelligence which the French ministry did not make proper use of. He at the same time intrigued to prevent the invasion of Holland by the Prussian troops, who protected the Stadholderian government with their bayonets, when it was shaken by an internal commotion, which was put an end to by a species of military comedy.

Among other papers, he had procured a statistical account of Germany, in the vernacular language of that country; the only difficulty was how to translate it, but it was his favourite maxim, "*Qu'on faisoit ce qu'on vouloit,*" That a man might do whatever he pleased. On this occasion, he gave a proof of the excellence of his own rule, and by means of a French secretary, who was unacquainted with German, and a German valet de chambre who did not understand French, added to the assistance derived from his dictionary, he found means to obtain the particulars of this state paper, a copy of which he sent to Louis XVI. This precious manuscript is said to be at this moment in the possession of his friend Talleyrand Perigord, formerly bishop of Autun, and at

present minister of foreign relations, and a prince of the empire.

Mirabeau presented William, on his elevation to the throne, with a letter containing lessons of the most sublime politics and sound morality. But having become the focus of intrigues, he received an order to depart in the course of twenty-four hours.

Mirabeau, on his return from Prussia, attacked the reputation of Necker, who had established a high character by means of an eulogy on Colbert, since said to have been composed by Thomas. He opposed figures to declamation, and exhibited the ignorance, not only in politics but in arithmetic of this man, who mistook character for talent, whom the financiers have called a wit, and the wits a financier. Mirabeau's Refutation, may be seen in his Letters to Lecretelle and Cerutti.

In the dedication of his work "*De la Monarchie Prussienne,*" published in 1783, and inscribed to his father, he thus speaks of it, and of himself: "I have endeavoured to treat on those subjects only on which it is necessary that the public opinion should be fixed. In their discussion, I have neither exhibited weakness nor prejudice. I have forgotten that accident made me noble, that circumstances have made me poor, that a long series of misfortunes seems to have made me dependant. I have shaken off these chains. I have imposed the law on myself to depend solely on reason and on justice, and I have had the good fortune to experience

perience that this disposition alone suffices to give some consequence and some glory."

L'Histoire secrète de la Cour de Berlin, by detecting the intrigues and corruptions of the great, made his own court shudder with rage; authority as usual, was opposed to genius; the parliament condemned both the work and the author, but he remained unpunished.

On the convocation of the nobles, Mirabeau said "Je m'honorerois d'être le secrétaire de cette grande Assemblée."

In his "Observations sur la maison de force, appelée Bicêtre," he drew up a luminous theory of penal legislation; in his "Conseils à un jeune Prince," he is remarked for his precision, the profoundness of his ideas, and the tone of dignity with which he conveys his precepts.

When he repaired to Provence, he found he had no chance to be returned a deputy for the nobles; his property was small, and his interest, which was entirely personal, was overborne by the great land-owners. He was, however, more fortunate among the plebeians than the noblesse and was accordingly elected for the two communes of Aix and Marseilles. In the latter city there was a great commotion at that time, in consequence of a factitious scarcity of corn: this is said, with more asperity than justice, to have been a snare laid by the court both for the inhabitants and Mirabeau. The latter perceiving, or thinking he perceived this, pleaded before the administrators the cause of the people, and before the people that of the laws. The scarcity ceased, and he was carried about in triumph.

He sat in the National Assembly in the 39th year of his age, and soon developed the immensity of his talents and his labours, together

with an extraordinary knowledge both of men and things. Those who wish to become acquainted with his eloquence, must consult his Oration, since published in 5 vols. 8vo.

The principal epochs during which he distinguished himself as a legislator were, on the insurrection, and disarming of the troops—the organization of the national guard—the union of the three orders—the resistance to arbitrary power, so admirably expressed in his reply to the threat of an officer of the crown—the annihilation of distinctions, privileges and feudal rights—the guarantee of the public debt—the sale of the property of the clergy—the reform of the system of finances—the liberty of the press, and the theatre.

Mirabeau was not only forcible in his expressions, but his head, his conceptions, his eloquence, his delivery, his gesture, his voice, his physiognomy, all bore the character of genius. The nation in his time did not, indeed, declare itself a republic, but much was achieved by his dragging into open day that ancient mass of prejudices which had endured for fourteen centuries, and which at length buried in their ruins those Samsons who supported them.

Mirabeau, after shining with meridian splendour, became at last stationary and even retrograde in his political career; for clouds, raised by himself, gathered about, and obscured his disk. The court accused him of being the author of the insurrection of the 5th of October; the popular party, on the other hand, accused him of intriguing with the court; and, strange to tell, both of these contradictory accusations appear to have been founded: this seeming enigma may however be solved by recurring to his character and principles. He wished for a revolution,

tion, but it was in order to procure his own advancement and from circumstances rather than principles, proposed that it ought to be monarchical. However, even in the tribune, he seemed to acknowledge, that if occurrences permitted, the people should aspire to what he was pleased to term the height of their destiny. Had every thing been ripe, and the nation prepared for a republic, he would doubtless have either become, or affected to be a republican. When Camille Desmoulins proposed that the national cockade should either be green, the symbol of hope, or blue, the colour adopted by the republicans, he exclaimed, "The people in general do not possess as yet spirit enough to wear the blue !" Alluding to what might possibly happen, he was accustomed to say, "Should such an event occur, much embarrassment will ensue ; I alone have the plan of a republic in my head, and I know how to make every thing succumb to it !" On another occasion, he darted a fierce look at Lameth, and said, "Tomorrow I intend to proclaim the republic ; I shall become the first consul, and will cause you to be hanged !"

At this period there were two factions in France ; one defended absolute monarchy ; another was zealous for a constitution, in which the division of powers should be recognized. The former had but one object, the aggrandizement of the first magistrate ; the latter varied as to the means, for some of them wished for a change of the dynasty, and Spain and England were both said to have had their partisans. Mirabeau, by turns, leaned to all these different parties, and was at one and the same time accused of being an Orleanist, and a hired zealot for the court. It has even been stated and believed,

that he received money from M. d'Egalité, and Louis XVI. His friends, however, assert, that all these waverings proceeded from an ambitious mind, anxious to gratify itself ; his sudden wealth, however, gives but too fair an opportunity of charging him with the grossest corruption. In one of his secret conferences with the king, he concluded by giving his majesty some excellent advice : "Pursue honestly the path pointed out by the constitution, or prepare yourself for a fresh revolution."

The court imagined that Mirabeau was entirely gained over ; he however appeared once more in the society of the Jacobins, and, after undergoing a severe scrutiny, protested that he was devoted to the public cause, and declared, "that he would die a Jacobin."

He at length lost himself not only with the popular but monarchical party, by belonging entirely to neither ; both, therefore, meditated his ruin, and accused each other with his death. It is still the opinion of some that he died of poison, and it has been of late asserted with confidence, that aqua tophano was the fatal drug employed on this occasion. Of this, like other occult crimes, there is of course, more of suspicion than proof.

Even on his death bed he appeared sublime, and the sayings of the last hours of his life are still interesting. "The monarchy ought to mourn for me," said he, "for on my death, the factions will tear it in pieces." On his stomach refusing to perform its usual office, he observed prophetically, "When the first functionary is bad, the whole system will soon be destroyed." On the night of his demise, he received a deputation from the National Assembly ; and having learned that the
debate

debate of succession was the order of the day for the morrow, he announced a memoir of his own on that subject, and added, "that it would be curious to hear a man against testaments, who had made his own testament the preceding evening.

He bequeathed all his works to the bishop of Autun. He was surrounded and attended in his last moments by his friends Champfort, Trochet, Lamark, Cabanis, and Talleyrand. On this occasion he remarked, with an affectation of heroism, "It is pleasing to me to have lived for the people; it is glorious to die in the midst of them!"

Even his last moments were occupied with writing; he seemed to wish for opium, to put an end to his tortures; but recovering a little, he expressed himself as if about to sleep. "*Dormir*" was the last word traced by his pen. While telling those about him that his strength was greater than his hopes, he was seized with a convulsive pang, which forced from him a cry of anguish, and expired! This happened on the 2d of April, 1794. On his death being announced to the National Assembly, a long silence ensued. The lamentations of grief at length gave way to the language of the passions. "We have lost him," cried Malouet, "at the

very moment when he had returned to a love of order and of good principles. Liancourt reminded the deputies of his famous saying, "I shall combat by turoes, the factions of all parties." Marat exclaimed, "He was a patriot of a day, but he is no more! Pastoret is the name of the department, demanded the honours of the Pantheon. The theatres were shut, as in times of general calamity. The street in which he died received the appellation of *rue de Mirabeau*, and a magnificent funeral ceremony took place, at the expence of the state. Cerutti pronounced the oration in the church of St. Eustacius. Many of the stern republicans condemned this profusion of funeral pomp, and asked what more could be done for virtue? Petion refused to assist at the interment of a man gained by the court.

By the care of his friend, General Carteaux, the celebrated Houdon was enabled after his death to model that bust in which Mirabeau still breathes. It was his rival Barnave who started the idea of engraving upon his pedestal his celebrated answer to M. de Brezé:—"Allez dire à ceux qui vous ont envoyé que nous sommes ici par la volonté du peuple, & que nous n'en sortirons que par la puissance des bayonnettes."

—000000000—

Attack on the Irish Magazine.

ON Monday, 11th September, a party of the Police entered the office of the Magazine, and under the authority of a warrant, issued by this respectable institution, carried away every article of books, paper, and furniture from the premises. The legal cause that produced this transaction, was a discovery made by the

Commissioners of Stamps, that a sum of eighteen shillings was unpaid on the part of the Magazine to the Stamp office. This serious fraud on his Majesty's revenue communicated such a just degree of indignation to every gentleman in office, in every department of the state, from the Stamp office to the Police-office, that

the

the colonels, majors, and constables not in the army, impelled with the most loyal attention to the welfare of the state, issued and executed their respective powers to punish the offending publication, by levying a fine of sixty pounds, to be paid into his Majesty's treasury. The resident military and municipal chieftains and their haggard army bore off the spoils with as great an air of triumph, and with such regard to the science of war in the manner they conducted their operations as could not be surpassed by the sickly conquerors of Flushing, or the Noble Hero of Talavera. No sooner was the capture effected than an extraordinary courier was dispatched to announce to the Major the intelligence, with a correct duplicate of the list of books, chairs and tables annexed. The triumphs of the wretches in power, who have felt the weight of our animadversions, by exposing their atrocities, are natural to every species of delinquents, when they see an active and vigilant enemy apparently disarmed; but, even the men from whom if we did not get support, we would expect, at least, commiseration, are actually rejoicing, and in the most vulgar exultation congratulating each other on a misfortune which they hope will extinguish the Magazine. These are a set of rich Catholics, who instead of being the guardians of the only print that ever had spirit to vindicate Catholic Ireland since the unfortunate period of the revolution, are the most malignant and industrious of our enemies. Mostly mercantile upstarts, originally obscure, and still ignorant, under the affectation of loyalty they fawn upon their persecutors, and insult their friends; so much are they degraded from the character of men, that they prostrate their reputation and themselves at the feet of the men, whose

hands are not yet cleansed of the blood, which they have shed on every Catholic threshold in the country, and whose contempt for any professions of Catholic loyalty is such, that they smile at the wretched pander who avows it, and without entertaining any opinion either of his sincerity or spirit, convert his meanness into a measure of surveillance; the abject wretch sells himself and his honor to a master, by becoming if not a spy on his unfortunate brethren, an unceasing reviler of their characters.

Our early detection of a conspiracy to surrender the government of our persecuted church into the hands of a protestant king, and our successful struggle against the sacriligious measure, have brought on us all the deep and cowardly malignity of the ambitious and upstart men who formed the plan of exchanging the dignity of the hierarchy, for the gratification of pride and the lust of power. From the general and individual character of these men, of whom we have an intimate knowledge, either as landlords or masters, we are much gratified in their disappointment; proud and unfeeling they see without emotion the haggard and cheerless condition of their Catholic tenantry; no orange murderer, no English agent, no military inspector feels less for, or takes less pains to better the condition of the shivering wretches under their care. From the impression we are obliged to fall under, by the unnatural union between Catholic meanness and Orange power, we would be almost tempted to abandon a country where the persecuted and persecutor league against us, where the wretch encumbered with the gaudy weight of his chains, is seen supplicating the meanest agent of power, not to wrest the bayonet or the faggot from the loyalty that murdered Catholic soldiers

at Omagh, or Catholic priests at Mountrath, but to put down the *IRISH MAGAZINE* in Dublin. Persecuted by power and misrepresented by slaves, we regret that even a considerable part of the Catholic clergy have been seduced to add the influence they possess in the public opinion to forward the views of our other enemies; personally they have applied to the booksellers in every town in Ireland, and by threats and the meanest misrepresentations have so intimidated some weak men of the trade, that the *Magazine* through their malicious industry has

been driven out of the Catholic towns of Kilkenny and Carlow. How our endeavours to serve our suffering brethren could be interpreted by our pastors as irreligion and disloyalty, the usual epithets applied to us, must appear very preposterous to any person who reads the pages of our *Magazine*. Our great crime, which has brought the cowardly vengeance of such a body of men upon us, is the active part we took, against the treasonable attempt made to transfer the spiritual allegiance we owe the Sovereign Pontiff, to a Protestant monarch.

—000000—

Methodistical Fanaticism.

To the Editor of the Irish Magazine.

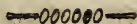
SIR,

THROUGH the medium of your spirited and vigilant publication I take the opportunity of inviting the public notice to a shameful application of public bounty, to the purposes of proselyting, by a set of foolish and ignorant fanatics, who are authorised to torment the patients of the Fever Hospital in Cork-street, by the unceasing exercise of the most noisy and stupid affectation of religion, uttered in the most corrupt language, to the prejudice of the unhappy objects of the charity, to whom repose is so essential to promote their recovery. Mr. Latouche may be of high repute amongst his ignorant psalm-singing shoemakers, or he may claim some eminence for his monied rank among those who are always ready to calculate a man's wisdom on the length of his rent roll, or the number and extent of his warehouses. His holiness and his riches may have, and must have their admirers while stupidity and

avarice, and meanness hold their rank in human affairs; but, with due respect to Mr. Latouche and his apostolical labours, I do presume, with submission to the medical talents of the swaddling visitors in the Healing Art, that there can be no stage or degree of sickness under which a man or woman in a fever, or labouring under its effects, can by a vociferous call to glory, or an invitation to singing, suffer any but a very injurious effect, particularly when this noise is assisted by the fervency which swaddling ignorance uses to invite a stranger to such novelties and divine effusions. There may be times when religion of such manufacture may be palatable, whenever a subject of a particular form of head can be procured to lecture to; but in no case or period, should the sick or diseased be tormented with polemical discussion. If the public who support this institution, a vast majority of whom are Catholics, were to understand that every patient must have a sermon preached to him as an assistant to his blister, and a condition

dition inseparable from his admittance, they would withhold their patronage, and leave Mr. Latouche and Esdra Sikes, glue-maker and preacher, to the care of empty chambers; or expose them to the hazards of martyrdom on the high roads and public ways, when calling on a carnal world to turn from the ways of men. Apostles of the Wesleyan school have such an objection to a pelting with stones, or an immersion in Buttermilk, that they prefer even the putrid contagion of an hospital to a healthy death under a genial sun or an autumnal breeze; and to secure themselves in the safest manner possible from vulgar obtrusion or anti christian interruption they are ever busy converting hospitals into soul-traps. If Mr. Latouche is so serious on the cure of souls, he ought to imitate the primitive apostles, and

as a proof of his call divide his goods among the poor, then taking his staff in one hand, and his Bible in the other, manfully seek adventures among convalescence, where the understanding is not enfeebled by disease, nor interrupted by topical applications. 'Tis a wretched stratagem, unbecoming even the greatest enemy of Satan, to undertake to fight the father of darkness, only among the steams of an hospital, or under the feid retreat of a sick man's blanket. Let him be attacked in the asylums of pleasure, where he imposes on our vanities. The playhouse or the brothel should be assailed with the thunders of the gospel, and the chambers of sickness should be rather furnished with nourishment than be made the schools of controversy.



Memoirs of Peter Paul Rubens.

ON the 28th of July 1577 was born that great ornament of the Netherland school of painters, P. P. Rubens at Cologne on the Rhine.

His father John Rubens was a member of the council of Barbant, and obliged in consequence of the internal animosities which at that time distracted the country, to leave Antwerp and retire with his wife to Cologne, when soon after their arrival the artist, whose life we are about to present to the reader, was born.

De Bie has asserted that Antwerp was the birth place of Rubens, but he is contradicted by the concurrent testimony of Du Pile and Florent le Conte, the latter of whom at least appears to possess by far the best information on the subject.

When the troubles of his country were appeased, John Rubens returned to Antwerp, where after a few years had elapsed he died, and his son soon after this event was placed at school by his mother and guardians to study the languages with a design to educate him for the profession of the law, as they entertained no trifling hope of seeing him one day fill with reputation the office his father had once so honourably sustained. Under the instructions of his masters he made a very considerable progress, but his inclination appearing strongly disposed to painting, he was provided with a good master and permitted to exercise several of his leisure hours in its art; but that which was at first designed for amusement only, was at length converted into a serious study,

study, and the incessant application of young Rubens to the pencil convincing his friends, that that alone pointed out to him the path to fame and riches, they placed him under Ottavio Van Veen, at that time painter to the duke of Parma and the archduke Albert. Some indeed contend that Tobias Verhaegh was the first master from whom he received instructions, and the rather as there is a picture of that master which has the following words under it : " Il este premier maistre du fameux P. P. Rebens."—Others say that Adam van Oort had the honour of being his first teacher.

But to leave these doubts to the decision of the curious, as it is not improbable but he might profit by the lessons of each of these masters in their turn, it is universally agreed that he preferred the manner and instructions of Van Veen to those of his cotemporaries, chiefly no doubt for the superiority of his powers in perspective ; nor was it long before his uncommon diligence and brilliant genius conducted him to an eminence in the art, which enabled him to rival at least, if not excel the reputation of his masters.

When he found himself properly qualified to travel, he could not long resist the temptations which a tour through France and Italy presented to his imagination. He resided several years in those countries and not only applied himself to painting, but with great exactness, when at Rome, took copies of the most famous productions in statuary which that celebrated city presented to his observation.

He also visited Venice, and remained for some time in the school of Titian, at that time the most esteemed painter in Italy. Whilst he was in that city he formed an acquaintance with a gentleman in the service of the Duke of Mantua, who invited him

to his master's court ; Rubens did not hesitate to accept the invitation, as there were then at Mantua many paintings of the most renowned masters. During his stay there, which was very considerable, he acquired the friendship and esteem of the Duke, and was furnished with ample opportunities of studying the work of Julio Romano, which he improved with his usual diligence and success.

From Mantua Rubens returned to Rome, where he continued to prosecute his studies, and during this second visit he painted an altar piece for the church of the holy cross, and another for the new church of St. Peter ; he finished also at this time several pieces for the Archduke Albert.

Here being informed of the dangerous illness of his mother, and prompted by sentiments of duty and affection which an absence of seven years had not diminished, he set off without delay for Antwerp, but his parent died before he could reach that city.

It is remarkable that notwithstanding his application during so long an absence, he brought home with him very few copies of the various works he had seen, and it seems when his friends expressed their surprize at his apparent negligence, he answered ; " The Originals are all treasured in the cabinet of my memory."

The reputation he had gained by his paintings in Italy, had reached Antwerp long before he came home ; so that upon his return he was not only incessantly employed, but found that his works would produce him the most unlimited prices.

But the rapid progress and eminent powers of Rubens, procured him at the same time the hatred and envy of many of his cotemporaries ; they could not endure the splendor of his genius, and they secretly repined that

that its efforts should be crowned with success.

Among these was Abraham Johnson, who enraged at the brilliancy of that merit which eclipsed his own, challenged Rubens to paint with him, and to submit their respective pieces to the judgment of the connoisseurs; Rubens refused the challenge in the following answer: "I have endeavoured in all the pieces I have painted to deserve the favourable opinion of the world; let me recommend the same conduct to you."

He possessed the admirable art of conversing with the world, and doubtless if the conduct of a man can shew his inclinations, had that maxim of Cleobulus in much esteem, "Do your friends good that they may remain your friends, and your enemies that they may be your enemies no longer." By the direction of his conduct and the sweetness of his manner he procured great esteem; nor were there wanting, even among the artists of that day, some who acknowledged his merit and were proud of friendship.

Some time after the death of his mother, he married Catharine Brinnes, with whom he lived four years, in great felicity; her death was an event which deeply afflicted him, and he found himself compelled again to travel to divert the melancholy which began to prey upon his mind; he determined therefore to visit all the towns and schools in Holland that were eminent for artists and their works.

Sandrart, who was at time a young artist, and was afterwards in habits of friendship with him, says, that when he came to Utrecht he went first to see the Paintings of G. Honthorst, and appeared particularly delighted with a piece which that artist had then in hand, the subject of which was Diogenes with his lan-

thorn seeking through Athens for an honest man. He was then conducted by Sandrart to the residence of Blocmaart Polenburg and others, towards whom he shewed many marks of his esteem, and purchased several of their works.

From Utrecht he went to Amsterdam, where, during a stay of a fortnight, he saw every thing which he thought worthy of his attention.

His fame soon extended, and Philip the Fourth of Spain employed him to paint several pictures, and to shew the confidence he placed in his integrity, sent to mediate some differences which had arisen between him and the British court. Du Pile says, that Rubens was indebted for this mark of distinction to the Infanta of Spain, who very highly favoured him, and particularly mentions that by her means he was sent in quality of ambassador to the English court. Charles the First, according to this author, not only received him with great kindness, but also in the presence of his whole parliament, presented him with a sword and knot set with diamonds, worth twelve thousand rix dollars; and when he returned to Spain to give an account of his embassy, he was honored with several magnificent presents by the king; but many persons have thought that his journey to England was merely to settle for the painting of the hall at Whitehall, for which he had not been paid.

It would be an unpardonable injustice to the fame of this great genius to omit mentioning the Gallery of Luxemburg, a work which will stand a lasting monument of his powers, many parts of which have been engraven on copper, by G. Edelinck, G. Duchange, C. Vermeulen, B. Picard, and other eminent artists, and dispersed all over Europe.

An instance of the spirit of Rubens

bens, which indeed had nearly slipped my memory, may not be unacceptable to the reader. While he was in Spain, John, Duke of Braganza, who was afterwards King of Portugal, wrote to a gentleman in Spain, and desired him to invite Rubens, in his name to his court at Villa Vizozza; the painter accepted the invitation, and at the time appointed proceeded on his journey accompanied by a numerous train of friends and servants. The prince when he learnt that Rubens was approaching to his palace thus magnificently attended, sent one of his gentlemen in great pretended haste, to acquaint him, that the Duke his master having been obliged to leave Villa Vizozza for some time could not then see him, but had sent him as a compensation for the trouble he had taken, a present of fifty pistoles. Rubens refused the money with indignation, and said to the gentleman—"Tell your master my intention was not to remain at his court more than a fortnight, and in that time I should have spent a thousand pistoles.

After he had staid some time in Spain, he returned to Atwerp, where the number of pieces which he finished must have excited equal wonder and admiration; nor was the world or the art more indebted to Rubens for the excellent works he produced, than for the number of great painters whom his instructions and his labours united to perfect. He took great pains of informing their hands and their judgments to the proper dispositions of drapery, distance, buildings, and the ornamental part of painting; nor was he less solicitous that they should acquire that freedom and lightness of touch, that boldness of design and strength of colouring which distinguished his works, and which by his care and their application some of his disci-

ples were afterwards enabled to transfuse into their own.

His generosity to Van Dyke, who was one of his disciples, was highly exemplified in the instance I am going to relate.

Van Dyke had been employed by the monks of a certain cloister, to paint an altar-piece for their chapel; upon this he bestowed much time and labor, but when he had finished it, the brotherhood declined paying him the stipulated price; this conduct was the more vexatious to him as he was not at that time in a condition to sustain the disappointment. Mortified as he was he retired from the town, determined to indulge his spleen and melancholy in solitude, and at the same time to consider of the best method to obviate the consequences of this misfortune. It happened that, while he was indulging very unpleasant reflections, Rubens rode by him in his carriage, and observing the melancholy mood of the unhappy painter, he accosted him, and requested the reason of his solitary walk and uneasiness. Van Dyke frankly explained his situation, when Rubens to assuage his sorrow, told him, that he would come in a few days to his house to see the piece, and in the mean time would consider how he could serve him in the affair. In consequence of his promise a very short time elapsed when he visited Van Dyke, saw the piece, and purchased it of him with ready money, for the sum at which he had bargained to paint it for the convent, and took it to his house. This transaction soon reached the ears of the monks, who were not a little uneasy that Rubens should discover their avaricious conduct, and they were afterwards glad to purchase it from him at the original price they had agreed to pay Van Dyke for it.

After such an instance of generosity

ity it would be thought impossible that Van Dyke should have lived with Rubens otherwise than upon terms of the most grateful friendship; but so it was, and it has never been in my power to discover the reason of it.

The esteem which Rubens acquired by his birth and his numerous accomplishments among the great was not confined to his own sex, it extended itself to the bosom of Helena Forman, a female of exquisite beauty, who afterwards became his second wife: by this marriage he gained not only a great addition to his fortune, but also many powerful friends, by whose patronage he was enabled to attain to the greatest eminence in his profession, and to live in a style of the highest splendor.

He built for his residence at Antwerp, a house which cost him sixty thousand guilders, in which was a hall designed after the manner of the rotunda of the Romans. This hall he hung with the most valuable pieces of Italy, France, and the Netherlands, and among them several of his own; this collection was so greatly in esteem with the lovers of the art, that the Duke of Buckingham gave orders to Michael le Blon, a man of very excellent judgment in paintings, to purchase pictures out of it for his palace, which he had just built in England, to the amount of sixty thousand guilders: thus equally fortunate was he, in at once amassing wealth and establishing his fame.

Some time after this fortunate occurrence, he received a visit from Mr. Breadle, a famous alchymist of

London: this man was very urgent in persuading Rubens to assist him in his search after the Philosopher's Stone, assuring him that if he would be at the trouble and expence of procuring the necessary apparatus, the success would be at once boundless and certain, and promising to take upon himself the consequent labor and attention for half the profit which the experiment should produce. Rubens heard the alchymist with great patience and then answered him, "Sir, I thank you for your offer, but you have made it just twenty years too late, for so long since have I found by my pencil the very treasure you have yet to seek."

This great artist yielded up his life at Antwerp, the 30th of May, 1640.

His funeral was celebrated with uncommon magnificence, the procession was preceded by a person carrying a black velvet cushion, upon which was laid a crown of gold, and the whole was attended by a very numerous train of noblemen, gentry, and professors of the art.

The service was performed in the church of St. John at Antwerp, where the tomb erected to his memory yet remains.

Some time before his death, he had formed the design of a battle piece, and which had he lived to finish, would doubtless have formed of itself a lasting monument of the powers of his pencil.

He left a daughter and a son, some writers say two sons, by his last wife; the eldest of the sons named Albert, was secretary of state for Flanders.

Irisb

Irish Histories.

OUR national character and the national religion have received a new assault, under the plausible and seemingly popular name of Irish Histories republished from ancient historians. All the names that compose the Society for Discountenancing Vice and Promoting Virtue, in other words, of the Anti popish Conspiracy, honor the Subscribers' List to this work. It is edited by a tried loyalist and an English stranger, who made theology and Irish history his particular study, when he could steal a leisure hour from superintending the flogging of a soldier or tutoring the drum boys of his corps—a regimental drum major. What these gentlemen are pleased to call Irish historians, is a set of English wretches whose interest it was to defame the character of the nation, upon whom their friends, their employers, and themselves committed every act that disgraces humanity, and who conceived that the only gloss that can be cast upon their infamy is the contemptibility of those they injured. The cruelties that were practised upon the Irish by the English robbers, or conquerors, or ruffians, or the most legal term you choose for the outrage, were considered at least palliated by the savage state in which they describe the nation; and Mr. Spencer who paints the Irish, from the peasant to the priest as more barbarous than any savages, than even a modern Ancient Briton soldier, or a Beresford fusilier, and who talks of the holy ashes of the blood stained ruffian, Lord Grey, wrote for his hire, and by confiscation was repaid for his

slander as effectually as that silly, malevolent creature of our day, Sir Richard Musgrave, is paid from the Custom house. The Papaphobia, or the rage to annihilate popery, has deprived all our fanatics of common reason, and has even turned the brain of some of our Protestant clergymen, who are in all other respects learned and sagacious. Look to the list of Subscribers to the Irish histories, which are nothing but an offensive report of old lies and slander of past ages, against a people who wish to forget all they lost and all they suffered. and be happy if they are permitted so to be—must not a learned protestant bishop know the falsity of these reports and the impolicy of irritation? The Catholic will not believe the calumny against his creed, and the Protestant will only believe that if a papist was a villain three hundred years back, he must be hated as one to day; and what is the good of this? But, as I said before, popery must *lie down*; from this feeling has a Protestant church, as part of the state, sanctioned, licenced, and protected a set of idle, illiterate, and often vicious vagabonds, to disperse themselves and rave the gospel over the land, with the abominable doctrine of predestination, and every wicked foolery that malice and idolatry can imagine; but it is all to make the ignorant papist a bribed Methodist, and all will not do. Though Mr. Spencer's history may describe all the priests of his time in characters that would fit the Rev. Mr. Knipe, and stores of our modern flogging and reverend protestant debauchees, it will have

little effect to publish it at the present day, for the Irish Catholic of the present day knows it to be calumny as well as the Bishop of Toledo would know it, if he came regent of Spain to England, for his religion; or as well as the Pope himself would know it if he was fool enough to refuse crowning the Corfican upstart, and was sent to Hell and Connaught for his folly, to read our Irish histories. Whenever, which indeed is very seldom, that an Irish Catholic has courage to speak of our degradation, oppression, party persecution, and humiliation, the Protestant meek apostolic divines like Dr. Eltrington or Magee cry out "This

is no time to stir up feelings." True it is not, but we have never seen a time when it was not judged justifiable to mortify Roman Catholic mental and corporal feelings, either by Orange assassination or defamation of the press. If the Irish histories go on upon the principles of making mischief, we would advise the patrons of the work to publish "Parsons's Dispute with Lord Coke," and if it is politic to make men dissatisfied, and disturb public quiet, Parsons will shew them that what they now consider a happy constitution of glorious construction, is not much better than their church, which is worthy of its origin.

—000000—

Anti-poperly Loan.

WE understand that there is a new Methodist loan about to issue, for the purpose of buying up the children of starving papists, and putting them out of damnation and popery. Debentures are to be issued, the holder of which upon paying ten guineas, will receive the kiss of grace from the Rev. Mr Crawford, cotton-weaver, and will be entitled to pay two guineas a year to the damnation fund, which will make the devil run ten miles from him, and give him full grace and certainty of heaven when he dies. — tripe woman in Patrick-street having had four living popish children at a birth, and an oyster woman another popish idolator, having had three, and Surgeon Short, the holy cloven-footed man, having reported many births of pa-

pist twins lately born, has given much alarm to the faithful as to the increase of popery; from this we cannot however understand that the child market looks up, but we hope that from the scarcity of cabbages and dearth of whiskey, that popish child flesh may get a fall. One Morgan bought up two very fine young the papists, lately from their old grandmother in Mary's Lane, for Lady Belvedere's school, for three guineas, which is about a farthing a pound. Mrs. Latouche has offered two pence a pound for a fine boy, weighing a quarter of a hundred, which the mother refused, and afterwards sold him to a popish sweep-chimney, who promised to let him go to mass, for three guineas and a blanket.

—000000—

New Noses.

THE long neglected doctrine of Taliocotius, who proposed replacing the human nose, when removed by

the fate of war in the field of Mars or Venus, is again brought into plea. A young surgeon of this city has lately

lately attracted notice by an improvement in the make of pantaloons; and his chemical philosophy, his talents sharpened by the famous Scoticae or northern appetite, discovered that Packwood's paste being emery and kitchen stuff, when chemically baptized, carbonate of iron, would as effectually cure a cancer as a gapped razor, he has not stopped here, but he now directs his attention to all nuseal infirmity, and has opened his Tatiocotian dispensary, or nose fac-

tory at the rere of Gardiner's-place. He shews his own proboscis as a sample of his success, and his chin as the effect of the cancer nostrum. He has actually cured nosy Tisdal of a broken bridge, and has thrown a charming rialto or one arch over it, so as to make him pass for a natural son of King William. His treatise will appear shortly, as soon as he can agree with the Reviewers about the price of approbation, which he has already written.

—000000—

Sabbath Breaking.

INFORMATION has been lodged before the swaddling board of grace, by Paul Cummins, late dealer in forged bank notes, now a saved sinner and serjeant of p—e, that God Almighty, commonly called the Lord, has been latterly much insulted on every sabbath-day, by the barbers of this city. He has proved fifty thousand mortal sins of sabbath breaking to be committed every Sunday by the laddering and shaving of sinners throughout Dublin. This afflicting news was received with pi-

ous lamentation, and we understand that the most vigorous means will be adopted to vindicate the honour of the Lord. The Rev. Mrs. Latouche has employed the holy Mr. Verdon of Golden-lane, attorney, and Mr. B——, to prepare a petition to Parliament to render shaving on Sunday death without benefit of clergy, in the shaver, and to make it a clergyable offence, but with a heavy fine and imprisonment and large and respectable bail, upon the part of the shaver.

—000000—

Archdeacon Whiskey.

WE are frequently accused of using too much personalities in our publication, we hope the gentlemen who affect such a high regard for decorous manners, will not insist that exposing to the public eye public delinquents, such as the privileged ruffians who walled and plundered the country in 1798, comes within the description of personalities; or can retaliation on the cowardly un-

manly, unnatural Catholic, who uses his industry on every occasion to mistate our motives, and revile our publication, be any unfair thing on our part? From the conduct of another very malicious enemy of ours, we are obliged again to resort to the same mode of chastisement. This tall, frightful animal, is well known in the Dublin Library, and other of our public places, for his deistical blasphemies

blasphemies, for the unceasing pains he takes to shew the absurdity of the Christian faith and the fallacy of the Holy Scriptures, displaying his superior discernment, by exposing what he terms the mission of Christ to be, "The fever of a foolish carpenter and his idle followers." Besides an open profession of impiety, this monied wretch amuses himself by abusing his country, its customs, its poverty, and its state of civilization. The man that can rejoice in the wretchedness of his country, and boast of the country, that causes such evil, must certainly have long since dismissed all respect for religion. To finish the climax of human depravity, this disgusting substitute for a human being has been carefully educated in the Catholic religion by his industrious father, a man who realized a considerable property, by uniting the two trades of Carman's saddler and whiskey-seller, in Church-street. From the meanest condition

in life, this fellow is taken, and by the accidental acquirement of money from the very dregs of Irish society, is enabled to lounge through the community a walking excrescence, inoculating the weak and the ignorant with his dirt and poisons. His dislike to the Irish Magazine is so inveterate, that he was heard lately declaring, he never purchased it but once in his life, and only for the purpose of enjoying the pleasure of cutting it in small pieces with his pen-knife. From this specimen of his criticism, the manly form of his character may be known. He may boast that he has cut us to pieces, if not *literally*, it certainly was *cutlery*. Like him was the impatient loyalist author in 1798, who threw down his pen and took up the faggot, the people whom he could not write down, he burnt down.

(To be continued.)

—000000—

Orange Atrocities.

THE system of Orange persecution against our priests and people still continues to be exercised on every opportunity. The anniversary of the Dutchman's birth, and of his victories are uniformly accompanied with a burning chapel, a hunted priest, or the murder of a few peasants. So much are such loyal baguettes overlooked, that none but the sufferers or their alarmed brethren, seem to consider them other than the natural and regular consequences of each returning season. The amusements in this way have become so familiar to our ears, that, it is to be expected our newspapers would record them, in the same manner the

sports at the Carragh or Newmarket are described, thus, "Yesterday being the anniversary of the glorious victory at the Boyne, which delivered this country from French slavery, wooden shoes and popery, the loyal B—— corps of yeomanry celebrated the day as usual, and after dinner several of the gentlemen amused themselves with priest hunting; the sport gave a considerable variety to the pleasures of the day. Three were shot in less than two hours, after which the sportsmen rejoined the company; and the evening terminated with the accustomed demonstrations of joy." Such a picture might be considered a malicious aggravation

gravation of our state, but the system is advanced to such murdering maturity, that on the first day of July last, a party of the armed gentlemen of Bailieboro attacked the parish chapel, entered it, and after polluting the altar, broke and disfigured the sacred ornaments, among others the representation of our Redeemer. From the chapel they proceeded to the house of the parish priest, Mr. O'Reilly, but the Rev. gentleman observing them approach, secured the doors in such a manner as to delay them until he had an opportunity of escaping; they repeated the same conduct observed in the chapel, and then departed, cursing providence that

deprived them of their game. Between Lord Castlereagh's expeditions and his Irish agents, the Orangemen, we expect to be so thinned in numbers, or as his Majesty's ministers express it, "taking off our superabundant population," that in a few years an Irish papist may be as scarce as an Irish wolf dog. The ditches of Holland, the fields of Spain, and the bayonets of the Orangemen, have done wonders in this way. While one or two great divisions are suffering abroad between disease and the sword, a domestic pestilence of a demi-official kind is kindly dispatching the remainder.

—000000—

Important Extracts from the Newspapers.

THE public must be highly gratified to hear what attention is paid in the Fever Hospital, to the eternal welfare of the patients, by the unremitting exhortations of Mr. Latouche. Every person admitted is furnished with one of Mr Wesley's hymn books, or an Evangelical Magazine. The words of the holy and the pot of gruel, refreshments for the soul and body, are at the side of every bed, and the suffering sinners find relief, according to the circumstances of body or mind. Nothing is neglected to warn a soul of dissolution or to rejoice with it in health, for, as soon as a blister is removed, then the words of love, or the songs of joy, are poured in showers of grace on the living ear.

Serjeant Biblemouth, of the police, while on duty, overheard a set of seditious fellows, who were viewing the chapel now erecting in the Castle

yard, wishing with the most sacriligious fervency they might live to hear high mass sung in the said chapel, contrary to the statutes now in force in such cases made and provided. 'Tis being reported to his Highness the Major, a strong force was immediately dispatched to arrest the delinquents, but too late, as the ruffians effected their escape.

A VERY curious moveable pulpit is constructing in the Dublin Society house, for the use of Mr. Latouche; it is so contrived that it will keep in motion during the time the preacher continues his gesticulations. It is intended for the Fever Hospital and by a wheel on which the preacher can place his hand, it is so fixed that it can turn round any bed in the house, so that a patient as soon as returning reason declares the words of comfort necessary, may have holy instruction

instruction administered to him without quitting his blankets.

THE Police office, at the advice of the Irish Magazine, has been removed from the Castle-gate, Palace-street, to Exchange-court; this important change of justice was made known to many dealers in provisions, who impiously insist on profaning the sabbath, by selling meat to the poor. Several pairs of leather breeches hung up very improperly on the Market-house, on Sunday last, were taken into custody and committed for further examination. By the removal of the office, Val. Dowling's business can be conducted out of the hearing of justice; the dice box and gambler may have their mutual exercise, without disgracing or disturbing justice.

WITH much regret we learn that

Major Swan received a very sound drubbing at the Theatre, Fishamble-street, by a gentleman of the name of Miller. The sedition, who we are sorry to say are numerous, testify the utmost exultation at this melancholy affair. The major was visited yesterday morning by his medical friends; though his eyes are out of sight it is thought they are also out of danger; by a cross chop he received on the left entrance of his nose, he will be a little disfigured into a more manly appearance. It is to be apprehended, that this unpleasant affair may deprive society of one of its greatest ornaments, for if gentlemen are exposed to such rudeness no Major can thrust a nose into public company with any certainty of security.

Those that in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

—00000—

Cygnus Majora.

A *rara avis* of the bird kind was exhibited at the Theatre in Fishamble-street, a few nights since, which afforded much amusement to a numerous assembly. It is considered by naturalists to resemble the *Cygnus Major* of Botany Bay, by others the vulture of *Negroland*, or the *Slave coast*. The superstitious negro believes there are but three such birds, as the ancients believed in the three furies, and name them *Majora*, or birds of evil, and make offerings to them to avert evil: negro children are scared by them in the manner

they are by raw-head and bloody-bones with us; when any mischance happens they say, "*Majora* has done this."

This is of the genus which Milton makes Satan in Eden, perching on the tree of life, meditating death and ruin, a bird of silly manners and cruel ferocity. This peculiar vulture is distinguished by a black circle round each eye, its beak of a livid colour like bruised flesh. It is at present to be seen at the commissioners' stables at the rear of the Custom-house.

Papista's

Papista's Fourth Letter,

To the Rev. Gentlemen of Denmark-street Chapel.

GENTLEMEN,

It carries with it the air of a great arrogance and sufficiency, and bears the construction of contemptuous undervaluing, for any man, much more a layman, to interfere in the œconomy and regulation of a religious house. The woe denounced against doing the works of the Lord negligently, ought to be supposed in every clergyman's recollection, but in a worldly view of things to suppose him forgetful of the duty he owes to God, and insinuate the supposition by a proof of his polite passiveness, under every affront upon the worship of his Maker, and under every contemptuous derision of the ceremonies of his church, is an assault upon the honor of a clergyman, that requires an humble apology or an explanation. I am come to that dilemma I describe, with you, Gentlemen, and I think that justice refers me rather to explanation than to apologize; I am sorry for it, for I should rather have to accuse myself of intemperate zeal and of hasty reprimand, than believe that you shewed a politeness to some worthless people at the expence of God Almighty, and allowed gambols before Him that you would not suffer to be played before the Duke of Richmond, if he paid your chapel a visit. Still, here I wish every one to know as much as I do upon the subject; every one sees that your chapel is a kind of Fantoccini Theatre or grimacering society, where the reign of impudence is long established, and holds its tenure by prescription; every one who sees it despises your audience, and condemns your tacit sanction of

their improprieties. Gentlemen, you have an apology, which would be the grossest stain upon the military character, and a blackening of the reputation of any fine gentleman of the world, but which partially extenuates your submissiveness, to the impudence, meanness, and irreligion, and I am sorry to add ruffianism of the Denmark-street congregation.—Gentlemen, you can urge cowardice in your defence; some of you are old, others of you are half starved since the ladies threw off their pockets, and the gentlemen cannot get a hand into the pockets of their high breeches, and since ye know that Doctor Troy would excommunicate any priest who would not let a man beat him, as he threatened to do to Father ———, of ———, for beating an Orangeman who attempted his life; and indeed, since I saw the Protestant officer that the bastinadoed Connaught-boy with the spectacles brought to annoy the ladies in the vestry, and to challenge old, feeble, decrepid Larry Ward for calling him a rascal; and since I saw Mr. ——— say that it was only the cloth that covered it which hindered him from kicking Father Magauran's a—e for telling him, that he hoped he would not bring his dog into the chapel, I began to think that unless you got Mendoza or Gully to enter your order as lay brothers, you must let the blackguards go on, or you will be insulted, and perhaps beaten, and it will be no satisfaction to you to see God's vengeance catch them as it has done all the priest catchers, priest floggers, and priest hangers, from Father Sheehy's legal murderers

ers to the Westport smiter upon the face of the Rev. Mr. Sweeney.

I must hope that it is entirely fear (which is not a good plea, but it is the next best to none) that keeps you all from appearing to enforce as much order within your doors as you do without them. You have hired an old fellow to stand at the door to beat the old beggars, and to protect the ladies and gentlemen from the contact of their persons; might you not with more propriety employ some of yourselves to protect the young and the ignorant from the scandal and contaminating example of the puppies who infest you, or rather your congregation; for you take the matter very easy? I heard a child say, "Papa, why does not Mr. B. kneel down at Mass before God Almighty?" Gentlemen, how much talk would explain away the standing up of that jackanaps before that child? It were better for the same poor, famished-face attorney to have been at home, marking false Term fees, and felonious six and eightpenny charges, than standing up the impious personification of hunger before this little boy. I am told that you are kept greatly in countenance by the Sunday exhibition in Liffey-st. (the Bishop's chapel) where all the rich Roman Catholic, philosophical,

liberal young men go to see the ladies and shew their new boots, and say, "How do you do?" to God Almighty. I am promised a list of them, which I will give in the next Magazine; and I am told by a Methodist, who goes to Liffey street chapel, (but I do not believe it,) that Doctor Troy has given an indulgence to any man who is worth five hundred a year upon taking the oath of allegiance, and acquiescing in the Veto, to hear Mass in his own chapel every four Sundays in the month to all advantage, without going to the trouble of kneeling, or even saying his prayers during the ceremony.

Gentlemen, if you wish well to God's interest, and to avoid scandal, take the following advice: separate the lower enclosed part of the chapel, allow no male to enter at the left, and no females to chatter in it: allot the left side for women, the right for men; appoint a clergyman in the gallery to call out "Kneel down" to those who stand when they should kneel, and to hint at undecorum when he sees it. Doing this simple thing it is probable you may empty your house of some of its bad tenants, and you may convert your chapel from what it is at present, a den of puppies, into a house of prayer.

PARISTA.

—000000—

A Mere Irishman's Letter.

To the Editor of the Irish Magazine.

ALMOST in every number of your truly Irish and spirited publication, you have given your readers specimens of the indignities and insults offered to our Catholic countrymen. I send you the following to add to those which you have already enumerated. Our *loyal and political*

brethren of the reformation, display on every whimsical occasion, sentiments of that rancorous animosity, which still continues rooted in their breasts against an insulted people, who are ever found ready to spill the last drop of their blood in defence of their oppressors, and to support a constitution, whose fundamental principle is, to continue by every means

means to keep them in a state of eternal degradation.

The cathedral church of Limerick, built about the year 1200, is a Gothic structure, remarkable for its noble simplicity and dedicated to the sacred Virgin Mother of God. It shared the same fate with the rest of our celebrated churches in Ireland, being wrested from the rightful owners by the oppressive hand of tyranny; it continued in the possession of its intruders to the present day, when Dr. Warburton, the Protestant bishop, ordered it to go through a thorough repair. It has two entrances, one on the north, the other on the south side; that on the former being very spacious and open, but neither of the two passages being considered sufficient for the rolling of carriages, and every other display of vanity, a third door was considered as indispensably necessary; and wonderful as it may appear, no spot would answer the purpose but the very one where the Catholic clergymen are interred! The plan being laid, a guard is placed before the church, the silent mansions of the dead, held sacred by the very Pagans, are torn open, the scattered bones and sacred remains are transported to a more distant part. The mob, raised to the highest state of irritation, testified their resentment in no other manner, than by calling for vengeance from heaven to fall on the heads of those who treated the holy remains of their beloved pastors with such sacrilegious contempt. They restrained themselves from any act of violence, with the consoling reflection of a tradition that remains amongst them will be realized, namely, that the entire fabric where once the sacred mysteries were celebrated by their forefathers, shall once more fall into their own possession.

If it be from these, and such other acts of violence, that the minds of

the people of Ireland are to be conciliated, what may be expected in case of an invasion? And how soon that period may arrive no one can determine; but were we to judge from appearances it cannot be very distant. Every sensible man considers invasion not only as possible but extremely practicable; and if ever apprehended our apprehensions at this moment should be increased to an alarming degree. Never was Britain in so perilous a condition as at the present, never were her ministers involved in a greater confusion: our armies are beaten in every direction, flying before a victorious enemy; the blood of our gallant countrymen shed in torrents; our best generals killed or wounded, and in a word, all the scenes of horror, desolation and defeat, that war can produce overwhelm our arms. In vain can the "No Popery" ministers endeavour to insult the public with the recital of victories, no where to be found, but in the shallow brains, where those impolitic expeditions were first hatched, which terminated in this total defeat, and shall reflect eternal shame and disgrace on the imbecility of those, who have reduced their country almost to a state of irreparable ruin.

In such a state of public calamity, ought not Britain at length awake to her mischievous policy, and put in execution the *only* means left for her salvation, by uniting her subjects of every description, giving them a full share in the constitution, and removing from within her own bowels those unhappy differences that so long existed there? If an unshaken loyalty and a faithful attachment to a sovereign were to entitle the subject to every degree of confidence, the Irish Catholic stands entitled thereto in a pre-eminent degree: Insulted from his cradle, held up as

an object of contempt and derision, labouring under every kind of disability and almost driven to despair by excessive hardships and oppressions, still is he found ready to rush forward in defence of his beloved sovereign, answer the call of glory, and not only prepared to oppose the intruding foe, but seeks him in the very land of his despotism. And why? Because obedient to the reigning powers he is loyal from principle. No single act of disloyalty authorized by his religion, has been proved against him since the æra of the reformation to the present day, notwithstanding the laborious efforts and base shiftings of the slanderous and calumniating Musgrave, and the rest of those malevolent authors, who retain that animosity imbibed by a misguided education. But were we to draw a parallel between the conduct of Catholics in Protestant countries, and that of Protestants under Catholic princes, how dreadful the contrast! Let any person, the least versed in history, take a review of the latter, and they will find them ready to dethrone kings, overwhelm kingdoms, and subvert the fundamental constitutions of all civil states. The German empire was so torn and convulsed by the rebellious children of the reformation, that the Emperor Charles V. found it difficult to stop the torrent: the peasants rose up in arms, headed by Muncer a chief reformer, and laid waste the provinces of Suabia, Franconia, and Alsatia; their brethren in Cologne, Mentz, and Triers followed their example. In France, the rebellions and insurrections of the Protestants there have filled whole volumes. In 1560 they entered into a conspiracy to seize the person of the king, Francis II. and to murder the Duke of Guise, and his brother the Cardinal of Lorraine. In 1562, headed by

the Prince of Conde, they surprised and took the cities of Orleans, Rouen, &c. but were worsted in a battle near the town of Dreaux. Having again recommenced the civil war, they were vanquished a second time near St. Denis in 1567; and again at the battle of Jarnac in 1569. Nor did they cease their rebellions in subsequent reigns, but created infinite perplexities to the kings, and inexpressible calamities in that kingdom, until they finally succeeded in overturning the constitution, and bathing their hands in the blood of their sovereign, the innocent Louis XVI.

In Switzerland, Zuinglius roused the people to arms, and headed the insurgents, but his army was defeated and himself slain in 1531. Calvin commenced a reformer at Geneva, and declared himself an enemy to all monarchical governments. Knox, a disciple of Calvin, carried his master's doctrine into Scotland, harangued the people, and inflamed the multitude to a degree of rage and enthusiasm, insomuch that a rebellion ensued, and the queen regent was deposed: they brought an army into the field, which committed horrible disorders. Not long after, his doctrine found its way into England; it soon overturned the state, and in spite of Catholic exertions, brought the *royal martyr* the unfortunate Charles to the block!

These are historical truths, that stand upon record, contradicted by none, but confirmed by historians of every denomination; which for the sake of humanity and civilization we could wish were wrapped up in a state of everlasting oblivion. But, alas, how different are the principles of the reformed from those of the Catholics!

What appears a most extraordinary phenomenon in the politics of Great Britain, is, whilst every spu-
rious

rious branch of the reformation, however incoherent in opinion, is cherished, regarded, protected and honored, whole millions of her Catholic subjects are left to brood over their wrongs, deprived of all honorable employments, cried up as disaffected to their country, rebels to their king, the wound inflicted by the impolitic sword of persecution probed anew, and even denied the very protection of the laws. and why? Because they adhere to the peaceable religion of their ancestors. The faith of the Irish Catholic is

precisely the same with that of the Spaniard, the Portuguese, the Sicilian and Italian; yet whole armies are raised, and fleets fitted out for their protection and defence, alliances are formed and compacts entered into with them without scruple, and at the very same moment the people of Ireland. Britain's chiefest bulwark and defence, are given up to the infernal rage of Orangemen, whose savage barbarity would prove a scandal to the Esquimeaux Indians.

"A MERE IRISHMAN."

Limerick, 21st September, 1809.

—000000—

New Publications.

COYNE of Capel Street has just published a Refutation of a late pamphlet by Shute Barrington Bishop of Durham, entitled, The grounds on which the church of England separated from the church of Rome.

We earnestly recommend the perusal of this refutation to our Catholic readers, it contains not only an able defence of our religion but of our country, it very correctly exposes the acts and machinations uniformly made use of by our conquerors to justify invasion and plunder, by misrepresenting our character and deriding our religious opinions. Deprived of the lands of our fathers, and proscribed from the rights of citizens by the politics and bigotry of our invaders, we are ready to bury even the willing recollection of such wrongs with the men who perpetrated them. But the same asperity which afflicted and insulted our injured ancestors continues to exercise its venom. Between the English ecclesiastics, and their agents the Orange man, we are apparently doomed to leave as inheritance to our children, the same misery which for ages dis-

tinguished us amongst the oppressed of the human race.

The following extract from the work we give as a sample of the good Bishop's apostolical work, and our author's manner of answering him, —page 28.

"OUR author tells us, that 'the English colonists either had degenerated; or that they had neglected the natives, and left them in the state they found them; or that the natives were such that no attention of the best civilizers could operate on their perverse nature.'" Here are assertions and suppositions made in defiance of the known truth, and in contempt of all history. If the idea of barbarism be taken from brutal morals and coarse manners, we read of no greater barbarians than the English Colonists were. From their first landing in this kingdom, plunder, cruelty, and perfidy marked their footsteps. For near four hundred years they harassed the generous unsuspecting natives by falsehood, by treachery; they set son against father, and brother against brother. What they called civilizing, was robbing

bing men of their property ; and to the disgrace of human nature, they legalized murder ; it was by statute declared lawful to kill a mere Irish man. *This history writes and warrants.* All this is as well ascertained, as if Cæsar and Tacitus had attested it : and this incontestibly proves that the Colonists *could not have degenerated.* But it also proves that they were not inattentive to the natives : and *did not leave them in the state they found them.* This attention continued to our days, after the papist had been substituted for the mere Irishman ; *no popery for civilization ;* and the *Orange and Ascendancy* factions for the *pale* and the colonists. Surely the penal code did not bespeak inattention—nor the promise of the glorious King William to his English Parliament, that *he would do every thing in his power to discourage the woollen manufacture of Ireland ;* nor so many other acts of that nature !!! But to what was this unremitting attention directed ? Was it to civilization ? Quite the reverse !—Never was there a more violent current set loose to introduce barbarism. But, as I have already remarked, the native energy of a civilized people withstood the tide and braved the storm, and on the wrecks of their fortunes and properties, in the midst of wretchedness retained their civilization ! The author's unblushing effrontery, in attempting to impose upon mankind by the perversion of history, and the suppression of truth, cannot be supported by his professions of impartiality.

The account and character of the rich Catholics by our author we also give, which every man must allow, to the disgrace of our country is most accurately drawn. page 52.

“ WHO are they who are as forward as open enemies in throw-

ing * a damp on every thing which may tend to keep alive a national spirit ? The rich and the money makers ; they are the men, with some noble exceptions I must own, who are as zealous as any others in preventing national prosperity, in oppressing the wretched, and keeping clear of their country.—They are the men, who by their dealings, and the voluntary tribute of their base adulation, and their base gold, stupidly upheld the arm by which they are scourged, and give to their baseness the specious name of liberality !—*Auri sacra fames quid non mortalia pectora cogis ?* They are the men who lend their aid to the suppression of truth, and to the propagation of falsehood at the expence of their country's honour, and of the honour of their ancestors. These, in fine, are the men among Catholics who applaud the Bishop's pamphlet !!!

But the *Amor patriæ* is still alive in Ireland. The great body of the people have a just sense of national honour, and look to national prosperity. Even among the rich there are several who, from their works of charity, and their exertions in favour of suffering humanity, we might suppose would manifest a national spirit ; if they were not deserted by those temporizers who seem intent on propagating their baseness by the manner in which they educate their children ; in this they seem to betray a conflict they feel between the conviction of truth, and the profession of falsehood ; for to save their children from all anxiety on this score they banish truth from their view,

* I see no rich Catholic engaged in the plan lately set on foot for reviving our national music and our ancient language and literature. This plan, so worthy of an enlightened age, and an enlightened country, owes its origin and support to the liberality and good taste of Dissenters and Protestants.

view, and leave them to imbibe those false notions which lead their enemies to the practice of persecution and oppression; they have hence been denominated Orange Catholics and they are thought by many to be more mischievous than the real Orangeman. Their system and their manners should be counteracted; their example is pernicious. If the national spirit be once extinguished in Ireland, there is an end to all hope of improvement and prosperity. The nation will then become fit for any state of degradation, and there will not be wanting ministers who may think, or at least may say, that such a state is necessary *for the general good of the empire*. But if the national spirit be improved upon an enlarged and a liberal plan, with truth and justice for its foundation, no minister, except a minister utterly blinded with bigotry and fanaticism, will think it right to contend with such a spirit, to sacrifice the whole to a part, or to prefer falsehood to truth, and a faction to a nation. The way to improve this national spirit, is to give to truth and justice their full operation. Let no individual, in the minutest matters, or in things that may seem the most indifferent, give a currency to falsehood, or his sanction to injustice. Let any man of liberal education, who is ignorant of the history of his country, be pointed at with scorn—But let him who, instead of such ignorance, fills his head with false notions and degrading calumnies, be considered as a base renegade, a traitor to his country. Under arbitrary governments, the national spirit thus kept alive, withstands the torrent of despotism and the tide of corruption. What may it not do under our free constitution? Let the luxurious livers, the men who trifle away their time in vain and frivolous pursuits, those

who complain that they cannot spend their fortunes in Ireland, meet the contempt they deserve. Let every constitutional means be employed to resist the propagation of falsehood, the exercise of injustice, and the contagion of corruption.—To attain these great objects, we have only to begin at that great source, whence virtue or vice, good or evil habits originate, education.—There we can have our children imbued with proper principles: and a right direction given to their minds for every succeeding stage of life; and so far would such a virtuous and manly education be from injuring their private interest, that I know nothing which would so effectually secure it, and give it stability. Look to ruined families and say, are they not the victims of luxury, idleness, and dissipation? All the strength of mind and body, with the accumulated wealth of ancestors, is wasted in the pursuit of phantoms, which leave nothing behind but regret and disgrace; whereas those who follow the pleasure of doing good, of promoting industry, of succouring the virtuous and oppressed, and of opposing the wicked, find their means increase according as they benefit others, and leave behind them a lasting foundation of independence and prosperity.

O Amor patriæ, love of my country!! He ven-born sentiment—what dost thou not comprise!—Parents, children, brethren, relations, friends, neighbours; all whom my view, can reach, or for whom my heart can feel, thou bringest together, thou bindest together. Impelled by thee, they find their interest in aiding each other, and attain their object more speedily and more surely than if guided by the slow progress of reason. Those who resist thy divine inspirations, are led into devious

paths,

paths, by mistaking the suggestions of fancy for the dictates of reason, and aiming at happiness where it is not to be found, May that pure reason, which never errs, teach my countrymen to follow thy impulse, to regulate thy motions, and thus to lay a solid foundation for national prosperity and national happiness."

To this we have to add the following judicious answer to the English prelate on controversial subjects by the printer which the Rt. Rev. Divine particularly invites, by the asperity with which he treats the discipline and doctrine of the Catholic Faith.

"There is (says this venerable Prelate, with the charity of an Apostle) some danger, least under a misconstrued indulgence to Popish petitions, we should, by an appearance of indifference to our own church, give countenance to doctrines and usages, which as sincere Protestants, and readers of our own Bible, we must ever hold to be idolatrous, blasphemous and Sacrilegious."———
Arise blessed patriarch of the Reformation, and chastise your unorthodox Son, for daring to charge the Catholic church with the crime of dividing the First commandment into two!—
Speak blessed Luther, and refer the Bishop of Durham to your Catechism.*

If the learned prelate and his advocates are still determined to con-

* "Dr. Martin Luther's catechism for Parsons, Schoolmasters, Masters of families. Young persons and children at school. The ten commandments of God, which a master of a family ought exactly to represent to his domestics;—The first commandment? Thou shalt have no other Gods besides me. Q. What is that? Ans. We must fear love and trust God, above all things. The second commandment. Thou shalt not use the name of thy God unprofitably.———The ninth commandment, Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house. The tenth commandment; thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, servant, maid, beast, or any thing that is his. Appendix to Luther's German bible, p. 23. Luneburg, 1640

tinue the discussion, why should it not be conducted in the spirit of christian moderation, and christian charity? Let them recollect, that some respect is due to the opinions and feelings of the majority of the christian World. Let them not arrogate to themselves the exclusive possession of intellect and knowledge; nor on the credit of a superiority to which they have no claim, presume to treat their adversaries with insolence and contempt. Above all, let them be true: let them state our doctrine as it is, and then, if they can, let them refute it with temperance and candour. Controversy, conducted in this manner, will be no disgrace to its author, and may contribute to the discovery and propagation of truth: but if they refuse to condescend to so equitable a request, they must abide the consequences. I trust the Catholic Body will always contain Writers both able and willing to teach illiberality to BLUSH, and to expose the artifices of misrepresentation.

It is of consequence to Catholics to know that one solitary Priest, has proved himself an overmatch for the Bishop of Durham and six Rev. Brethren; Miracles it seems will never cease, a miraculous power in the Church still continues: his ark has cast down their Dagon, and destroyed the Babel tower of their thirty-nine Articles which all the divines in the diocese of Durham will never build up again. Among the predecessors of the Right Rev. Theologian, was a Dr. Howson, as ambitious of gaining laurels by quivering his spear in the field of controversy, as the present bishop of Durham, and as successful in his attempts—Confident in his own abilities, this Theological Pedant empties the vial of his vengeance by declaring, * "That he would loosen the Pope from his chair, tho' he were fastened thereto by a tenpennynail."

* See *Hutchinson's Durham*, vol. I. p 494.

MEMOIRS AND REMAINS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

LIFE of MADAME DE SEVIGNE, *translated from the great EDITION of her WORKS, lately published at PARIS.*

MARIE Rabutin. Chantal was born the 5th of February, 1626. Her father was Cesse Benigne de Rabutin, Baron de Chantal, of the elder branch of the house of Rabutin, and his mother, Marie de Coulanges, of a family scarcely less illustrious. She was not more than a year and a half old, when the English made a descent on the Isle of Rhé, for the purpose of succouring Rochelle and the French protestants. M. de Chantal opposed them at the head of a corps of gentlemen volunteers. The artillery of the enemy's fleet, which covered the landing, made dreadful havoc among the French. Their leader was slain, with a great number of his followers.

Of the childhood and early youth of Madame de Sevigné we have no particulars. We are perfectly acquainted with her principles relative to the education of young females, but we have no details concerning her own.

With respect to the person of the youthful Rabutin, she is represented as a woman perfectly handsome; having more physiognomy than beauty, and features more expressive than imposing, a graceful figure, a stature rather tall than short, rich light hair, extraordinary freshness, a delicate complexion, eyes, whose vivacity imparted additional animation to her language, and to the agility of all her motions. She had, moreover, a fine voice; and danced admirably for those days. Such is the idea given of her by her portraits, her friends,

or herself, when at the age of eighteen, she gave her hand to Henri, Marquis de Sevigné, descended from an ancient house in Bretagne. In addition to the rich treasure of her merits and her charms, she brought him a fortune of one hundred thousand crowns.

M. de Sevigné who was likewise rich, was allied to the house of Reiz, and a near relation of the archbishop and coadjutor of Paris. He was addicted to pleasure, and fond of expense, and possessed, if not the taste and superior understanding which distinguished his son, at least all the gaily, levity, and thoughtlessness, displayed in his youth by the latter.

We are warranted, were it only by the early letters written by Madame de Sevigné, in conjecturing, that the first years of this union were happy. It was some time before it produced any fruit. The first was a son, Charles de Sevigne, born in March 1647. His sister soon followed him. It appears, that Madame de Sevigné had no more children, and never knew the pain of a loss, which she would have felt more keenly than any other.

In 1651 she lost her husband, who fell in a duel, the cause of which is unknown. Whoever has read Madame de Sevigné, will readily believe what is related of the violence of her grief. But as she herself says, speaking of the Abbe de Coulanges, "He extricated me from the abyss in which I was plunged."

plunged, upon the death of M. de Sevigné." It is easily imagined, that she must soon have abstained from the relief of tears, to fulfil her new duties; to attend to the education of her two young children; and to retrieve their deranged fortunes. The success with which this widow of twenty-five accomplished this two-fold task, appears in a thousand interesting details in her letters.

Her good sense, her natural rectitude, and a just pride, imparted a love of economy; the counsels of her uncle gave her instruction in it. Her mind, though she was accustomed to sacrifice to the graces, felt no dislike of business. She knew perfectly well how to sell or let land; to dun her tenants; to give directions to her labourers. Nor did she leave it to her beauty alone to plead her causes. Menage relates, that one day, when she was recommending a cause, with great freedom, to the President de Bellievre, she perceived she had made some mistake in her terms—"At any rate, Sir," said she, "I know the tune perfectly well, but I forgot the words!"

With respect to education, not only the merit of her son and daughter, as well as their virtues, afford a standard of her ability in that particular; but it would be easy to extract from her letters a series of maxims on that subject, which would shew, that, so far from being attached to the false methods generally adopted in her time, she had devised many improvements, on which the present age justly prides itself.

Many offers of love and marriage were made to Madame de Sevigné, but in vain. She had not been happy as a wife; she was now a widow, possessing a large fortune, and, besides, passionately attached to her children, cultivating with

success her own mind, the public esteem, and the society of her friends, and her children: she wished for no other felicity. Her happiness, however, was not unmingled with vexation. She suffered in her friendships; and her reputation was attacked.

The imprisonment, the exile, and generally the merited disgrace, of the Cardinal de Retz, were her first mortification. In him she never beheld any thing but his genius, an extremely amiable man, who appreciated her merits more justly than any other, and on whose elevation she had rested the fate of one part of her family, and the hopes of the other.—The Cardinal's Memoirs inform us, that his escape from the castle of Nantz was principally favoured by the Chevalier de Sevigné. She mentions, in one of her letters, the disagreeable situation she was placed by this circumstance, in 1653, and the following year.

Meanwhile, another friend involved her in still greater uneasiness. The refusal of some service or other, which, undoubtedly, it was not in her power to perform, suddenly embroiled her with her cousin Bussy. He had often reproached her for being too scrupulously virtuous. "Why," said he, "should you give yourself so much concern about a reputation, of which any slanderer can rob you?" Such a dangerous character he himself afterwards proved. In his resentment he wrote an article, in which he respects probability only to do the more mischief; in which, for want of vices, he charges her with ridiculous qualities; in which he converts her character into a kind of moral paradox, asserting, that her unsullied conduct disguised an impure heart, and that she had at least a relish for all the follies which she never committed.

Though

Though the falseness of this portrait is evinced by its contradictions, yet, no doubt, thanks to the ordinary malignity of the public, it made more impression at that time, than it does at present, and inflicted a cruel wound on a heart formed for the love of virtue. This wound was a long time before it was healed; so far, however, from revenging herself, Madame de Sevigné forgave Bussy, but not without difficulty, nor perhaps without restriction. Frequent hints at the injury escape her in her letters to him. They want, at least, that flower of confidence, which is discoverable in those written to her other friends, and, on this account alone, this portion of her correspondence appears less worthy of her.

This affliction was succeeded by the reverse, which precipitated the unfortunate Fouquet from the height of power into perpetual imprisonment. She herself depicts her uneasiness on this occasion in her letters, in which she rivals La Fontaine both in her sentiments and in her style. These letters, however, mention only the judicial proceedings, and they did not begin till Fouquet had been three years in confinement. The storm which burst over his head, surprised his friends, as well as himself, in all the illusions of his fortune. It had nearly overtaken Madame de Sevigné, who had reason to be apprehensive for her own safety. The aimable widow had entered into a friendly correspondence with him; an innocent and very natural confidence in him, who had given her the strongest proof of a kind of esteem, which, in general, a powerful and liberal man no more cherishes for one sex than for the other. It was soon known, that among Fouquet's papers were found letters, which

compromised many females who were known to the court. Those of Madame de Sevigné could not do her an injury. The secretary of state, Le Tellier, had declared them the most innocent in the world; but it was not unlikely, that her frank gaiety might have treated certain things, and certain persons, according to their deserts; and there are times when jokes may be construed into conspiracies. One of Bussy's letters shews, that her apprehensions were so serious, that she thought fit to retire for some time to a remote part of the kingdom. The cabal, which had overturned Fouquet, wished to encourage the idea, that he had been supported by a powerful party. In these cases vengeance is wreaked on the first objects that present themselves: this is the ordinary method of proceeding in the revolution of courts, as in all others. Nor is the gratification of private revenge unknown there: two reflections, which are sufficient to account for the extraordinary alarm and precautions of Madame de Sevigné. She was far, however, from having actually committed herself, for we soon find her shining in the midst of that court, which Louis XIV. began to render so brilliant. — Madame de Sevigné, though calculated to adorn this splendid theatre with her own charms, appeared upon it only for the purpose of enjoying the success of her daughter, who, in the flower of her beauty, and possessing superior understanding and talents, was presented in 1653. Mademoiselle de Sevigné acted a part in those ballets, in which the king himself danced before a numerous court. She represented a Shepherdess; and, in the ballet of the following year, a Cupid disguised as a Sea nymph. At another time, she personated Omphale, and, on all these occasions,

received elegant compliments from the poet Benserade ;" " who," says Voltaire, " possessed a singular talent for these compositions of gallantry, in which he always made delicate and interesting allusions to the characters of the persons, to the personages of antiquity or fable whom they represented, or to the passions which pervaded the court." It may not be amiss to observe, that it was at this very time, that Madame de Sevigné was acting and interesting herself with such ardour for Fouquet. The air and the applause of the court produced not the ordinary effect upon her—that of forgetfulness of the unfortunate.

Soon afterwards the establishment of her children, and especially of her daughter, occupied her whole attention. She was scarcely twenty, and this disinterested mother looked forward with impatience to an event, that could not but disturb her felicity. She had, however, herself rejected more than one opportunity. Very few men appeared worthy of such a daughter. She describes, in a pleasing manner, the pains she took to create difficulties, in order to get rid of a suitor, of whom she augured unfavourably. At length in January 1669, she was married to the Comte de Grignan, whose character, as well as the result of this union, may be seen in the course of her letters.

Madame de Sevigné then began the establishment of her son, by purchasing him a commission, and thus made two great sacrifices of fortune at once. By marrying her daughter to a courtier, Madame de Sevigné flattered herself, that she should still enjoy her society ; but, soon afterwards, Mr. de Grignan, who was lieutenant-general of Provence, received orders to repair thither, and, in the sequel, he al-

most always held the command, during the absence of the governor, M. de Vendôme. A second widowhood, more painful, perhaps than the first, now commenced for Madame de Sevigné ; but it is to her absence from her daughter, that the world is indebted for her letters. These intervals of absence, which she considered as unhappy seasons, have become fortunate moments for posterity ; we derive enjoyments from her privations, and no sooner is she restored to pleasure, than we are deprived of it in our turn, so that we are even tempted to regret, that she was not more frequently, and for a longer time, afflicted by this separation.

The life of Madame de Sevigné, from this period, is described in her letters. Her journies, the loss of many friends, the campaigns, the dangers, the hopes, the levities, and the marriage of her son, and the various fortunes of her daughter, lastly, certain incidents relative to her own health, constitute the only events of that life. As barren in facts, as it is rich in sentiments it would furnish but a dry narrative ; whereas her pen imparts animation to the most minute details.

It may still be necessary to notice a few particulars, which her letters alone would not furnish.—The marriage of M. de Sevigné, in 1684, placed this generous mother in a situation that was rather uncomfortable, in consequence of the sacrifices which she made. It was at this period, that, either to improve her fortune, or from other motives, her friends, and even her daughter, formed various plans for her, that they proposed to procure her a place at court, and even spoke to her on the subject of marrying again, which she treated as a folly destitute of all attraction.

It was one of her advantages to retain her personal charms till a late period. When Bussy applied to her these burlesque vessels, addressed by Benserade to the moon—

*Et toujours fraîche et toujours blonde,
Vous vous maintenez par le monde—*

she had attained the age of forty-six years, and was fifty two when Madame de Scudery wrote to the same Bussy:—"The other day I met Madame de Sevigné, whom I still think a beautiful woman." Hence originated the application of *Mere-Beauté*, given her by Coulanges. She possessed a healthy constitution, which she managed with great judgment. For some time she was thought to be threatened with apoplexy, but the cause of this alarm again subsiding. In thirty years she was troubled with no other complaint than the rheumatism.

She was therefore but little affected by that severest of all trials for women, the transition from youth to age, of which nature apprizes them by signs equally painful and certain; and for which society is scarcely capable of consoling them. But it is to those who have founded their felicity on the influence of their charms to women of gallantry, and coquets,

that this crisis is the most mortifying. Happy all her life, from affections natural and pure, Madame de Sevigné was less affected by the ravages of time; and it was not in allusion to her, that her friend La Rochefoucault observed, that "the hell of women is old age?"

When death, at length, snatched her away, at the age of seventy, her illness, the consequence of the anxiety and fatigue occasioned by her daughter's indisposition, came suddenly upon her, and was not announced by any previous symptoms. It was short. Madame de Sevigné in her last moments, displayed an understanding as strong as her heart was irreproachable. Several letters represent the affliction of her friends on this occasion. It is impossible to see without emotion how profound was their grief, and how lasting their regret. Madame de Sevigné, was buried in the collegiate church of Grignan. About twenty-five years ago, the Marechal de Muy, to whom that domain then belonged, caused her coffin to be taken up, and to be deposited in a cenotaph, erected in the middle of the same church. This tomb was violated at the time of the search for lead, when the public necessities furnished a pretext for many other outrages.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

AMERICA.

The Free and happy citizens of the United States, are driven to the highest degree of irritation by the proud and piratical policy of the British ministers under the operation of what they are pleased to term "Orders of Council," by which every American ship trading to any port, not British is liable to be plundered or confiscated. In proportion to the rapidity of her decline, the insolence and injustice of Britain appears to advance. In the vigour of her strength she attempted to deprive infant America of her independence, but was driven ignominiously from the sail she attempted to fasten her monopolizing claws on, the consequences are America instead of remaining a gloomy deserted province, encumbered with soldiers and tax gatherers, shut out from the commercial world, has become the second trading nation on the globe, and the rival of England herself, so successful has the enterprising spirit and activity of the western Republics been, that they have more vessels carrying the produce of the world than any other nation that ever appeared in the annals of industry. We feel much regret that it is necessary to forego this great source of prosperity to vindicate their independence, and by another appeal to arms, settle their right to an equal participation of the seas, the common property of all nations, which we have no doubt they will, with the same spirit, and with equal success that eman-

cipated their country. An Irish mind must feel a serious pain at the evils a war with America must be attended with, a principal one would be, that we would be deprived of an happy and secure Asylum from the loyal murderers who are constantly engaged in acts of atrocity on our pastors, our Chapels, our old men, our women and children.

HOLLAND.

The invasion of Walcheren and the consequent disasters that attended this ill-contrived expedition, are among the most fatal and disgraceful projects ever made by any country during this long and disastrous War. Lord Castlereagh and his bigotted coadjutors, after expending eleven millions in equipping an armed force of more than 100,000 men, an army which they assured themselves, would be able by a *Coup de Main* to effect some enterprise of the most brilliant kind, so confident were ministers of plucking a wreath on the enemy's territory, that they selected one of the most ignorant in the art of War of all their associates to conduct the easy conquest, and by binding on the dull head of a Pitt the laurel of victory, enroll the great Chatham among the most eminent of modern heroes. But capricious fortune that sports with the most solemn affairs, interfered between the Turtle Hero, and Victory, and by the obstinacy of a small garrison, the British army were so long detained that more than one half

of

of it fell victims to the climate, and Lord Chatham returned with a remnant of his sickly companions, with a greater reputation for eating than fighting. Better skilled at the table than in the field, the noble voluptuary has returned, to his native obscurity, from which neither the genius of Castlereagh, nor the piety of Percival can ever extricate him.

SPAIN.

The fate of the Peninsula, appears by every account received from the Continent to be completely decided. The victories which the English General claimed, and the noble rewards he has received for them, as proofs of the authenticity of the gallant peer's assertions, have been succeeded by melancholy reverses. Flying from the theatre of his glory, his army wasted by defeat, desertion and sickness, exposed to the exasperated fury of the peasantry who never cease to harass him in his attempts to retreat, and from the studied obscurity which his condition is kept from the public eye, by ministers, every apprehension may be entertained, that the Hero of Vionera and his worn out companions, are prisoners of War.

Intoxicated with stupid admiration excited in the mob of England

by the artful plaudits of his ministerial friends, and the lying industry of the hireling papers the man was persuaded he was the ablest General of his time. Giddy with the ill-applied applause, he resigned the government of Ireland and the inspection of his creatures, the Dublin police, without skill or foresight, hurried a brave and gallant army into the most calamitous and disgraceful condition that ever unfortunate valour experienced. To the impertinent assumption of military skill, he has added the most shameful character of hypocrisy, by uniformly affecting the most respectful attachment to the religion of the Spanish nation. An enemy to Catholic education in Ireland, he becomes the champion of Catholic Spain. One of the Authors and agents of the UNION, which ruined his own country. He professed to vindicate the independence of Spain. The penetrative character of the Spaniards, could not be imposed on by the clumsy talents of Sir Arthur, sickened with his hypocrisy, and despising the character of what he assumed, as an eminent commander, they rejected his assistance, refused to co-operate with him, and by becoming his inveterate enemies deprived his army of every means of subsistence during a long and difficult retreat.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

MORNING.

How shines on Nature's gen'rous breast,
The red-eyed monarch of the day !
He opes his bosom in the east,
And drives the mountain mist away.

See, there adown the valley wide,
The rustics 'gin their daily toil ;
And there along the mountain side,
They cultivate the mountain soil.

The gold-tinged landscape smiles around,
With Sol's resplendent dazzling beam ;
The hills that were with dark clouds crown'd
On their proud heads his glories gleam !

Thus hope's dilutive morning ray,
Gilds our horizon with auspicious day.
Camden-street. J. S.

—○○○○—

EVENING.

Far, far behind yon gold-edg'd cloud,
Declines the potent orb of light !
And wrapt in grey and misty shroud,
Appears the pale-ey'd orb of night.

How from their cells the revelling fays
Dance beneath the moon-beam's smile ;
And toss among the dubious rays,
And turn their magic shells the while.

Hushed are the songsters in the gloom,
And Nature lies in balmy sleep ;
Wan Cynthia's rays do now illumine,
And paint the yawnings of the sleep.

Thus hope once flattering to the sight,
Is clo'd in sable sombrous night.

Camden-street

J. S.

A SONG,

ADDRESSED TO THE LOVELY MAID
OF PORTOBELLO.

With thee sweet maid the moments fly,
On swiftest swiftest pinions glide ;
As both our bosoms love to try
Inventions, how to please, and I
Have many, many pangs to chide.

Oh ! let me then sweet soul dismiss
Those pangs that know my inmost breast
And we, fond maid from kiss to kiss
Shall spend our little hour in bliss
Till nature bids our passion rest.

John S****

Camden-street.

—○○○○○○—

THE IRISH EXILE.

Dear, parent soil ! from whence I'm forced
to roam
Like some poor slave that's torn from his
home ;

'Mid snows, and lurid forests left to dwell
Seeking, disconsolate, some rude savage
cell :

O, whence dost thou, my native country,
lie ?—

Thee in what distant spot shall fancy spy ?

Pain, for that moment when from labour
free,

Would mine eyes fix their straining balls on
thee :

O lost, O banished from my native home !
These foreign lands must I for ever roam ?

Quit

Quit all I love, my friends, my natal
earth,
Distant from those who gave my being
birth.
Distant from those my heart was wont to
share
From reason's dawn each pleasure and each
care ;
With whom, alas ! I fondly hoped to
know
The humble walks of happiness below ;
O grant me heaven ! a calm and firm con-
tent
To meet the changes Time and Chance pre-
sent.

—oooOooo—

“ THE WILD IRISHMAN,” OR,
ERIN THE GREEN.”

COMPOSED IN THE ONCE CELEBRAT-
ED ABBEY OF K. C. ON THE 1ST
JULY, 1809, BY SARSFIELD.

Air—“ *Sprig of Skilalah.*”

When God made the Soul of a *Wild Irish-*
man,
He stamp'd it with love of Creations wide
span,
And gave him perfections that rarely
are seen—
In Stature he's matchless, an Angel in
Face,
The envy of Mankind in all that can grace ;
At Foot-ball and Hurlug—Agility's son.
His friend ne'er betray'd him, from his foe
ne'er did run :
When victorious—all mercy—O ! Erin
the Green.

Who's e'er had the luck to see Erin's fine
sons,
And beautiful Daughters, as spotless as
Nuns,
When gracing the table—all strangers
to spleen—
In form unrivall'd—their voice is divine,
Their manners engaging—in Virtues they
shine :
But chiefly excel in humanity sweet,
No guile in their hearts, when together they
meet,
At the board of a Friend to Old Erin
the Green.

The Priest, after grace, to his God humbly
bows,
When the Lord of the Feast with his heart-
cheering spouse,
Push about the best wines with stout
whiskey *galore*—
They laugh and they joke now, this heaven-
ly race,
The heart-winning song too enlivens each
face,
Whilst the Harp and the Pipe fire the *Natives*
with mirth,
O ! foretaste of Heaven, bless'd land of my
birth,
May your fame soon eclipse what was
e'er heard before.

O ! St. Patrick a *cuisle**—St. Bridget
*asthere**—
Colum Cui, O ! *ma vourneen**, your master
implore,
To look down with compassion on Erin
the Green—
Too long is she scourg'd by Ascendancy's
hand,
Which wrath's copious vial pours out on her
land ;
That land which was once call'd “ the island
of Saints,”
Alas ! now the breath of Ascendancy
taints
The air of Old Erin—poor Erin the
Green.

Ah ! misguided Orange—blind tools of *your*
foes,
Think of all the salt tears—think of all the
sad woes,
That you caus'd Mother Erin, poor Erin
the Green—
Awaken at length, tear the veil from your
eyes,
Your *brother* forgives, and with heart-rend-
ing sigh,
Calls you back—don't you see on his face the
big tear,
With affection fraternal he loves you still
dear ;
For his sake then love Erin, poor Erin
the Green.

May the Father of Mercy reward you *Bel-*
fast,
For the poor *Armagh* Exile, cold and hun-
gry that past,
You embrac'd, like true Sons of Old
Erin the Green—

Heil

Hell, or Connaught resounding still harsh on
his ears
You made him forget, and in soft briny
tears,
Pray conversion to those, who to mischief
incline,
That with Haeven's high Lord even they
yet may shine,
When they breathe forth their last in
Old Erin the Green.

God blefs the whole land that gave Irishmen
birth,
Sweet Land of good nature, good humour,
and mirth,
Hospitality's seat is Old Erin the
Green—

May the Sons of the Blackwater, Boyne,
Suir, and Shannon,
Where Sarsfield the immortal blew up hos-
tile cannon,
Forgetful of Feuds—in fraternal embrace,
Now join hand in hand *all* invaders to
chafe,

From the flower of all Islands—Old
Erin the Green.

— *con Ocoo* —

THE DOG'S LEGACY.

Come thou comical jade who inspired Dean
Swift
And gave him the arrows of satire to
wing
Oh grant to a young humble vot'ry a list,
The grand Jubilee's all that he ventures to
sing,
Oh do not deny him a small sprig of fame
While he tenders your muse ship a proper
apology
For not at the instant rememb'ring your
name
And for being so ill-read in the heathen my-
thology
Jack Rousseau asserts (I've heard but not
read it)
That nature has gifted the feathered crea-
tion
(For the thought monsieur Jack is entitled to
credit)
With the means of ideal communication
If then has been granted of language the
use
For the welfare and joy of the winged do-
minions
Venerably might call madame Nature a
goose
If our *dogs* could not bark forth their *canine*
opinions.

Our *municipal dog* t'other day Sir I viewed
In the sessions house, when I could scarce
throw an eye in
On the famous green cloth speechifying he
stood
An apt *locum tenens* for Jemmy O'Brien.
Ranged around gaped a group of those pot-
bellied folk
Who whenever he barks of applause are the
grinners
And who find Billy's mem'ry an excellent
cloak
For guzzling rich wines at may'ralty din-
ners.
Our Dog's paper's quite proud he has anti-
cipated
Even London in loy'lty but faith I dont
wonder
That the jubilee's merits were here first de-
bated
And Jack* has the high honor of broaching
the blunder
But now 'tis the wish that lies nearest my
heart
Ere the guns 'gin to thunder or trumpets to
twang
To give in outline and a few words ere we
part
The most prominent points in his Dogship's
harangue.
Ye bold *common scoundrels* staunch props of
the state
Once more I request you to aid my inten-
tion
'Tis the last time may-hap I'll solicit your
weight
As I mean to retire and live on my pen-
sion*
I leave it in fact as a kind of bequest
For which Protestant Popes shall hereafter
revere me
When the souls of myself and my k—g are
at rest
I'm sure of support if your silent and hear
me
We have seen with surprise our great m——h
survive
Half a century's broils, half a century's
war
We've observed him French hosts in confu-
sion to drive
And conquest has ever been chained to his
ear
At Dunkirk his great son showed the Galli-
cans game
Trimmed their jackets right well 'till he
thought on't one day

Tha·

* Jack G. had a mastiff Oh let him alone
For making a blunder or picking a bone.

† Report says Jack has disposed of his situation.

That the best stile to gather a harvest of
fame
And show generalship good was in running
away
In America too, some damned tea-drinking
elves
*Who were mousing some cause for diversion to
hit on*
Had the insolence to think and to speak for
themselves
And in fine to wage war with the mighty
Great Britain
With derision we treated those knaves as we
ought
And received their complaints with a cynical
sneer
Till amazing to tell a great wonder we
wrought
Making thirteen new states in the course of
one year
The fam'd Whitlock we know martial ardor
inspired
When he set out o'er-charged with great ta-
lents and care
'Gainst *Lean ears* great glory in war he ac-
quired
And he bothered the natives at Buenos
Ayres
But lo! mighty Chatham appears on the
stage
And bombard that damned Flushing, oh
terrible town
Still finding it tough he reared out in a
rage
If it does not give up, by G-d I'll knock it
down
Well he levelled the wretch and then swore
by the book
Against Corvo's great prince that he would
not advance
For *Corvus* is latin and signifies *Rock*
Rock's a nick name for rogues in Great Bri-
tain and France.
Now this rascal cried out if I catch this *Jean
Bull*
My tight heroes you'll see all how soundly
I'll rate him
And this mind has this mouth of this pro-
ject been full
But if my name's Chatham I'm damned but
I'll *cheat him*
I'm determined on home let them say what
they will
English, Irishmen, Scots, or Bill Cobbett the
carper
For he surely must know human life very
ill
Who would venture high stakes with a no-
table *sharp*;
From Beef-land he bundled without a de-
feat
And in sooth the campaign might be termed
most glorious

Had not *General Fever* hung on his retreat
And only for that he'd been *bale* and *un-
desir-
ous*.
Now a jubilee's meet for so glorious a
reign
It will vex master Boney whose deeds are so
sinister
The damned Tartar has got a fore drabbing
in Spain
Thanks to our great m——h our gen'ral and
minister
Then the name is sublime and deny in who
can
Not to have a fine name would appear migh-
ty silly
We'll ape the great Romans those models for
man
If they had their *Jew-Peter*, we'll have our
Jew-Billy,

SQUIB.

Some years ago, a Mr. Cobbe was
made Rector of St. Audeons, a short
time after his appointment, he had
the Cross, on the Steeple taken
down, and a crown with a bear's
head put in its stead. Which occa-
sioned the following Epigram.
Christ's Cross from Christ's church cursed

Cobbe has pulled down
And placed in its stead, what he *worships*—
the Crown,
Avenging the cause of the Gaderese people
The Miscreant has placed a Swine's head on
the Steeple,
By this intimating to all who pass by
That his hearers are Swine and his church but
a Sty.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE
OF EDWARD BYRNE.

A

To Tally's rule see no exception made
B
To Goldsmith's sentiments behold the same
A Saul for Princes in a man of Trade,
Who proved to thousands friendship's not a
Name.

A. nec enim quidquam ingenium habere
Officina Cicero potest
A Gentleman and a man in Trade are in-
consistent characters
B. What is friendship but a game and
Goldsmith's Hermit.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

By inserting the following lines in your Entertaining Magazine, you will much oblige a new and young Correspondent whose future productions shall be at your service and submitted to your Corrections.

A Pupil of the Old School of Inch.

Father Con—come from France says the
Priests there are swine
Do you think the strange epithet just
If to eat nice ragouts and drink bumpers of
wine
They've not asked *Him*—it certainly must
If 'twere true 'tis not *Charity* makes the re-
port
But since false it is *Calumny* spoke

He's a coward that injures the absent for
sport
'Gainst a *Brother*, what could so provoke?
Thus, the Boy to whose weak-eye the sun
shines too bright
To his fellows cries out in despair
To the shade let's away, this orb gives no
delight
'Tis the Devil I'm sure that reigns there,

A Physician as celebrated for giving invitations, as for having meagre fare for his guests received in return for one of his Gala's. The following imitation of Provost Andrews's Address to Peg Woffington in this Song dear Chloe come give me sweet kisses.

Dear doctor come give me a dinner
For worse never miser e'er gave
I'm a swaddling vile reprobate sinner
And fasting my soul I might save

If a man with his soul full of malice
Should murder or goods steal away
I would not doom him to the gallows
Nor send him to Botany Bay.

Easter Sunday that great and that high
day
Your Greg'ry with me if you share
You'll make me remember Good Friday
And soon leave my bones very bare.

But I'd board him one quarter with you
Sir,
And that would create greater dread
He'd be damn'd in a fortnight or two Sir,
At least by my soul he'd be dead.

CHANGE

CHANGE OF ADMINISTRATION.

The hireling newspapers are uncommonly profuse of their adulation to the family of the Wellesley's and seriously congratulate the public on the probability of their appointment to principal situations on the meditated change in administration.

There is no family to whom power could be given, not even that of Castlereagh so obnoxious to this country, and particularly to this decaying city, smarting under the vulgar authority and expense of an inefficient system police of the Wellesleyan manufacture, with accumulated misfortunes caused by the detested act of Union, of which the Wellesley's were among the principal agents. As Orangemen, police architects, and Unionists, this family is entitled to the most prominent distinction. At this awful period, after the destruction of three British armies when every plan of conciliation should be tried to reconcile such part of the people as have been driven into disaffection by the irritable experiments of Giddy power, and foolish Bigotry, it is not such men as the Wellesley's should be employed, to heal the wounds of a suffering community, or preserve a connexion of which there is so much apprehension. The return to power of the celebrated Sir Arthur, would cause a sensation in this great metropolis, as painful, as if it were visited by the most implacable invading enemy. Already we experienced, the consequences of his hateful administration, of his contempt for our opinions, his pride, and his military austerity. The reign of terror, the dreadful days of

1798, so fruitful in the production of legallised monsters, and of which every good man would wish to see the remembrance of buried in oblivion, has been resorted to, and Sir Arthur with the kindred sympathy of a terrorist, and the haughty industry of an Inquisitor, despising such puerile morality, from the blood-stained list of kindred ruffians, selected one of the most atrocious, and again a numerous people, were insulted by the authority of a man, under whose horrid dominion they had so frequently trembled. To Sir Arthur Wellesley we owe a police establishment, and this ruined metropolis witnesses taxes wrung from industry without remorse, and as carelessly squandered on every mean pander in power. If any men of moderate talents who are aware of the dangerous state of the British Empire, were to come into the administration, they would not hold the opinion of the people of Dublin in such indifferent estimation, as to continue an establishment the expenses of which is so much beyond the circumstances of a city, impoverished by the absence of our gentry, and labouring under all the commercial restrictions, imposed on us by friends, and again narrowed by enemies. They would dismiss six idle and obscure barristers from an appointment that could be conducted by one, they would also dismiss six attornies, and as many demi attornies, and at least six of the twelve illiterate artificers, who are so wisely taken from the lowest intellectual intelligence as the reward of corporation zeal and ignorant loyalty.

JUBILEE.

The Guzzling and stupid corporation is employed discussing and managing an extensive eating match and mountebank exhibition to take place on the 25th instant. This important foolishness the ignorant confederation are pleased to call a Jubilee. There can be no stronger proof of the besotted condition of these men, than this disregard to public calamity, and even their individual interests as tradesmen. The Haggard Battalions of Police, their commanders and expectants, who would shelter themselves as part of the institution, against the horrors of poverty or the unpleasant intrusion of the Bailiff, may rejoice, and every wretch who is called into office, to check the evils arising from domestic misery, may rejoice. But to what a deplorable degree of mental degradation must the human mind be sunk, when the Shopkeeper and Tradesman who have been reduced from opulence to contempt and beggary by the UNION, join in the drunken revelry of place men and place hunters, and in defiance of the most perilous necessity that stares them in the face, drown the recollection of impending danger, jostling among police constables, police lawyers, police attorneys, hangmen and goalers, to the lowest scenes of eating and inebriation. We hope the Corporation will not insist by terror or seduction to make the people of Dublin, i. e. the flogged and excluded Catholics to pay any respect to their unthinking loyalty, they have been such sufferers by the UNION, by a War of sixteen years, and are suffering so much at the hands of their cowardly persecutors, that they cannot have any serious liking to join in drunken revelry over their naked counters and deserted workshops. If his majesty's reign has been distinguished by one solid transaction which it was concerned in, at which the philosopher and the philanthropist can rejoice, it must be the happy delivery of America, from Parliamentary authority and Corporate monopoly. If we dare rejoice, to see six millions of men relieved from Tithe Proctors, Soldiers, and all the united Quacks that every tyranny or superstition applied to stupify the public mind, or insult industry; let the name of Washington, Jefferson, and those other good men who defended the rights of their country be written on every window. If we esteem the

great Asylum prepared by American Valour, for our persecuted countrymen, America deserves to be written on every heart. The Tradesmen of London may be rejoice, but it is at our expense, they have got our customers with our Nobility and Gentry, they have not only shut us out from the World, but have extended their avidity to our doors by literally driving us out of such of our domestic market as we preserved well yet, we had our independence. With the evils which our provincial condition brings with it, We have to complain that our character must suffer, by the unthinking and beastly intemperance of men whose noise and riot may be attributed to the people, by those who are strangers to our local circumstance, on the very contrary, the zealous confusion is the Act of about four or five hundred men selected from the meanest Order of the Community, who assume the name of the city of Dublin to grace their Orgies, though they really do not constitute a two hundredth part of the population. Not only domestic Vices Organized, and idleness encouraged, but the world is made to understand that one of the greatest cities in Europe is rejoicing at the loss of its independence, and so regardless of the consequent misery, its inhabitants are made to appear like an inebriated mob reveling among the ruins of former grandeur. The inhabitants of Antwerp when that celebrated Emporium was interdicted any intercourse with the world, might as well be described illuminating their degraded city with the burning hulls of their ships. Turning from the disgusting recital which ignorance and the lowest servility imposes on us. We congratulate our country that the present appearance of the world, promises the speedy return of peace, and if unfortunate man is doomed to have masters, that the degrading humiliation, will not be aggravated by the reign of vulgar terror. If the surrounding notions, are obliged to pass under the YOKE. The reign of a lettered Corsican must be managed with more regard to public opinion, than could be expected from the vulgar administration of cooks and plasterers.

LORD

LORD NORBURY.

In the event of a change in administration, it is reported that Lord Norbury retires from the bench. We congratulate the poorer ranks, who live within the line of the home circuit on this very pleasing intelligence.

It is written of a certain Judge, that his decisions were so severe, several parents have been known to drown themselves, when they

learned their sons were to be tried under his authority.

It is said of the same Judge, he had such a passion for horse riding that he has declared he would rather have a Jury of thorough bred mares, to assist him, than one composed of the best informed Catholics in Ireland.

CATHOLIC COMMITTEE.

On Friday last this body of Peers and Gentlemen, as a proof of their sincerity if they get into power, to use all due means as Senators and Magistrates, to improve the condition of their poor brethren, have unanimously agreed to recommend to every gentleman of the Catholic faith, who possesses six thousand pounds a year, to allow each of his tenants or labourers, six pence for each day's work, during the ensuing winter.

A motion was made by a member, to give some pecuniary aid towards assisting the Proprietor of the Irish Magazine, by defraying the expenses incurred by the seizure of the materials and goods in his office on the 11th of last month. This met with the most pointed disapprobation, by every person, but the mover, and every wish was expressed, that the fellow and his books were together under the Major's lock and key.

Lord F. — Moved an address of congra-
tulation to Sir Arthur Wellesley for his vast

military skill, manifested in his masterly re-
treat through Spain, this was carried with
approbation.

The same noble Lord, congratulated the meeting on the spirit of loyalty displayed by our Protestant fellow-citizens, on the *sober* preparations making to celebrate the happy tranquil, glorious, and liberal events that distinguished the present reign for the last forty-nine years.

The Committee came to a determination, to adopt a measure practised in several parts of the country, by Protestant gentlemen, by allowing rations of straw to each of their tenants, for bedding, every winter, to enable the poor wretches, to sleep, without being compelled to commit felony, as Haggards were usually pillaged for the purposes of Rest.

After which this division of our natural representatives adjourned.

OBITUARY

OBITUARY.

At his house at Balconen, near the Man of War co. of Dublin, in the 80th year of his age, Mr. Patrick Dolard an eminent Farmer.

On Summer-Hill, Dublin, much regretted by his numerous and respectable friends, Mr. Michael Reynolds, carpenter.

In Corn Market, after a short illness, Mr.

William Moore, of the Stamp-office, a gentleman highly esteemed for his social manners and every amiable quality, that contributes to render a man respectable and an acquisition to Society.

In Grafton-street, Mrs. Boylan wife of Mr. Pat Boylan, a young Lady of the most amiable and accomplished manners.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to apologize to our numerous readers for the vacant condition of our Obituary. From the low and putrid state of the atmosphere, within the last fortnight and the Corporation intemperance occasioned in arranging the Jubilee we flattered ourselves, with a couple of Aldermen at least. By next publication, we expect a copious catalogue, from the casualties of Drunkenness and the consequence of over-eating, expected on the 25th.

We return our thanks to the Rev. Mr.

M'Dermot P. F. of Castleown, Co. Meath, for his favour, but regret its being too voluminous for our publication.

Mr. B. of Francis-street, may be assured and thing alluding to him, or suspected to be so, that has been inserted in our magazine was without the Editor's knowledge.

Some Account of the conduct and mode of transacting Royal Canal Affairs, by the learned and unlearned Civil and military board of Governors and Directors, will appear the first opportunity.

CAROLAN.

At some considerable expence, we had executed by Irish Artists the likenesses which we have given in this month's publication of CAROLAN, but through the perfidy of the Engraver, an imitation of it has been fabricated, and is now published by a man of

the name of Carolan, who modestly dedicates it to the Harp societies of Dublin and Belfast, we forbear any further comment on the transaction, as the business, will come before a Jury, November next.



BONAPARTE
Sketch'd on the Parade.

THE
IRISH MAGAZINE,

OR
Monthly Asylum

FOR
NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1809.

Ancient and Modern History furnish accounts of desperate undertakings by individuals ; but none exhibits so resolute and determined an adventurer as Colonel Blood ; who, if his pursuits had been directed to purposes, more popular, would have caused his memory to have ranked with the greatest names both as to courage and plans of operation. Cromwell himself was not possessed of higher requisites to obtain a great name ; and did not come so near the crown, as this singular man.

COLONEL THOMAS BLOOD.

THIS daring adventurer was notorious for seizing the person of the Duke of Ormond,* with an inten-

tion to hang him at Tyburn, and for stealing the crown out of the Tower. He was very near being success-

* On the 6th of December, 1670, an assault was made in the open streets upon the Duke of Ormond, of a very singular nature, whether we consider the boldness of the attempt, or the illegality of the design. The chief contriver and manager of this monstrous enterprise was one Thomas Blood, a blacksmith's son in Ireland, a man of a fearless courage, and undaunted bravery.

He had signalized himself once before by a bold attempt in which he rescued one of his wicked comrades in Yorkshire from the sheriff's men, as they were leading him to the gallows. After this he laid a design in Ireland to surprise the Castle of Dublin and the magazine there,

and to usurp the government : but this being discovered by the Duke of Ormond the night before it was to be executed, some of his accomplices were taken and executed as traitors. The deaths of these Blood and their other surviving companions bound themselves by a solemn oath to revenge upon the person of the Duke. That nobleman lived at Clarendon House, and was observed by Blood to go usually late home, and attended with only two or three footmen, which gave him occasion to lay a plot for working his intended revenge.

To this end himself, with five or six more of his associates, well mounted and armed, waited at the Bull Head Tavern

ful in both these enterprizes: it was with no small difficulty that the duke escaped, and the crown was wrested from his hands.

The cunning of this astonishing man was equal to his intrepidity. He told the king, by whom he was examined, that he had undertaken to kill him; and that he went with that purpose to a place in the river where he bathed: but was struck with so profound an awe upon sight of his (naked) majesty, that his resolution failed him, and he entirely laid aside his design; that he belonged to a band of persons equally desperate with himself, who had bound themselves by the strongest oaths to revenge the death of any of their associates. Upon this he received the royal pardon, and had a hand-

at Charing Cross till the Duke came by, and then all took horse and galloped after him. They overtook him near his own gate, knocked down his footmen, took him out of his coach, forced him up behind one of the horsemen to whom they tied him, and were riding away with him. The coachman and servants crying out the porter came forth, and seeing what was done, pursued them. The Duke strove so violently to free himself, that at last he got loose, and threw himself with the person he was tied to off the horse. The rest turned back, and finding it impossible to carry him away, discharged two pistols at him; but it being so dark that they could not see to take aim, they missed him both times. The porter and other assistance coming up, they were glad to make haste away, leaving the Duke much bruised with his fall. Their design, as it was afterwards found, was to carry him to Tyburn, and there to hang him with a paper pinned to his breast, expressing the reasons for the perpetration of such an act. The king offered a thousand pounds for the discovery of any one concerned in it. But with such unchangeable fidelity were these men linked together, that so great a reward produced no discovery; and they had been for ever unknown, had not the attempt on the crown led Blood to the confession of this attempt on the Duke.

some pension assigned him of £500. per year. He was now no longer considered as an impudent criminal but as a court favourite; an application was made to the throne by the mediation of Mr. Blood*. October 24 Aug. 1680.

The particulars of his attempt on the crown and regalia in the Tower of London, are related by Mr. Edwards himself, at that time, keeper.

About three weeks before he put his intended plan in execution he came to the Tower as a stranger, to see the curiosities, habited as a clergyman, with a long cloak, cassock, and canonical girdle, and brought a woman with him, whom he called his wife, though it afterwards appeared his real wife was ill at the time in Lancashire; his pretended wife after seeing the crown, &c. feigned a sudden indisposition, and desired Mr. Edwards to procure her some spirits, who immediately caused his wife to fetch some; after which, appearing to be somewhat recovered, Mrs. Edwards invited her up stairs, where she pretended to repose herself for some time on a bed; after which they departed, with great thanks for the attention received.

In three or four days after, Blood called on Mrs. Edwards, with a present

* Dr. Walter Pope in his "Life of Bishop Ward," informs us, "that Blood, being of a sudden become a great favourite at court, and the chief agent of the dissenters, brought the bishop a verbal message from the king not to molest them upon which he went to wait on his majesty, and humbly represented to him, that there were only two troublesome non-conformists in his diocese, whom he doubted not, with his majesty's permission, but that he should bring to their duty; and then he named them. "These are the very men," replied the king, "you must not meddle with; to which he obeyed letting the prosecution against them fall."

present of four pair of white gloves ; and having began the acquaintance, made frequent visits to improve it, accompanied by his pretended wife, who professed she could never sufficiently repay the kindness received.

Blood, in one of his visits to the Edwards's, observed that his wife could discourse of nothing but the kindness of the good people in the Tower ; adding she had thought on a plan to cement a lasting friendship between them, which was ; Mr. Edwards having a daughter at that time marriageable, that a match should take place between her and a pretended nephew of his, who had from two to three hundred pounds a year.

This proposal was easily assented to by old Mr. Edwards, who invited the person to dine with him, which was readily accepted by our adventurer, who taking upon him to say grace performed it with great devotion, and concluded a long winded one, with a prayer for the king, queen, and royal family. After dinner he went to see the rooms and observing a handsome pair of pistols, he expressed a great desire to buy them, to present to a young lord his acquaintance ; but it was afterwards thought but to disarm the house against his intended depredation.

At his departure, which was with a cononical benediction on the good company, he appointed a day and hour to bring his young nephew to his mistress ; and it was that very day that he made his attempt, viz. the 9th of May, about seven in the morning, Anno 1678.

The old man was got up ready to receive his guest, and the daughter had put herself into her best dress to entertain her gallant ; when behold Parson Blood, with three more came to the jewel-house, all armed with rapier blades in their canes, and

every one a dagger and a pair of pocket-pistols. Two of his companions entered with him, and the third staid at the door it seems for a watch. The daughter thought it not modest for her to come down till she was called, but sent her maid to view the company, and bring her a description of her intended husband. The maid conceived that he was the intended bridegroom who staid at the door, because he was the youngest of the company, and returned to her young mistress with the character she had formed of his person.

Blood told Mr. Edwards, that they would not go up stairs till his wife came, and desired him to shew his friends the crown to pass the time. But as soon as they entered the room where the crown was kept, and the door as usual shut behind them, they threw a cloak over the old man's head, and clapped a gag into his mouth, which was a great plug of wood, with a small hole in the middle to take breath ; this was tied with a wax leather round his neck, at the same time they fastened an iron hook to his nose, that no sound might pass that way.

When they had thus secured him they told him their resolution was to take the crown, globe and sceptre ; and that if he would quietly submit they would spare his life ; otherwise he was to expect no mercy.

He thereupon made as much noise to be heard as possible ; on which they knocked him down with a wooden mallet, and told him if he would lay quiet they would still spare his life, but if not, on the next attempt to make a noise they would kill him ; but he straining to make a greater noise, they gave him nine or ten strokes with the mallet, as appeared afterwards by the bruises on his head, and stabbed him in the belly.

Mr. Edwards was at this time almost eighty years of age, and appearing not to breathe, one of them said he is dead, I'll warrant him; but coming a little to himself, he judged it prudent to lay quiet.

One of them named Parrot concealed the globe in his cloaths, Blood held the crown under his cloak, and the third was about to file the sceptre in two, it being too long to put in a bag they had brought for the purpose. But before they could accomplish this, young Mr. Edwards, who had been into Flanders, providentially returned to England, and arrived at the Tower to visit his aged father at the very time they were thus employed; and coming to the jewel-house observed their centinel, and told him if he had any business with his father he would go up stairs and inform him. In the mean time the centinel gave notice of the son's arrival, on which they hastened away with the crown and globe, not having time to file the sceptre; and as they did not think of tying the old man's hands, he immediately got up, and cried "Treason! Murder."

His daughter on hearing him, ran out upon Tower Hill, and cried "Treason! the crown is stolen!" and Blood with Parrot, making more than common haste, were observed to jog against each other, which caused them to be suspected. By this time young Edwards with a Captain Beckman, went in pursuit of the offenders, and the alarm being given to the warder at the drawbridge, he attempted to stop them, but Blood coming up to him, discharged a pistol through fear of which he fell though not hurt, and they got safe to the little ward-house gate, where a soldier, who had served under Cromwell, seeing them shoot at the warder, though he stood

centinel at the last gate, suffered them through cowardice to pass to Tower Hill, and they were proceeding to St. Catharines, commonly called the Iron Gate, where their horses were in waiting, crying all the way they ran, "Stop the Rogues!" They being thought innocent by the disguise of Blood's canonical robes till Captain Beckman coming up to them Blood discharged his second pistol at his head, but he stooping down avoided the shot, and seized the rogue who had the crown under his cloak; yet had he the impudence to struggle a long time, till the crown was fairly wrested from him, which when he loosed, he said it was a gallant attempt how unsuccessful soever; for it was for a crown. Parrot was taken before Blood by a servant of Captain Sheaburn. Some innocent persons had nearly suffered for the guilty; as young Edwards overtaking a man who was blooded by the scuffle, was going to run him through as his father's murderer, but was stayed by Captain Beckman who exclaimed, "He is none of them."

Hunt, Blood's son in law, leaped on his horse, with two more of the set and rode away; but a cart standing empty in the street chanced to turn short, and Hunt run his head against a pole that stuck out, but recovering his legs was remounting; but being known by a cobbler, who was running to enquire the disaster, said, "This is Tom Hunt, who was in that bloody attempt on the Duke of Ormond." A constable being on the spot, immediately seized him, and carried him before Justice Smith, who, upon his confident denial of being the same Hunt, was about to discharge him; but the hue and cry coming from the Tower, he was committed to safe custody.

Young

Young Edwards proposed to Lieutenant Rainsford to mount some of his soldiers upon the horses that were left, and send them to follow the rest that escaped; but he bade him follow them himself, it was his business, and led the horses into the Tower as forfeited to the lieutenant.

Hunt, as hath been said, was son-in-law to Blood, and trained by him to desperate undertakings.

Parrot was a silk dyer in Southwark; and in the civil wars had been Major General Harrison's lieutenant.

In the struggle for the crown, the great pearl and a fine diamond fell out, and were lost for a time with some smaller stones. But the pearl was found by Catherine Maddox, a poor sweeping woman to one of the warders, and the diamond by a barber's apprentice, and both faithfully restored. Other smaller stones were by several persons picked up and brought in. The fine ruby belonging to the sceptre was found in Parrot's pocket: so that not any considerable thing was wanting. The crown only was bruised and sent to repair.

The king was immediately informed of the particulars, and ordered a proper examination of all the parties but being advised to hear the examination himself, Blood appeared to be so little intimidated, that the king was induced not only to pardon him and his associates, but granted him a pension of 500*l.* *per annum*; as Blood declared there were hundreds of his friends bound by solemn engagements to revenge the death of any of their fraternity, not excepting even the life of his majesty.

Mr. Edwards had a grant of 200*l.* and his son 100*l.* Though many persons solicited a greater reward for the services of the old keeper and his son, no farther notice was taken of them, though the old gentleman was so much distressed as to sell his order on the treasury of 100*l.* for 50*l.* in order to pay his surgeon for drugs, &c. with the best part, and dying within a year and a month after he had received the wounds, did not greatly enjoy the little remnant of reward for his loyalty.

—000000—

Catholic Literature.

Three Letters on Irish Catholic Affairs.
(By D. DETECTOR.) — COYNE,
Capel-street.

The writings of Detector, deserve, and we think will obtain, a better fate than to expire with the diurnal mists of a Newspaper. The Catholic public are much obliged to the author for now sending them forth in form of a pamphlet. There is an acumen prevalent throughout these letters which nothing but truth could

produce.—Take his remark (for instance) on the high antiquity of the Irish church, and the late attempt of the Methodists against our chapels. "Be assured that no man, worthy of this generous soil, let his antipathies be what they will to our mysteries of belief or rites of worship, could have beheld without regret the triumph of Methodistical Vandalism, in the demolition of that Church, from which the day-spring of Christianity had travelled the climate

climate of an ancient Europe, which had never capitulated to wide-waiving heretics or despotic popes, which stood lofty, yet unambitious, amidst the old and the modern ruins of Irish splendour, and on which, as on holy ground, the national feeling had taken stand against the invasion of prone, ferret-eyed, pitiless monopoly."

The bitter sarcasm at the commencement of the following sentence is a bone of comfort which the Dog (whither in or out of office) and his whole pack may gnaw at leisure. "O sweet Conciliators! O divine Orangemen! To prepare the cup of your welcome to us All, with the mingled waters of jealousy and despair, and grinningly to pledge us, in the reviving social wine of loyalty: To invite us to accompany your bacchanalian "God save the King," that we may stand confessed of having canonized our own doom, and of having loudly exulted in the malediction against our offspring! For this, "My soul abhors your Sabbath days and your new moons." Yes I too can bless the King, from the hard station of captivity, to which, as you boast, I am assigned by his promise; but I will not exasperate the Deity by acquiescing in a temporal curse, upon the innocent hopes the Deity has granted, of a better

age. I will say, May His reign be loved, may they be free and obey him; May Both prosper! May the indivisible wish ascend as one, and be heard!"

That protestant inquisition, the Society for the suppression of Vice and Immorality, comes in for its share of castigation. By a negative vindication of the Catholic brotherhood, this writer like a determined rider, works with his heel, and spurs those sorry hacks, the protestant informers, most unmercifully. "God save our Irish Church! Through its venerable spirit we are as yet exempt from that severely impotent guardian of morals, an Inquisition. The visit of our Priests is not, as yet, domiciliary; the College of our Pontiffs is not, as yet, a club of Eaves-droppers. A man as yet, may speak for his Country, without apprehension of the torture. The man who is just, before social law, may blame public errors, without fearing that his own bosom will be searched with pains or the bosom of his friend by terrors and seduction, in order to crush the accuser, and the charge in one."

We are happy to find a writer that does give any thing like the truth on the late Jubilee; and we refer our readers with pleasure to the perusal of the whole of these letters.

— 00000 —

To William Walker, Esq. Recorder of the City of Dublin.

SIR,

As the legal adviser of the corporation of Dublin, it is presumed it would be your duty to interfere on the part of the public, whenever any impositions are practised either by Magistrates or their deputies. Two most glaring and impudent abuses

of a very oppressive kind we have to complain of, they are no less than a system of taxation levied by authority of every Lord Mayor since the mayoralty of Pemberton inclusive, every person who wishes to obtain a Spirit licence, before he can complete his business, and though fully qualified according

according to law, is compelled to pay to the Lord Mayor or his deputy for his use a sum of five shillings. With this scandalous imposition, the town clerks have added another, if possible more flagrant outrage than that of the Lord Mayor's. The words of the Spirit license act, clearly express that two shillings and sixpence British and no more must be taken by any clerk of the Peace filing each certificate. Notwithstanding the express directions of the statute, the Dublin clerks of the Peace refuse to sign or file any such certificate without having previously obtained ten shillings British! and so conscious

are these ignorant men of their power and security, that they generally add insulting language to their illegal exactions. It remains with you, Sir, to interfere to prevent any illiterate Lord Mayor, or impudent town clerk to usurp a power which the King dare not assume, that of taxing the people without the consent of parliament. It is not only your duty to put a stop to this shameful system of plunder, but see that the money already obtained, from an industrious and numerous body of men be restored.

C I V I S.

—000000—

Letter to the Editor.

MR EDITOR,

Never (I believe) since the day of Wilkes has the talent which Scotchmen possess, of emerging with rapidity from lowliness and filth been properly appreciated, and never was there a period in our history which demanded more than the present does, the talents and public spirit of such a writer as Wilkes.—The man who obtains ample wealth with unblemished reputation, and the hero who by splendid and honourable achievements adds a device to his family escutcheon deservedly hold the first place in society. To such if any such Scotchmen there are amongst us, my observations cannot apply; but I describe, Mr. Editor, that supercilious Sawney, with a heart cold as the inhospitable region which gave him birth, who would, like the Dutch at Japan, trample on the symbol of his redemption for gain. I describe that man, thrust upon us to fill a situation of great moment to the inhabitants of this metropolis with no

responsibility whatever attached to it, save what the law imposes on every subject, and whose chief merit with the immaculate divine that appointed him, is his readiness to co-operate with the Machiavelian plans for the more effectually impoverishing, and thereby depopulating, this ill fated country. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Ascalon," that in this entire island one Irishman cannot be found qualified for the office of Inspector of the public sewers and temples of Cloacina, altho' at this moment of imminent peril to the empire the names of Brady, Betagh, O'Reilly, O'Donoghue, and Blake, all Irishmen, reverberate throughout the globe as the best defenders of the respective sovereigns they serve. But, sir, the Irish resemble the prophets of yore, never to be honoured, respected or elevated in their native land. I do not condemn a man for the place of his birth, but I do feel sufficient of the *Amor Patriæ* to have a predilection for honest Irishmen, and to execrate

execrate a system of partiality and exclusion. Since the Union every lucrative employment in this country has passed into the hands of foreigners with a few exceptions, and those few conferred on degenerate Irishmen, who pander to that Junta of hypocrisy, impurity, and convicted and confessed delinquency which constitutes the council of a neighbouring county, that Junta, the *primum mobile* of which has with infernal malignity changed the characteristic greenness of this unhappy land to ensanguined purple.—But to return to this lord paramount over his besotted competitors; like all his foreign predecessors holding offices in this country, his will is law at the board where he presides, be his mandates ever so absurd or dishonest; and from the obstinacy with which he maintains his opinions, I think ere long we shall have an essay from him to prove the superiority of oatmeal, accompanied by a panegyrick on the itch. Thus, Mr. Editor, is this land the prey of foreign vermin, who like the locusts of Egypt overshadow and devour it,

and when we apply for redress we are answered * in the words of Pharaoh, “The people of the land are numerous, you see that the multitude is increased; how much more if you give them rest from their works?” and that those who ought to redress our wrongs stand precisely in the situation that Pharaoh did as to dullness of intellect and hardness of heart, I do not entertain a doubt. Holding this opinion, it is unnecessary to add more, than that the Irish are not unmindful of their long suffering, nor do they apprehend the day of retribution to be very remote. So says

ORELLANA.

* About the time that Mr. Windham advised the executive power to exercise a vigour beyond the law, Mr. Grey suggested the propriety of devising a plan for disposing of the superabundant population of Ireland. Mr. Windham was not then a patriot, but Mr. Grey was, so that two gentlemen disagreeing in every other political opinion, concurred in that of oppressing Ireland.

—000000—

Irish Histories.

That quintessence of trash now republishing, designated Irish histories written by our enemies and calumniators, who are long since wasted to the happy regions of Harry and Bess, and those worthy imitators of theirs, Musgrave's and Gordon's productions, remind us of Voltaire's prediction to Rousseau, when he shewed him his ode to posterity. “Rousseau,” said he, “this ode will never reach those to whom it is addressed.”

Nor would these ebullitions of bigotry and fanaticism meet a better fate, but for the unceasing efforts of our persecutors to revive and disseminate them. However of this we are as certain as that the Ox's eye is protentive of a storm, that when Satan sees his authority on the wane, he not only musters his accustomed strength, but brings to his aid a corps de reserve, and it is not improbable he has selected the Irish histories as part thereof.

Coxcombical

Coxcombical Priest.

LEST our silence heretofore with regard to the follies of this clerical coxcomb, should be construed into a tacit approbation of his conduct; we now assure him, through the medium of this publication, that if he does not choose an alternative, either to relinquish (negatively) his profession, and retire to the vale of private life, or put off the "Old Man" completely, and resume the discharge of his sacred functions in a manner which will prove to the world, a total abandonment of his present course of life, we will in our next publication lay before the public an ample detail, not only of his levities, but his crimes, so far as may be consistent with our own safety;—and as he has made himself too conspicuous a personage to be mistaken, we trust every friend to virtue and religion in and about the metropolis, will ex-

clude him their society, until he has given manifest proofs of this, so much to be wished for, reformation. It may be said, that those to whom the spiritual administration of the diocese is committed, are the best judges in this case, and that we should not interfere—but we know that their admonitions have hitherto proved ineffectual, and that those whom he has injured, have from motives of mistaken lenity to him, and false delicacy on their own part, declined giving the proofs which would be necessary to make a public example of him. Hoping that this hint to him will be attended with beneficial effects, we shall at present abstain from saying more, than to advise his immediate return from fashionable watering places, and the company of deists, to his pastoral duties.

—00000—

Saint Leo.

SAINT LEO, surnamed the Great, according to some authors, received his birth in Rome, while others maintain that he was born in Tuscany. Of the occurrences of his youth we have no particulars. He was employed by the Popes Celestinus I. and Sixtus III. when only deacon, in matters of the greatest intricacy and importance, and, upon the demise of the latter, exalted to the pontificate. His election was approved of, and celebrated by the Romans, whom he never ceased to inspire with the most profound admiration. He repelled, by his firmness, the progress of heresy, and brought over many to his faith, by his impassioned exhortations—

A little time after his accession to the Popedom, he discovered the secret infamy of the Manichees, and consigned such as he could not

convert to the secular arm. He destroyed in Italy the remainder of the Pelagians and Priscillianites, and displayed the same zeal against the sect of Eutychians, whose principles in 449, had been sanctioned by a council at Ephesus. Two years after this, the Emperor Marcian assembled an oecumenical council at Caledonia, to which St. Leo sent four legates with a letter to Flavian, the patriarch of Constantinople, which as it developed the doctrine of the church with respect to the incarnation, met with considerable applause and had the immediate effect of proscribing error and establishing truth.

While this business was passing in the East, Attila ravaged the West, with uncontrollable fury, and advanced towards the walls of Rome, which he had sworn to reduce to ashes. Being commissioned by the

Emperor Valentinian to propose terms of peace to this terrific warrior, St. Leo, by the majesty of his demeanour, and the power of his eloquence, produced such an effect on the mind of Attila, that he abstained from his meditated conquest, impressed with sentiments of great respect for the Pontiff. But in his conference with Genserik, who in the year 455, took Rome by surprize, and abandoned it during fourteen days to pillage, he was not so successful. All that Leo could obtain of this barbarian was, that he should not fire the city nor put the inhabitants to the sword, and that the two churches

enriched by the magnificent presents of Constantine should remain untouched.

St. Leo died in the month of October, 461, universally regretted, leaving behind him the reputation of a saint, and of an enlightened pontiff. He is the first pope of whom we have any considerable account transmitted to us. Of his Letters and Sermons there have been several editions, but that published by P. Quesnel is the best. The history of his pontificate has been handed to us by Father Maimbourg, in one volume 4to. and two volumes duodecimo.

—00000000—

Extraordinary Account of a Mermaid.

IN the History of the Netherlands we read, that in the year 1403, the dikes were broken near Campeer by an inundation; and when the inundation had returned, a Merwoman was left in the Dornick Mere; and the milk-maids who used to cross that Mere in boats, when they went to milk saw a human head above water, but believed their eyes deceived them, till the repeated sight confirmed their assurance; whereupon, they resolved one night to watch her, and saw that she repaired to a sedge or flaggy place, where it was ebb, and near the side; where upon, early in the morning, they got a great many boats together, and environed the place in the form of an half moon, and disturbed her; but she attempting to get under the boats, and finding her way stopped up by staves and other things on purpose fallen, began to flounce, and make a hideous deafening voice, and with her hands and tail sunk a boat or two; but at last was tired out and taken. The maids used her kindly and cleaned the sea moss and shells from off

her, and offered her water, fish, milk, bread, &c. which she refused. But with good usage, in a day or two they got her to eat and drink, though she endeavoured to make her escape again to sea; her hair was long and black, her face human, her teeth very strong, her breasts and belly to the navel, were perfect—the lower parts of her body ended in a strong fish tail. The magistrates of Haerlem commanded her to be sent to them, for that the Mere was within their jurisdiction; when she was brought thither, she was put into the Town-house, and had a dame assigned her to teach her; *she learned to spin and shew devotion to prayer*; she would laugh, and when women came into the Town-house to spin with her for diversion, she would signify by signs she knew their meaning in some sort, though she could never be taught to speak; she would wear no clothes in summer part of her hair was filleted up in a Dutch dress, and part hung long and naturally.—She would have her tail in the water, and accordingly had a tub of water

under her chair made on purpose for her: she eat, milk, water, bread, butter, and fish; she lived thus out of her element, (except her tail) fifteen or sixteen years. Her picture was painted on a board with oil, and hangs now in the Town house of Haerlem, with an inscription in letters of gold, giving an account when she was taken, how long she lived,

and when she died, and in what church-yard she was buried; their annals mention her, and their books have her picture, and travelling painters draw her picture by the table. By the above-mentioned relation the querist may be satisfied, that she exceeds all the other creatures in cunning and docility that have ever yet been known.

—00000—

*Description of SYDNEY TOWN, the Capital of the English Colonies in NEW SOUTH WALES; translated from the new work of M. PERON, the Naturalist, who accompanied the Voyage of Discovery made by order of Buonaparte, in the Southern Hemisphere, between 1800, and 1804.**

IT was on the 27th of June, in the evening, says M. Peron, that our vessel arrived in sight of Port Jackson, and a few days afterwards the other two ships got safe into the harbour, after having, through the obstinancy of Captain Hamelin, the commander of the expedition, been for a considerable time in the greatest danger.

Our arrival at Port Jackson, did not excite so much surprise amongst the colonists as might have been expected; but for ourselves we were completely astonished at the flourishing state in which we found this singular and distant establishment: the beauty of the Port, at first attracted our whole attention. From an entrance, says Commodore Philip, (whose description is not in the least exaggerated) of not more than two miles across, Port Jackson gradually

opens, till it forms a spacious harbour with sufficient depth of water for the largest ships, and room enough to contain, in perfect safety, all that could on any occasion be collected. even a thousand ships of the line might manœuvre here with ease. The bay takes a western direction, extends to the distance of thirteen miles inland, and has at least a hundred little creeks, formed by very narrow tongues of land, which afford excellent shelter against winds, from any point of the compass.

Towards the middle of this magnificent port, and on its southern bank, in one of the principal creeks, rises Sydney Town, the capital of the county of Cumberland, and of all the English colonies in this part of the world: seated at the base of two hills, that are contiguous to each other, and having the advantage of

3 P 2

a rivulet

* Our readers may recollect, that this expedition was sent out by Buonaparte, soon after his assumption of the dignity of First Consul. It consisted of the ships named, *Le Géographique*, *le Naturaliste*, and *le Casuarina*. They touched first at the Isle of France, and afterwards visited several other islands in the Indian ocean; but the grand object of the men of science who accompanied it, seems to have been, to ascertain the present state and natural advantages of our colony of Botany Bay; of which they have given an ample and interesting report.

a rivulet, which runs completely through it; this infant town affords a view, at once agreeable and picturesque. To the right, and at the north point of Sydney Cove, you perceive the signal battery, which is built upon a rock, difficult of access: six pieces of cannon, protected by a turf entrenchment, cross their fire with that of another battery, which I shall presently mention; and thus defend, in the most effectual manner the approach to the harbour and the town. Farther on, appear the large buildings that form the hospital, and which are capable of containing two or three hundred sick. Amongst these buildings, there is one particularly worthy of notice, as all the parts of it were prepared in Europe, and brought out in Commodore Philip's Squadron; so that in a few days after its arrival, there was an hospital ready to receive such of the crews as were sick. On the same side of the town, at the sea shore, you observe a very fine magazine, to which the largest ships can come up, and discharge their cargoes. In the same direction are several private docks, in which are built brigs and cutters, of different sizes, for the purpose of trading either inland, or beyond the colony. These vessels which are from fifty to three hundred tons burthen, are built entirely with the native wood; even their masts are obtained from the forests of the colony.

The discovery of the Strait which separates New Holland from Van Diemen's land, was made in a simple whale-sloop, commanded by Mr. Bass, the surgeon of the *Reliance*. This vessel may be said to have been consecrated to that great discovery, and hazardous navigation; for it is preserved in the harbour with a sort of religious veneration: some snuff boxes have been made out of its keel, of which the possessors are

both proud and jealous; and the governor himself thought he could not make a more acceptable present to our chief, than a piece of the wood of this sloop, enshased in a large silver tooth-pick box; round which were engraved the principal particulars of the discovery of Bass's Straits.

It is at the spot called Hospital Creek, that the ships of individuals unload their cargoes. Beyond the hospital, in the same line, is the prison, which has several dungeons, capable of holding from an hundred and fifty to two hundred prisoners; it is surrounded by a high and strong wall, and has a numerous guard on duty, both by day and night. A short distance from the prison is the storehouse, for the reception of wines, spirituous liquors, salt provisions, &c. In the front of it is the armoury, where the garrison is drawn up every morning; accompanied by a numerous and well composed band, belonging to the New South Wales regiment. The whole western part of this spot, is occupied by the house of the lieutenant governor general; behind which is a vast garden which is worth the attention both of the philosopher and the naturalist, on account of the great number of useful vegetables which are cultivated in it; and which have been procured from every part of the world, by its present respectable possessor, Mr. Pater-son, a distinguished traveller, and member of the Royal Society of London. Between the house and the magazine, just mentioned, is the public school: here are educated in the principles of religion, morality, and virtue, those young females, who are the hope of the rising colony; but whose parents are either too degenerate, or too poor, to give them proper instruction. In the public school, however, under respectable

ble matrons, they are taught, from their earliest years, all the duties of a good mother of a family. Such is one great advantage of the excellent colonial system, established in these distant regions.

Behind the house of the lieutenant-governor-general, in a large magazine, are deposited all the dried pulse and corn, belonging to the state. It is a sort of public granary intended for the support of the troops and the people, who receive their subsistence from the government. The barracks occupy a considerable square, and have in front several field pieces; the edifices for the accommodation of the officers, form the lateral parts or ends of the building; and the powder magazine is in the middle. Near this, in a small private house, the principal civil and military officers assemble. It is a sort of coffee-house, maintained by subscription, in which there are several amusements, but particularly billiards, at which any person may play, free of expence. Behind the armoury, is a large square tower, which serves for an observatory to those English officers who study astronomy: at the base of this tower the foundation of a church has been laid, of which the building just mentioned, is intended to form the steeple; but a structure of this kind, requiring considerable time, labour, and expence, the governors have hitherto neglected to carry it into execution; preferring the formation of such establishments, as are more immediately necessary for the preservation of the colony. While waiting however, for the erection of a church, divine service is performed in one of the apartments of the great corn magazine. Two fine wind mills terminate on this side the series of the principal public edifices. Over the rivulet that intersects the town, there was a wooden bridge

which, together with a strong causeway, may be said to occupy all the bottom of the valley. We passed over this bridge, in order to take a rapid view of the eastern part of Sydney Town. Before our departure, the wooden bridge was destroyed, to make way for one which they were about to build of stone; at the same time a water-mill was built here by the government, and strong locks had been formed, either to keep in the water of the rivulet, or to stop that of the marshes, which runs to a considerable distance into the valley, and might be advantageously employed in turning the mill.

At the east point of the creek is a second battery, the fire of which crosses that of the signal station. The one of which I am now speaking, was dismantled at the time of our arrival at Port Jackson; but it has been put in order since our departure. On the shore, as you approach the town, is a small salt-pit, where the Americans who were allowed to settle for the purpose at Port Jackson, in 1795, prepared most of the salt used in the colony. Farther on, and towards the bottom of the harbour, is the part called Government Creek, because it is reserved for the agents and vessels of the state. Between this creek and the salt pit, is the place for docking and careening the ships. The natural quays are so perpendicular and well formed, that without any kind of labour or expence on the part of the English, the largest ships might be laid along them in perfect security. Near the Government Creek, are three public magazines, one of them contains all the articles necessary for the various purposes of domestic life, such as earthenware, household furniture, culinary utensils, instruments of agriculture, &c. The number of these articles that are here amassed is truly
astonishing

astonishing, and the mode in which they are delivered out, is wise and salutary. In this distant country the merchandizes of Europe bear so high a price, that it would have been next to impossible for the population to procure such as are indispensable to the common wants of life; the English government has therefore anticipated these wants by filling large store houses with every article that can be required, all of which are delivered to the colonists at fixed prices, that are extremely moderate, sometimes even below what they cost in Europe. But in order to prevent avaricious speculation or waste, no one is admitted into these depots without a written order from the governor; in which are specified the articles that the bearer is in need of. In another house are preferred the different uniforms and cloathing for the troops and convicts, as well as vast quantities of sail-cloth and cordage, for the government ships. The last of the three buildings just mentioned, is a kind of public manufactory, in which are employed female convicts. Behind these magazines is the governor's house, which is built in the Italian style, surrounded by a colonnade, as simple as it is elegant, and in front of which is a fine garden, that descends to the sea shore; already in this garden may be seen, the Norfolk Island pine, the superb Columbia, growing by the side of the bambou of Asia: farther on is the Portugal orange and Canary fig, ripening beneath the shade of the French apple-tree: the cherry, peach, pear, and apricot are interspersed amongst the Banksia, Metrostichos, Correa, Melaleuca, Casuarina, Eucalyptus, and a great number of other indigenous trees: beyond the government garden, on the other side of a neighbouring hill, is the windmill, the bakehouse, and the slate ovens, that are used for

making ship biscuit: these are capable of furnishing from fifteen, to eighteen hundred pounds per day. Not far from a contiguous creek, at a spot which the natives call Wallamulla, is the charming habitation of Mr. Palmer, the commissary general; a rivulet of fresh water runs before it, and empties itself into the creek, which here forms a safe and convenient basin. Here Mr. Palmer has built several small vessels, which he employs in whale fishing, and catching phocæ, or sea elephants, either at New Zealand, or in Bass's Straits. The neighbouring brick-fields, furnish a considerable quantity of bricks and tiles for the public and private buildings of the colony.

A short distance to the southward of Sydney Town, to the left of the great road that leads to Parramatta, you observe the remains of the first gibbet that was erected on the continent of New Holland. The increase of habitations having caused it to be, as it were, surrounded, it has been succeeded by another that has been erected farther off, in the same direction, and near the village of Brickfield. This village which consists of about two score of houses, contains several manufactories of tiles, earthen ware, crockery, &c. its site is agreeable, and the soil, less sterile than that of Sydney, is better adapted to the different kinds of cultivation that have been introduced into these distant regions.

The great road just mentioned passes through the middle of Brickfield: while a small rivulet intersects it, in an opposite direction; between this village and Sydney Town, is the public burying ground, which is already rendered an object of interest and curiosity, by several striking monuments that have been erected in it; and the execution of which is much better than could reasonably

have been expected from the state of the arts, in so young a colony.

A crowd of objects equally interesting, demanded our notice in every direction. In the port we saw, drawn up together, a number of vessels that had arrived from different parts of the world, and most of which were destined to perform new and difficult voyages. Some of them had come from the banks of the Thames, or the Shannon, to pursue whale fishing on the frigid shores of New Zealand: others bound to China, after depositing the freight which they had received from the English government, for this colony, were preparing to sail for the mouth of the Yellow-river; while some laden with pit coal, were about to convey that precious combustible to India, and the Cape of Good Hope. Several smaller vessels were on their way to Bass's Straits, to receive skins, collected by a few individuals who had established themselves on the isles of those Straits, to catch the marine animals that resort to them. Other ships, stronger built than those just alluded to, and manned by more numerous and daring crews, who were provided with all kinds of arms, were on the point of sailing for the western coast of America. Laden with various sorts of merchandize, these vessels were intended to carry on, by force of arms, a contraband trade on the Peruvian shores, which could not fail to prove extremely advantageous to the adventurers. Here they were preparing an expedition to carry on a skin trade, with the people of the north-west shores of America; there all hands were engaged in sending off a fleet of provision-ships to the Navigators', the Friendly, and the Society islands, to procure for the colony a stock of salt provisions. At the same time the intrepid Captain Flinders, after effect-

ing a junction with his companion-ship, the *Lady Nelson*, was getting ready to continue his grand voyage round New Holland; a voyage which was soon after terminated by the greatest misfortunes. In short, at this period, the harbour of Port Jackson had become familiar to the American navigators, and their flag was continually flying in it, during our residence.

All these great maritime operations gave to the place a character of importance and activity, far beyond what we expected to meet with on shores, scarcely known to Europeans even by name, and the interest we took in the scene, was only equalled by our admiration.

The population of the colony was to us a new subject of astonishment and contemplation. Perhaps there never was a more worthy object of study presented to the philosopher; never was the influence of social institutions proved in a manner more striking and honourable to the distant country in question. Here we found united like one family, those banditti who had so long been the terror of their mother country: repelled from European society, and sent off to the extremity of the globe; placed from the very hour of their exile in a state between the certainty of chastisement and the hope of a better fate; incessantly subjected to an inspection, as inflexible as it is active, they have been compelled to abandon their anti-social manners; and the majority of them, having expiated their crimes by a hard period of slavery, have been restored to the rank which they held among their fellow-men. Obligated to interest themselves in the maintenance of order and justice, for the purpose of preserving the property which they have acquired; while they behold themselves in the situation of husbands and fathers, they

they have the most interesting and powerful motives for becoming members of the community in which they exist.

The same revolution, effected by the same means, has taken place amongst the women : and those who were wretched prostitutes, have imperceptibly been brought to a regular mode of life ; and now form intelligent and laborious mothers of families. But it is not merely in the moral character of the women, that these important alterations are discoverable, but also in their physical condition, the results of which are worthy the consideration both of the legislator and the philosopher. For example, every body knows that the common women of great capitals, are in general unfruitful ; at Petersburg and Madrid, at Paris and London, pregnancy is a sort of phenomenon amongst persons of that description ; though we are unable to assign any other cause than a sort of insusceptibility of conception ; the difficulty of researches, as to this subject, has prevented philosophers from determining how far this sterility ought to be attributed to the mode of life of such women ; and to what degree it may be modified or altered, by a change of condition and manners. But both these problems are resolved, by what takes place in the singular establishment that we are describing. After residing a year or two at Port Jackson, most of the English prostitutes become remarkably fruitful ; and what in my opinion, clearly proves that the effect arises much less from the climate, than from the change of manners amongst the women, is, that those prostitutes in the colony, who are permitted by the police to continue in their immoral way of life, remain barren the same as in Europe. Hence we may be permitted to de-

duce the important physiological result, that an excess of sexual intercourse destroys the sensibility of the female organs, to such a degree, as to render them incapable of conception ; while, to restore the frame to its pristine activity, nothing is necessary but to renounce those fatal excesses.

While we were reflecting on these numerous and interesting subjects, all the officers and principal citizens of the colony were unremitting in their assiduities towards us. Our numerous sick were received into the government hospital, where the English surgeons paid them all possible attention. Doctor Thomson, the chief physician of the colony, directed the mode of treatment with the greatest tenderness : and whatever we were in need of, that the place could furnish, was put at our disposal. The governor-general gave us an unlimited credit on the public treasury, and our Commodore was furnished with royal printed checks to fill up with any sum that he might wish for ; and these checks without any other security than the signature of the French commandant, were accepted by the inhabitants, with a confidence highly honourable to the government of our country. Our salt provisions, spirits, and biscuits, were exhausted ; but by means of these checks we obtained fresh supplies : and several times the magazines of the colony were opened to supply us with articles, which our agents could not procure. Thus, by this generous relief, we were enabled to re-clothe our crews, who were in want of every thing : repair our ships, purchase one instead of that we had lost ; and be completely prepared for continuing our voyage.

At the same time our scientific researches met with every encouragement ; a guard of English soldiers

was appointed expressly to protect our observatory, which we placed on the north point of the eastern bank of Sydney Cove. The whole of the country was open to the excursions of our naturalists, and we were even permitted to wear our arms, as were the persons of our suite: while guides and interpreters were furnished us, for our longest journies. In short, the English government behaved to us, with such generosity, that they acquired our warmest gratitude.

The principal object of our stay at Port Jackson, was, that we might devote proper attention to every part of the surrounding country. While our crews were repairing the damages the ships had sustained, and getting in fresh supplies of provisions, the naturalists extended their researches to every branch of the physical history of this interesting country. The scurvy, which had affected all my joints with swellings and stiffness, had already begun to yield to the influence of diet and the climate: and as soon as I was able, I went down to the coast of Botany Bay, the harbour of which is situated some leagues to the south of Port Jackson. A large and commodious road leads from Sydney Town to this great bay: all the intermediate country is sandy and barren, and appears unfit for any kind of cultivation; consequently one does not meet with any European habitations. After passing the high hill at the foot of which is the establishment of Mr Palmer, the country opens upon a sandy plain, which extends as far as the swampy banks of Cook's river. Various species of *Hakea*, *Styphelia*, *Eucalyptus*, *Bankia*, *Embothrium*, and *Casuarina*, grow amidst these sands, and large spaces are occupied entirely with the *Nanthorea*, the gigantic stalks of which grow to the height of from eighteen to twenty feet. In the distance may

NOVEMBER, 1809.

be perceived the smoke of a few huts belonging to those unfortunate hordes of natives, who exist on these desolate shores.

As you approach towards Botany Bay, the land gradually sinks, till you reach the dangerous swamps formed by the brackish waters of Cook's river, towards the north, and of George river to the south. These marshes are so extensive, and often so deep, that it is impossible in many parts to pass them if you want to reach the sea. On their banks, and all along the two rivers just mentioned vegetation is very active; a thousand species of trees and shrubs, which cover the surface of the soil, afforded to that part of the country which we occupied, a delightful appearance; it was this circumstance which deceived Captain Cook and his brave companions; for they supposed the land to be unparalleled in point of fertility. It would have been well, however, if this bay, so celebrated by those navigators, had justified the great ideas which they formed of it. Obstructed by large banks of mud, and open at the south to the easterly winds, it does not afford to vessels that security which they are often in need of; while the marshy nature of the soil in its environs, renders it at once unhealthy, and scarcely fit for ordinary cultivation. Hence, commodore Philip, after reconnoitring Port Jackson, was induced to abandon Botany Bay; and since that period there has been no other establishment at it, except a kiln for the preparation of lime, which is made from the shells that abound on this part of the coasts. Botany Bay, and its environs, are called by the natives, *Gwea*, and to this country belong the tribe of savages, called *Gwea Gal*, who acknowledge *Bennil-long*, for the chief.

Twenty-five miles or thereabouts,

to the west of Sydney Town, is the town of Rose Hill, or Parramatta; which I took the earliest opportunity of visiting. The principal physician of the Naturalists, M. Bellefin, accompanied me; a serjeant of the New South Wales regiment acted as our guide, and was ordered by Colonel Paterfon, to obtain for us such facilities as we might require, to pursue our researches. A large road leads from Sydney Town, to Parramatta; it is not paved, but is well made, and kept in good condition. It is almost every where wide enough for three carriages to pass a-brest, and bridges have been thrown over such parts of it as are interrupted by the waters; so that the traveller meets with no obstacle on his journey. Having been opened through vast forests, that were never before assailed by the axe, this grand road appears at a distance, like an immense avenue of foliage and verdure. A charming freshness, and an agreeable shade always prevail in this continuous bower, the silence of which is interrupted only, by the singing and chirping of the richly-plumed parroquets, and other birds which inhabit it.

The whole ground over which you proceed to Rose Hill, is flat with the exception of a few insignificant hillocks. In proportion, as you recede from the sea shore, the soil becomes less barren, and affords great varieties of vegetation. In some parts there are large spaces between the trees, which are covered by a very fine and sweet-scented grass, that forms a beautiful verdant carpet, and affords pasturage to numerous flocks of excellent sheep. The mild temperature of the climate, the absence of all kinds of ferocious beasts, together with the particular species, and agreeable odour of most of the vegetables, have been so favourable to these useful animals, that the finest

kind of Spain and England, thrive as well here as on their native soil. Already the wool of these antarctic animals, is found to be superior to the rich fleeces of Austurias; and the English manufacturers pay dearer for it, because they are convinced of its superiority. This discovery will probably soon open to Great Britain a branch of commerce as easy, as it is lucrative.

Woods here and there are open to the view, and the traveller perceives amidst them spots which have been cleared by the settlers; and some of which are extensive: he discovers on them, many pretty habitations, shaded by beautiful trees; and contemplates with pleasing emotion, these new fields, where the feeble grass of the north rises from the decay of the powerful Eucalyptus: he discovers with delight on these distant grounds, the most useful animals of his own country; the bulis frisk about with a vigour equal, or even superior, to those in the cold meadows of Ireland; while the cow, more fecund gives a greater quantity of milk in these mild climates, than in our's. The English horse also, appears with the same strength and spirits, that he exhibits on the banks of the Thames; while the European hog is improving, by numerous crosses, with those of the South-sea islands; which are superior in size, as well as quality of fat and lean. All kinds of poultry have succeeded as well as the larger animals, and the farm yards are stocked with different varieties of geese, ducks, turkies, pheasants, &c. several of which are preferable to the finest of the European species.

The traveller receives additional pleasure on visiting the interior of the habitations. Beneath their agreeable roofs, in the midst of vast forests, live in perfect tranquility, those banditti, who but a short time before were

were the terror of Europe, and who, familiarized with guilt, were in constant expectation of the punishment of death : rogues, and pick-pockets, those criminals of every kind, who in the mother-country appeared to encrease in proportion to the progress of civilization. All these unfortunate wretches, who were the disgrace and odium of their country, have become by the most inconceivable metamorphosis, laborious cultivators, and happily and peaceable members of their community. Indeed murders, or robberies, are scarcely ever heard of amongst them ; so that in this respect the most perfect security prevails throughout the colony ; a happy consequence of laws as severe as they are beneficent.

In order to enjoy at our ease these striking scenes, M. Bellefin and I often entered the rural habitations. We were every where received in the most obliging manner ; and when we observed the tender cares of the mothers towards their children, and reflected that only a few years before these very women, destitute of every tender affection and delicate sentiment were disgusting prostitutes, the sudden revolution in their moral conduct, gave rise to reflections of the most gentle and philanthropic nature.

At length we arrived in sight of Parramatta, it is seated in the middle of a fine plain, on the banks of a river of the same name, which can be ascended by small vessels, as high as the town itself. It is not so large as Sydney Town ; but contains about a hundred and eighty houses, which form a grand street, parallel with the river, and intersected at right angles by another smaller street, which, at one end, terminates with a stone bridge, and has at the other the church ; the latter edifice, which is built in a rude and heavy style, was

not quite finished at the time of our visit ; indeed, the building is conducted with less rapidity than it might be, because the governors of the colony attach, with reason, more importance to the other branches of their administration : such as the hospitals, prisons public manufactories, the clearing of land, the fisheries, navigation, &c. for which they reserve proper funds and disposable hands.

At one of the extremities of the great street of Parramatta, are barracks, capable of accomodating from two hundred and fifty, to three hundred infantry. They are built of brick, in the form of a horse shoe, and have in front, a well-gravelled parade, where the troops of the garrison go through their ordinary exercises ; these troops consisted, at the time of our visit, of a company of an hundred and twenty men, belonging to the New South Wales regiment, under the command of Capt. Piper.

The whole population of Parramatta, including the garrison, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring farms, is estimated at, from fourteen to fifteen hundred souls ; nearly all of whom are employed in the cultivation of land, the rearing of cattle, and the exercise of a few of the mechanical arts. The town contains an hospital, which is well regulated and of which the principal physician is M. D'Arcy Wentworth ; a strong prison, a house of industry for female convicts, a public school for the young girls of the colony, &c. This town is also the chief residence of the justice of the peace of the county of Cumberland, and will become in time the seat of the whole civil administration of the colony ; those branches which relate to navigation, commerce, and war, being already established at Sydney.

Towards the Western extremity of the grand street of Parramatta, you discover

discover the elevation called Rose Hill, from which the town first received its name; but it was afterwards called Parramatta; that being the appellation which the natives give to this part of the country, and which has generally prevailed amongst the English themselves. The whole eastern front of Rose Hill, which is towards the town, is a very gentle declivity, on which appears the fine garden belonging to the government, in which many interesting experiments are made, with a view to naturalize foreign vegetables: here also are collected, the most remarkable of the indigenous plants, intended to enrich the famous royal gardens of Kew. It is from this spot that England has, at various times, acquired most of her treasures in the vegetable kingdom; and which have enabled the English botanists to publish many important volumes. An enlightened botanical professor, who combines modesty with indefatigable exertion, had just arrived from Europe at the time of our visit, to superintend the garden of Parramatta; and the learned Colonel Paterson, to whom New South Wales is indebted

for this establishment, has never ceased to take a lively interest in its success.

The part of Rose Hill, that is opposite to Parramatta, presents an abrupt section, and forms a grand crescent, which one might, at first view, suppose to be the work of man. At the base of this singular hill, runs a rivulet, which, in common weather, is not remarkable; but when inundations occur, which are so frequent and terrible in these regions, it becomes a source of distress to the neighbouring plantations.

At the summit of Rose Hill, is the government-house of Parramatta, which is called the Crescent; it is simple, elegant, and well laid out, though it derives its principal importance from its situation, which overlooks the town, as well as from its meadows, its forest, and river. This mansion is generally uninhabited; through its capacity and internal regulations are such, that whenever the governor-general and lieutenant-governor come to it for a few days, they can have every accommodation for themselves and their whole suite.

—00000—

Quadrupeds, Birds, Butterflies, and Fishes of China.

(Continued from page 416.)

In the thick forests of Tartary, to the north of the great wall, there is found a species of flying fox. His wings are only thin membranes, which extend from one foot to another, and reach to his tail. This animal never flies but by darting himself from the top of one tree to another, which is lower: he has not the power of raising himself, and of flying as he mounts. A kind of flying rat

is also seen near Keou-ouai: it is larger than a common rat, and has wings like those of the fox already mentioned.

A much more extraordinary rat, called the fen-chou, is found beyond Tai-tong-kiang, upon the coast of the northern sea, which is almost always frozen. This animal is shaped like a rat; but it is as large as an elephant. It inhabits obscure caverns, and carefully shuns the light. The ivory it furnishes is as white as
that

that procured from the elephant ; but it is much easier to be worked, and never splits. An ancient Chinese book, called Chin y-king, speaks of this animal in the following words :

‘ There is in the northern extremities, amidst the snow and ice which cover the country, a chou (a rat) which weighs a thousand pounds : its flesh is very good for those who are overheated.’ — Another kind, of a less size, is also mentioned, which is only as large as a buffalo : it burrows in the earth, like the mole, flies from the light, and remains almost always shut up in its subterranean retreats. What we have here related is extracted from a printed collection of observations by the celebrated emperor Kang hi.

China has birds of every species ; eagles, falcons, pelicans, birds of Paradise, swans, storks and paroquets, which are inferior to those of the West Indies neither in the variety nor beauty of their plumage, nor in the facility with which they learn to speak. But the most beautiful bird of China and perhaps of the whole world, is the kin ki, or golden fowl. The body of this bird is proportioned with wonderful elegance ; and the brilliancy of its plumage seems to be the utmost effort of the pencil of Nature. Nothing can be richer, or more variegated than its colours. The shades of its wings and tail are a mixture of bright red and yellow, and a beautiful plume waves over its head. The flesh of this bird is more delicate than that of a pheasant. It is found in the provinces of Setichuen, Yunnan and Chen si.

The most lively, courageous and spirited bird of this country, and that which the Chinese consider as the king of their birds of prey, is the haiting. It is very rare, and never appears but in the province of Chen-si,

and in some cantons of Tartary. When any person catches one of these birds, he is obliged to carry it to court, and present it to the emperor's falconers.

The butterflies found on the mountain Leseou chan, situated in the province of Quangtong, are so much prized, that they are sent to court. They are of greater size than those of Europe and their wings are much broader. Their colours are variegated in an extraordinary manner, and have a surprising brightness. These butterflies remain motionless on the trees in the day time, and they suffer themselves to be taken without difficulty. In the evening they begin to flutter about, almost in the same manner as bats, which some of them seem to equal in size, on account of the extent of their wings. The Chinese also boast much of the butterflies found on the mountains called Sichan, in the province of Pe-tcheli ; but they are small and not so much valued as those of the mountain Lo seou chan.

It would be difficult to give an exact list of the names of all the different kinds of fish to be found in the lakes, rivers and seas of China. The missionaries, to whom we are indebted for the greater part of the knowledge we have concerning this empire, have not yet thrown sufficient light upon that branch of natural history. They, however, assure us, that they observed in China the greater part of the fishes seen in Europe ; such as lampreys, carp, pike, soal, salmon, trout, herrings, sturgeon, &c. The Chinese highly esteem a fish which they call tcho-kia-yu, or the fish in armour. They give it this name, because its body is defended by sharp scales, ranged in straight lines, and laid one over the other, like tiles on a roof. The flesh of this fish is very white, and it tastes almost like veal.

It generally weighs forty pounds. When the weather is fine, they catch another kind of fish, which is so extremely white, that it is called the flower fish. Is is, above all, remarkable for its black eye balls, which appear as if set in two circles of the most brilliant silver. This fish is found in such abundance on the coast of the province of Kiang nan, that four hundred pounds weight of them are sometimes taken at one haul with a net.

The coast of the province of Tche-kiang swarm with a species of fish which have a great resemblance to the Newfoundland cod. An incredible quantity of them is consumed on the sea-coast of Fo-kion, besides what is salted on the spot, to be transported to the interior parts of the country. What proves that this fish must be remarkably plenty, is, that they are sold at a low rate, although the merchants are subjected to great expence, in going to the places where they purchase them. They must first give money to the Mauderin, for permission to carry on this trade ; they must afterwards hire barks, buy the fish as they are taken from the nets and stow them in the holds of their vessels, between layers of salt, in the same manner as herrings are packed into casks, at Dieppe. It is by using such precaution, that this fish keeps, notwithstanding the excessive heats, it is transported to the remotest provinces of the empire.

The missionaries speak of another kind of fish; the figure of which is as singular as it is frightful and disgusting. The Chinese call it hai seng ; it makes one of their commonest dishes, and there is scarcely any entertainment given at which it is not served up. It is generally seen floating near the sea-coast of Changtong and Fo-kien. The missionaries at first took

it for a lump of inanimate matter ; but having made some of the boys belonging to their vessel catch it, they perceived that this shapeless mass was a living and organized being. It swam about in the tub into which they first threw it, and lived for a long time. The Chinese sailors told the missionaries, that this fish has four eyes and six feet, and that its shape is like that of a man's liver ; but notwithstanding all the attention with which they examined it, they could only discover two places where it appeared to have sight ; for it seemed afraid, when any one's hand approached them. If every thing that enables the hai seng to move is to be considered as feet, all those small excrescences, like buttons, which are dispersed over its body, may be accounted as such. It has neither mouth nor bones ; and it dies on being pressed. This fish is easily preserved, when put into salt ; is transported in that manner, and sold as a delicacy throughout the whole empire it was not, however, much relished by the missionaries.

The most singular of the Chinese fishes is that which the Emperor Kien-long mentions in his poem in praise of Moukdey. The Mantchew Tartars call it cal-ni, and the Chinese pimou yu. This animal appears to be only half a fish : it is flat, and has a great resemblance to the sole of a shoe, its scales are very fine ; its colour is blackish ; it has only one eye, and one of its sides is without either scales or fins. This fish cannot swim but when it unites itself to a companion ; and these two fishes joined together seem to form only one.

The Chinese have a salt-water fish which they call ming fou-you, that is literally, the fish with a bright belly. It has a round head : and its mouth is like the beak of a falcon, It has eight legs round its head ; but it

it has neither scales, tail, nor bones. The Geography of Moudken adds, that it has two tufts of a beard, which resemble two bunches of cord. During a storm, or when the waves are too strong, or too much agitated, it extends its beard, and uses it as cords, to attach itself to the bottom of the sea, or to the rocks. The name niomeré, which the Mantchew Tartars give it, signifies a moored bark.

The choui-ting, or sea-nail, is a round fish, shaped like a nail, and its mouth is in the form of a ship's anchor. When it hears a noise, or perceives any one approaching, it hooks itself to the bottom of the water, and remains there motionless, like a bark at anchor. It is only three inches in length.

The small domestic fish which the Chinese call kin-yu, or gold-fish, are generally kept for ornament by great people, in their courts and gardens. They breed them in small ponds made for the purpose, in basins, and even in porcelain vessels. This fish is no larger than our pilchard. The male is of a bright red colour from the top of the head to the middle of the body; the rest is of a gold colour; but it is so bright and splendid, that the finest gilding, according to F. le Comte, cannot approach it. The female is white: but its tail and half of its body resemble the lustre of silver*. —Gold fish are light and lively: they love to sport on the surface of the water, soon become familiarized, and may even be accustomed to come and receive their food on sounding a small rattle. Great care is necessary to

preserve them; for they are extremely delicate, and sensible of the least injuries of the air: a loud noise, such as that of thunder or cannons: a strong smell; a violent shaking of the vessel; or a single touch; will oft times destroy them. These fish live with little nourishment: those small worms which are engendered in the water, or the earthy particles that are mixed with it, are sufficient for their food. The Chinese, however, take care, from time to time, to throw into the basins and reservoirs where they are kept, small balls of paste, which they are very fond of when dissolved; they give them also lean pork, dried in the sun, and reduced to a fine and delicate powder, and sometimes snails: the slime which these insects leave at the bottom of the vessel is a great delicacy for them; and they eagerly hasten to feed on it. In winter, they are removed from the court to a warm chamber, where they are kept generally hut up in a porcelain vessel. During that season, they receive no nourishment; however, in spring when they are carried back to their former basin, they sport and play with the same strength and liveliness as they did the preceding year.

In warm countries, these fish multiply fast, provided care be taken to collect their spawn, which floats on the water, and which they almost entirely devour. This spawn is put into a particular vessel exposed to the sun, and preserved there until vivified by the heat: gold-fish, however, seldom multiply when they are kept in close vases, because they are then too much confined. In order to render them fruitful, they must be put into reservoirs of considerable depth, in some places at least, and which are constantly supplied with fresh water.

At a certain time of the year a prodigious number of barks may be seen in the great river Yang-tse-kiang, which

* F. Du Hal'e observes, that a red and white colour are not always the distinguishing mark of the male and female; but that the females are known by several white spots which are seen round the orifices that serve them as noles of hearing; and the males, by having these spots much brighter.

which go thither to purchase the spawn of these fish. Towards the month of May, the neighbouring inhabitants shut up the river in several places with mats and hurdles, which occupy an extent of almost nine or ten leagues; and they leave only a space in the middle sufficient for the passage of barks. The spawn of the fish, which the Chinese can distinguish at first sight, although a stranger could

perceive no traces of it in the water, is stopped by these hurdles. The water mixed with spawn is then drawn up, and after it has been put into large vessels, it is sold to merchants, who transport it afterwards to every part of the empire. This water is sold by measure, and purchased by those who are desirous of stocking their ponds and reservoirs with fish.

—000000—

Literary and Philosophical Intelligence.

FRANCE.

THE fourth part of Von Humboldt's and Bonpland's Travels, will contain, in two quarto volumes, the astronomical observations trigonometrical operations, and barometrical measures. Mr. Von H. has thought that it would be most satisfactory to give the whole of the original observations, that it may be seen what degree of confidence the results deduced from them deserve. The calculations have been made by M. Olmanns, from the best tables. The magnetical observations, with an examination of them, and of those of Cook, Vancouver, and other able astronomers, by Biot, will occupy the second volume. As such a number of figures must be a considerable time printing, the latitudes and longitudes of various places, deduced from astronomical observations, have been published in a separate tract in Latin.

M. Denis Santi, professor of architecture at Rome, has been invited to Paris by Cardinal Fesch, who is erecting a palace in the Rue du Mont Blanc. This edifice will be embellished with marble columns, wrought at Rome, as well as the beautiful statue representing the Immaculate Conception which is to be placed in the chapel.

M. Botta, a member of the Legislative Body, already known by his *Flora Medice di Corsu*, has just completed in Italian, the History of the American War. This work, which will form about six octavo volumes, is distinguished for perspicuity, fidelity, and impartiality. It likewise possesses the very rare merit of being written in the purest style, and forcibly reminding the lovers of the Italian language, of the beauties of the writers who flourished in the age of Leo X.

The Phelloplastic Cabinet of M. Stamaty has been for some time exhibited at Paris. It consists of representations in cork, of the most important and curious monuments of ancient Rome, and the south of France. Nothing is so favorable for representing ruins as cork; its colour and the inequality of its pores, heighten the illusion; but it is very difficult to cut, and works so delicate as M. Stamaty's require infinite patience. That artist has spent twenty years in executing the articles which he is now exhibiting. They exceed forty, among which the great Pantheon of Agrippa, now the Church of the Rotunda at Rome; the Tower of Pisa, with eight rows of columns, inclining

7 fathoms; the Triumphal Arch of Septimius Severus: that of Constantine; the Pont du Gard, with three rows of arches; the Maison Carrée of Nîmes, &c. &c. deserve particular notice.

At Nice, in the quarter of Cimiez, there is a Roman Amphitheatre, which constantly attracted the curiosity of travellers. This monument of antiquity, which was worthy of being preserved with the greatest care, had been so neglected, that most of the seats were covered with earth; and the whole exhibited only a shapeless mass of ancient buildings, mixed with others of modern construction. The present proprietor has determined to repair the errors of his predecessors, and has uncovered nearly the whole of the ancient edifice, which, in several parts, is in high preservation. He has pulled down what intercepted the view of other parts, and has inclosed the whole with a wall. The pains he has taken have already received part of the recompense which they deserve, in the great number of medals which he has found in making these alterations.

Some works, undertaken at the country-house of M. Tembley, at La Trouche, a village situated a little to the north-east, of Grenoble, have brought to light the following antiquities:—1. Several fragments of a mosaic pavement, composed of irregular cubes, and arranged either in the form of a draughtboard, with black and white squares, or in white and black parallel lines. The substance of the cubes is carbonated lime. 2. Several water-pipes of red clay, of a semi elliptical figure, regularly fitted into each other, which served to conduct water into basins constructed in the form of the clubs on cards, and were bedded in a composition of broken tiles, lime and ashes, without any exterior cover-

ing. 3. Hollow bricks in the form of a parallelepipedon. Their surfaces are ornamented with diagonal transverse bars; and two square holes, made about the middle of their length, correspond on either side. 4. A domestic lamp of red clay, without ornament, having underneath this inscription: Aprois. The spot on which these articles were found, contains a considerable extent, ruins of Roman buildings, which were examined at some remote period. The situation and nature of these ruins, shew that the whole belonged to a Roman villa.

The female zebra which was one of the principal ornaments of the Ménagerie of the Garden of Plants, died suddenly, after an attack of the cholera of two hours. This loss, which it will be very difficult to repair, is the more to be regretted, as hopes were entertained that it would produce, in due time, the offspring of a new cross of her species, with a Lapland horse. The female mongrel, obtained from her former copulation with an Etrurian ass, continues lively, and promises the inquisitive naturalist a source of new observations.

M. Darcet, has proved by experiments, that soda purified with alcohol is not extremely pure, as has been supposed; and that the analyses, made under this idea, are inaccurate. He prefers carbonates to ascertain the relations of acids and bases in neutral salts.

A curious discovery has just been made in the archives of the office for foreign affairs. It is a manuscript history of Poland written in 1754 by command of government, by Father Gouvert de Maubert, a capuchin. This history has been compared with that of the Academician Rulhières, and to the astonishment of all, it has been found, that, ex-

cept some trifling suppressions or additions, he has copied a volume and a half of his work, verbatim, from Maubert.

GERMANY.

The art of printing from stone, continues to be practised with great success. At Stugard, a printing-office has been established for the more extensive application of this invention. The engraving of music is the chief branch to which it has hitherto been directed.

M. Degen a watchmaker of Vienna, has invented a machine, by which a person may rise into the air. It is formed of two parachutes, of taffeta, which may be folded up or extended at pleasure; and the person who moves them is placed in the centre. M. Degen has made several public experiments, and rose to the height of fifty four feet flying in various directions, with the celerity of a bird. A subscription has been opened at Vienna, to enable the inventor to prosecute his discoveries.

Baron Lutgendorf, well-known for his travels, has invented a machine, by means of which a person may exist under water, without fear of being drowned. It is a kind of cuirass, which allows the body to assume every possible position, and which is expected to be extremely useful in saving persons in danger of being drowned. The police of Vienna has purchased a considerable number of these machines, with the view of assisting in bringing up drowned persons from the bottom of the Danube.

M. Woltman has published a very interesting and able book, on the hydraulic works, in the territory of Hamburg. The author has introduced into it some new and curious ideas. It was he who directed the new works constructed in the port of Hamburg, and at the mouth of the Elbe.

The Observatory of Seeberg, near Gotha, has been placed under the direction of M. Von Lindenau, who succeeds M. Von Zach; that illustrious astronomer having accompanied the Duchess Dowager of Gotha, to the south of Europe. The present duke, much to his credit, is endeavouring to restore that establishment to its former splendor, and applying the funds, assigned it by Duke Ernest, to the purpose for which they were originally intended. M. Schroter, a very able mechanician, has been directed to examine all the instruments. The numerous works relative to astronomy, which formed part of the library of the late duke, have been placed under the superintendence of M. Von Lindenau; among the rest is the library of Bernouilli, which has never been unpacked since it was purchased.

Messrs. Dogen, Busching, and Vander Hagen, propose to publish in numbers a Museum of the ancient Language, Literature, and Monuments of Germany. The interest of the subject, and the talents of the persons concerned in this work, promise a highly curious and instructive performance.

M. Wieland has sent to the press, at Zurich, his Translation of Cicero's Letters, with a Commentary. This publication is accompanied with a preface, in which the translator develops the merit and interest of the Letters of the Latin orator, and the rules which he has followed in translating them.

M. Bernard Starck, of St. Emmeran, has recently found in a research, which he caused to be made near Ratisbon, vases, rings, coins, and a tomb, on which are four fingers in relief, with this inscription, *C. J. Donatus Eques*. The coins are chiefly of Antonius, and the Empress Faustina.

Professor Bredow, of Helmstadt,

is engaged upon a new edition of the authors known by the appellation of *Geographi Minores*, of whom there is none but Hudson's English edition extant, and that is very scarce and dear. This new edition will comprehend all the works published by Hudson, collated with the best manuscripts. Thus the commentary of Cuslathius on Dionysius Periegetes will appear, with very numerous corrections. The Periphrastes of Dionysius, will be for the first time published in a correct manner, from the manuscript in the Imperial library; and M. Bredow has promised to subjoin to it, a great number of important illustrations, that have never yet appeared. He intends to include several geographers, not comprised in Hudson's collection; as Diculus, Nicephorus, Blemmydas, Gemisthius Pletho, Palladius. &c. Lastly, this edition will be accompanied with geographical maps, representing the ideas that have been successively formed of the world, from the times of Homer and Moses, to the discovery of America.

M. Hoffmannsegg, is employed upon a splendid work, on the plants of Portugal and Brasil. It will be surpassed by few in elegance and expense. The author has devoted the sum of forty thousand crowns to the purposes of this publication; each copy of which will cost one hundred guineas, and yet the cost is said to be already nearly provided for by subscriptions. The Emperor of Russia has subscribed for sixteen copies.

An instrument maker, named Ben-Note, has discovered a process for preparing a mordant for rust; and a kind of paper for polishing wood and alabaster, which articles are said not to be inferior to those of English manufacture.

The literary world who have so

justly regretted the loss of the celebrated Ade-lung, at the moment when he was engaged in finishing his *Mithridates*, will doubtless learn with pleasure that the fruit of his labours will not be lost. His plan was to give an analytical sketch of all languages, both ancient and modern, divided into classes and families. Death snatched him away, while the first volume, comprehending the Asiatic languages, was at press. Those who have read that astonishing performance, for which the author had engaged the assistance of one of the most learned oriental scholars of Germany, cannot forbear paying a just tribute of admiration, not only to the erudition which it displays, but also to the sagacity and discernment with which the author has arranged his materials. He there gives his opinions respecting the origin of the human race, the cradle of civilization, which he places in Upper Asia, the languages of the East, &c. The second volume is to contain all the European languages, divided into six principal families. All that relates to that which he denominates Celtico-Gallo-Cimbric, composing six sheets, was printed off before the author's death. He fortunately had time to chuse a worthy assistant to finish his work, in Professor Vator, of Halle, to whom Adelung's heirs have faithfully transmitted his manuscripts. Among the materials intended for the second volume, have been found all the particulars concerning the Gaelic language, with which Adelung was furnished by James Macdonald; others relative to the Slavonian languages, supplied by the learned Dobrewzki; and others on the Hungarian language, by Professor Rumi. Upon the whole, there is a sufficiency of materials for the European languages, with the exception, perhaps, of the primitive Greek,

book, on which Adelung's Researches have not thrown much more light than those of his predecessors. The third and fourth volumes will be occupied with the languages of America, and the South Sea Islands. It is in this part, as may easily be conceived, that Adelung's manuscripts are most deficient; but the public will learn with so much the more pleasure, that M. Von Humboldt, in order to supply it as much as possible, has generously transmitted to the present, Professor Vater, all his manuscripts relative to the languages of America.

Gotthe, whose universal genius embraces the widely extended empire both of nature and art, is assiduously engaged in a work on Optics, and will, it is hoped, soon publish the result of his ingenious researches.

M. Riem will speedily publish his new system of asigraphy, or Universal Writing. The only signs which he makes use of are, Arabic figures, and two lines, one perpendicular, and the other horizontal.

The Royal Academy of Sciences of Bavaria, has appointed a committee for the exclusive purpose of examining such antiquities, as have already been discovered, or may hereafter be found in that kingdom,

M. Gottlob Benjamin Robenstien, of the Royal Cabinet of Antiquities, at Dresden, has published an imitation of Lippert's Collection of Pastes, the impressions of which are not at all inferior in sharpness and elegance to the originals. It consists of three large folio volumes; the first containing one thousand and five mythological subjects, from antique gems; the second, one thousand and ninety-five historical; and the third, one thousand forty-nine, partly of one, and partly of the other. The Pastes have yellow borders, gilt on

the edges; and he furnishes the whole, package included, for fifty ducats, (about twenty three pounds.) He has likewise copied Visconti's Collection in sulphur, consisting of one thousand two hundred and thirty-seven casts which he sells for eighteen ducats, (eight pounds eight shillings).

M Lenormand has succeeded in producing a fine colourless varnish with copal. As all copal is not fit for this purpose, and to ascertain such pieces as are good, each must be taken separately, and a single drop of pure essential oil of rosemary, not altered by keeping, must be let fall on it. Those pieces which foster at the part that imbibes the oil, are good; reduce them to powder, which sift through a very fine hair sieve, and put it into a glass, on the bottom of which it must not lie more than a finger's-breadth thick. Pour upon it essence of rosemary to a similar height; stir the whole for a few minutes, when the copal will dissolve into a viscous fluid. Let it stand for two hours, and then pour gently on it two or three drops of very pure alcohol, which distribute over the cily mass, by inclining the bottle in different directions with a very gentle motion. Repeat this operation by little and little till the incorporation is effected, and the varnish reduced to a proper degree of fluidity. It must then be left to stand a few days, and when very clear be decanted off. This varnish, thus made without heat, may be applied with equal success to pasteboard, wood, and metals, and takes a better polish than any other. It may be used on paintings, the beauty of which it greatly heightens.

M. Cuvier has published a brief description of a bird produced by a swan and a goose. She laid nine eggs, and began to hatch them, but only

only one living bird was obtained. On quitting the shell, this young one differed very little from a gosling ; it was covered with a yellowish down, with a dark olive tint on the back, neck, and head. The upper mandible of the bill was black, except the point, where it was white ; and the lower was orange-coloured. The feet were also of the latter colour, and disproportionably large ; the circle of the iris was brown, and the eyelids yellow. The only change which it has since undergone is in its size, which considerably exceeds that of the mother, though it bears a much greater resemblance to her than to the swan.

M. Fourniel has invented an apparatus, for determining, with precision, the quantity of spirits contained in any liquid, to which he gives the name of *alcoholometer*, or *œnometer*. This instrument is composed of a glass tube, six or seven inches long, and placed vertically upon a cap of copper, and having a graduated bar of the same metal attached to its center. At the place where the bar enters the tube adjusted to its base, there is a screw, by which it is hermetically closed, and which prevents the liquid to be analyzed from spilling. This little apparatus stands upon three legs : at the foot is a lamp with spirit of wine, placed under the copper cap, and directly beneath the bar, to heat it quickly. On one of the legs is a moveable ferule, with a damper, for the purpose of moderating, at pleasure, the action of the flame, and thus preventing the liquid in the tube from running over.

A fossil palm-tree has recently been found above strata of plaster at Bagnolet, near Paris. It was deposited in the earthy strata about twelve or fifteen feet above the first stratum of plaster. A tree of the

same species was a few years since discovered in a similar situation at Montmartre.

M. Favier, having remarked that black truffles are principally met with in the vicinity of oak and chestnut-trees, and even found this highly-esteemed species in soil formed entirely of the fragments of those astringent vegetables, has made the experiment of planting potatoes in trenches prepared with tan and earth, disposed in alternate strata of about two inches each. These potatoes, when dug up, were black, and tasted very much like truffles. He imagines, that in this manner the quality of those roots might, in two or three years, be so far changed as to give them the exact taste and appearance of truffles.

The following method of preserving grapes is given in a French journal : Take a cask or barrel inaccessible to the external air, and put into it a layer of bran dried in an oven, or of ashes well dried and sifted. Upon this place a layer of bunches of grapes well cleaned, and gathered in the afternoon of a dry day, before they are perfectly ripe. Proceed thus with alternate layers of bran and grapes, till the barrel is full, taking care that the greaps do not touch each other, and to let the last layer be of bran ; then close the barrel, so that the air may not be able to penetrate, which is an essential point. Grapes thus packed will keep nine, or even twelve months. To restore them to their freshness, cut the end of the stalk of each bunch of grapes, and put that of the white grapes into white wine, and that of black grapes into red wine, as you would put flowers into water, to revive or to keep them fresh.

In order to obtain acetate of potash white and well crystallized, it is necessary to employ distilled vinegar.

gar, and very pure and saturated carbonate of potash, because if there were potash in excess, that alkali would give out charcoal and colour the solution and the salt. In order to avoid this inconvenience, and to make acetate of potash in an economical manner, M. LENOBLE advises to dissolve carbonate of potash in common vinegar, to evaporate the liquor to dryness, to subject the salt to aqueous fusion, then to dissolve it in pure water, to filtre through charcoal, and to evaporate the liquid gently in a silver basin. In this way a perfectly white salt is obtained.

M. Parmentier, whose labours are always directed to some useful end, has made public a new method of preparing the extract of opium, which appears far superior to all those hitherto known. It takes from that substance the smell by which it is distinguished, and which is always in proportion to its malignant qualities. The manner of preparing 24 ounces of opium is as follows;—Macerate in rain-water for five days; then boil for a quarter of an hour with two pounds of pulverized charcoal; strain and clarify with white of egg, and by a suitable evaporation, you obtain twelve ounces of extract.

In the Champs l'ysées, near the ancient Chapel of St. Bardolph, called by some, the Temple of the Manes at Arles, have been found, among many fragments of large earthen urns, a smaller one of the same substance; two beautiful lacrimatories, one of which is of considerable length: a fine sepulchral lamp of earth, in good preservation, upon which is a winged genius; a priapus of bronze, turned green by being in contact with a bronze ring, designed to suspend it by; a small bracelet for a child, in bronze to which is fastened a medal of the colony at Nîmes, the impression much effec-

ed, and almost illegible, twelve glass beads upon wire, two of red glass joined together, one of white glass and the drop of a pendant likewise of glass: another larger bracelet in bronze: a small drum: a head of Medusa of blue glass, thick, and in relieve.

GERMANY.

M. Hiernke, has invented a new kind of bellows, in which the current of air may be encreased or diminished at pleasure, without interrupting its actions.

M. Bozzin has announced, in several Journals, the invention of a machine, intended to throw light into the interior of the animal body. It is composed of a recipient containing the light; of tubes which direct its rays to the cavities which it is wished to enlighten; and of reflecting tubes which transmit the luminous rays to the eye of the observer.

RUSSIA.

M. Klaproth, Member of the Academy of Sciences of Petersburg, has set out for Teflis, the capital of Georgia, with a view to proceed to Teheran, in Persia. He intends to spend several years in the latter country, in order to make himself thoroughly acquainted with it.

The account of Captain Krusenstern's Voyage Round the World, is preparing with the greatest dispatch. Almost all the engravings are finished. The text is in the Russian language, but the captain will himself publish a German translation.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences, at Petersburg, has published the thirteenth volume of its *Memoirs*, with the title of *Nova Acta Academiae Scientiarum Imperialis Petropolitanae*. To this volume is prefixed the history

tory of the Academy from 1795 to 1796 and biographical accounts of ten academicians, who have died since that period; among whom is the celebrated naturalist, Eric Laxman, who was born at Abo, in Finland, in 1737, and died near Tobolsk, in Siberia, in 1795. Among the reports made to the Academy, is one on the direction of balloons, and another on M. Pallas's Travels in Tauris. The mathematical memoirs inserted in this volume, are thirteen in number, four of which are by the celebrated Euler. The department of physical sciences, comprehends, among others, an interesting memoir on the mines of Siberia, by M. Herman, under the title of Description of the celebrated Silver Mine of Zmeof, or Mount Altai, in Siberia. This mine which has long been known, has been wrought only since 1745, at the expense of the crown.—The quantity of ore obtained from it annually amounts to 1,200,000 puds; and the total produce from 1745 to 1793, was 34,441 puds of silver, among which were about 1000 puds of gold. The pud weighs from thirty-five to forty pounds, so that this produce may be estimated at forty-four millions of rubles, or about a million a-year. The astronomical memoirs are three in number. One, by M. Henry, contains Observations on the Planet Venus; the second, by M. Stephen Rumowky, treats of the Figure of the Earth; the third is a supplement to Euler's Theory of the Moon, by M. Schubert.

POLAND.

Baron Grimm, the Nestor of diplomatists, died lately at Warsaw. A secretary of the Russian embassy was extremely anxious to obtain possession of his voluminous corres-

pondence, in which are many letters in the hand writing of the Empress Catherine II. All these papers have been sent to Petersburg.

ITALY.

On the 22d of August last year, M. Audreoli, and M. Brioschi, ascended in a balloon at Padua. When the mercury had fallen to fifteen inches, about the height of three miles and a half, the latter began to feel an extraordinary palpitacion of the heart, without any painful sensation in breathing. When the mercury was down to twelve, four miles and an half he was overpowered with a pleasing sleep, that soon became a real lethargy. The balloon continued ascending, and when the mercury was about nine inches, near six miles M. Audreoli perceived himself swollen all over, and could not move his left hand. When the mercury had fallen to 8, 5 (about six miles and a quarter,) the balloon burst with a loud explosion, and began to descend rapidly with much noise, which awaked M. Brioschi. It fell about twelve miles from Padua, without any injury to the aerial travellers.

The celebrated Canova, who is to receive one hundred thousand crowns for a colossal statue of Napoleon, in bronze, has engaged the assistance of the German artists, at Vienna, who cast the statue of Joseph II. under the direction of the celebrated professor Zauner.

The subterraneous passage by which the Roman Emperors went privately from the palace of the Cæsars, on Mount Cælius, at Rome, to the Flavian Amphitheatre, has been lately discovered. From it have been taken a number of architectural fragments, capitals, cornices, and vases, proofs of the splendor of its decorations.

tions. Some fine torsos have also been found, and a head of Mercury, which appears to have belonged to the statue formerly in the garden of the Pope, and now in the Chiaramonta Museum. Several pipes and gutters for carrying off water were also discovered, and twenty rooms of very small dimensions, and lighted only from the top. These are presumed to be the fornices; so frequently mentioned by Martial, Seneca, and Juvenal.

The celebrated Last Supper, of Leonardo Da Vinci, at Milan, has suffered so much from damp, and other circumstances, that it will soon be totally destroyed. Bossi is taking a copy of it in oil, of the original size, from which it is afterwards to be executed in mosaic.

The brothers Riepenhausen, who have fixed their residence in Italy, have formed the plan of a considera-

ble work, in which they propose to exhibit the rise and progress of the arts in that country, by stroke engravings of the works of the great masters. It will be divided into three sections, each comprehending four parts. The first section will begin with Cimabue, and go down to Gozzoli, the second to Muffaccio; and the third to Raphael. The work will also contain biographical accounts and portraits of the different painters. The four first parts comprehend the works of Cimabue; Giotto, Tafi, Buffalmacco, Uccello; the succeeding ones will exhibit those of Gaddi, Ghirlandajo, Fiesole, Pignorelli; and the last those of Masaccio, Signorelli, Perugino, L. da Vinci, Fra. Bartolomeo, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and the most celebrated of his pupils. Each part will contain twelve plates, in small folio.

— 00000000 —

The Duke of Richmond and Mr. Roach.

" For several day past our ears have been dinned with the account of a guzzling interview which took place between his grace of Richmond and our well beloved aliens the papists of Limerick. His grace is represented as having wished to meet Mr. Roach (the president of the meeting) in Heaven, no doubt his grace's expectations are founded on the salutary consequence of penance and mortification. It reminds us of the unfortunate inca of Peru who after suffering numberless calamities from the Spaniards, by way of probation for Christianity, was baptised by them and then strangled in order the more effectually to secure him a place in mansions of the blessed !!! But though we do not believe his grace is the man destined to discover the longitude,

or perpetual motion, yet we think he has enough of common sense to be consistent; and we ask, is it the man who restored the Dog to office, our immortalized slanderer and persecutor that wishes to meet Mr. Roach in Heaven? Is it the man who succeeded our friend the duke of Bedford upon the known and acknowledged principle of our exclusion from the constitution, who wishes to meet Mr. Roach in Heaven? We doubt much that this is a fair report of his grace's words; if it be, we can only account for it by supposing his grace to be as the Mouse was in the beer barrel, and his words to be as much relied on.

Oh friend quoth the Mouse, pray
never think
On promises, when made in drink.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

NEW WORDS TO THE OLD IRISH
MELODY OF

SHANNON'S FLOWERY BANKS.

The flower of Erin is nipp'd in his bloom,
And sleeps in the green bourn'd vale;
Oh! Spring's fairest flowers enamel his
tomb,
And lend their dear sweets to the gale.

Oh mem'ry his prowess and actions shall
view,
And fancy his image shall raise;
The bard in each bosom his mem'ry renew,
And in ages hereafter his praise;—

For he was the offspring of noble Fingall,
Not less noble, he, in the sight;
The Harp of green Erin, shall in each hall,
And lull in the cold grave his sprite!
The flower of Erin, &c.
J. S.

Camden-street.

A SONG,

By J***. S*****.

Camden-street.

Addressed to

MISS MARIANNE C.

O never shall wander this bosom from thee,
Nor seek a fair bosom sincerer;
'Twas heaven, to love and to pledge form'd
thee;
And heaven ne'er formed a dearer!

For NOVEMBER, 1809.

Does fate sweetest maid, with an envious
eye,
Pronounce the sad words, we "must
fever,"
If so, in the bed of oblivion I'll lie,
And there I shall slumber for ever!

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE LOVELY MAID
OF PORTOBELLO.

Ah mark sweet Maria how nods the wild
rose,
And waves her young to the soft kissing
breeze;
'Tis soft-footed Zephyrus round her head
blows,
And shakes the clear drops from the dew-
sprinkled trees.

I

But, far thou art sweeter to me, lovely
maid!
And greater the balms that you lend to
the gale,
Than all the sweet flowers that blow in the
mead,
Than all the sweet roses that blush in the
vale.

3

'Tis true, sweet Maria, the lily is fair,
But far, lovely maid, art thou fairer to
me;
The rose and the lily may ever despair,
Of being so blooming or fragrant as thee!
Camden-street J. S—rs.

3 S

AN

STRIKING INSTANCE OF INCORRUPTIBLE VIRTUE OF AN IRISH OFFICER.

Translated from the French of Mons Wanoſtrocht.

ON the surprise of the city of Cremona, in 1702 by the troops of Prince Eugene, M'Donnell an Irish officer, in the imperial service, made Marshal Villeroy prisoner, who instantly addressed his virtuous captor to this effect: "Know, sir, that your prisoner is no less a man than Marshal Villeroy;—your fortune is made if you will but escort me to the citadel, and join our army. I will pledge myself to procure you a regiment of horse and an annual pension of two thousand crowns." M'Donnell returned the following spirited answer: "I have served the emperor those many years; and I am proud to aver, that I have never yet betrayed the trust reposed in me; this day shall not see me swerve from the paths of rectitude which I have hitherto trod, and all France is too poor to purchase my honor. Vainly do you proffer me the enjoyment of a situation dignified by that lust for lucre which never fails to dazzle the eye of avaricious ambition, but in reality debased by being the wages of prostituted integrity. While the sense of that gratitude which is due to my sovereign and that respect which I owe to myself are too strongly impressed on my mind, ever to allow the prospect of emolument to warp me from my duty.

And I am confident of obtaining, by my services in the armies of the emperor a situation equally exalted as that which you would have me purchase by disloyalty and dishonor." The Marshal held out a new temptation to the officer, by offering him ten thousand pistoles on the spot if he would even allow him to escape, but no consideration could sap the fidelity of the stubborn soldier, and Villeroy continued a captive.

Here is one among the many instances of the losses which England sustained by that system of oppression and that support of usurpation, which, in defiance of the laws of nature and nations she at that era so tyrannically upheld. Discarded by that country which had given them birth, our brave countrymen were compelled to seek in foreign states that encouragement which their own government denied them, and it must be remembered that while the armies of Britain were miserably deficient in general officers of common capability, the great Charles XII. the terror of Europe, and styled the northern Alexander, was defeated by the rude and undisciplined fugitives of Narva, under the auspices of Lacy an outcast Irishman, formerly an officer in the garrison of Limerick.

DUELLING

DUELLING.

LAW DUEL.

THE profession of the Law was lately alarmed by a difference that was about to be settled by two Barristers, in a way equally dangerous to their own lives, and destructive to their wig-makers and taylor. Larry Halloran the political taylor, and Mr. Gahan the most law-learned barber in the universe having compared notes, drew up a case and laid it before counsellors A. and B. the combatants requiring their opinion as to the obligation by the law of honor upon a poor lawyer to let another poorer lawyer murder him, like a rich gentleman, when his taylor and his barber could only come on his wig and old breeches for their bills in case of his failing. So forcibly did their reason and their conscience operate upon the two barristers in this case, that each sent off to the sheriff an anonymous note importing a wish to have his ^{the} antagonist bound over, which was scrupulously done by the magistrate.

MEDICAL DUEL.

Two Doctors, a few days back, had a dispute about the impor-

tance of having salis and physic and clyster bags in a dispensary, and each maintained the negative and the affirmative, till the debate ended in a rencontre as fierce as the late magisterial combat in the watch-house; they have agreed upon a mortal mode of deciding this affair of honor, which is much more serious than pistoling or prescribing for one another, they have tossed up to see whether Dr. B. shall be attended solely in his next cholera morbus by old Charley Jalap the apothecary, or whether Dr. D. shall take a family dinner with Dr. B. Society will learn with grief, and the Catholic cause will lament to learn that poor Dr. D. has lost the toss, and is actually to dine with his antagonist at his house in the row on next Friday, unless the magistrates interfere.— Dr. D. has made up his mind to meet his fate and has settled all his affairs, temporal and spiritual. He has bespoke his coffin, and funeral, and is to be buried on the Sunday next after his starvation at Mulhuddart, at five o'clock, Archdeacon Whiskey and Larry Ward have used all their influence to make up matters, but alas! they proved abortive.

IMPORTANT EXTRACTS FROM THE NEWS-PAPERS.

A large package of Talavera clay, was lately landed at Portsmouth; it was forwarded from Corunna for the use of Lord Wellington, and is

to be deposited in the office of arms. This prudent step to secure part of the territory, from whence the noble and gallant commander takes his title, was very handsomely executed by Lieutenant Spade and a party of miners, the evening the British army retreated. This is no empty addition to the glory of the Wellesley family, they have the satisfaction to possess not only the Spanish title but the very soil, to bequeath to their illustrious posterity. It is much to be regretted that some person of equal foresight had not the precaution to bottle some of the celebrated Trafalgar water on the moment that victory planted her immortal bays on the temples of the dying Nelson, that the British public would have the pleasure of inspecting the very identical elements on which two favorite heroes celebrated the glory of the British nation.

We hope that application will be made to his majesty the king of the *one* Sicily, for leave to take at least one acre of the lands of Bront away, before that illustrious monarch departs on his expedition to England, from the throne of his ancestors.

Letters received in London from the Island of Otaheite, described the condition of the *he* and *she* missionaries who were deputed by the missionary society, to preach the light of the gospel to the natives, to be peculiarly distressing, by the most afflicting persecutions. As the married apostles had not the gift of tongues either by inspiration or by human assistance, they made but little progress in the work of grace. Impatient at the obstinacy of the infidels, they reduced their theories into practice, and actually attempted to *make* saints where they could not gain proselytes. The consequence became unplea-

sant to both parties. The Otaheitians were so irritated that they proceeded to the most outrageous resistance, and actually knocked out the brains of a considerable number of the men of God, with their own big bibles.

The Major is to preach a charity sermon on Tuesday evening next, at the tabernacle in Whitefriar-street, for the benefit of reduced publicans. His deputy JUGSMELLER is to preach another discourse in brother Dagdale's workshop on the subsequent Sabbath, for the benefit of such brethren in the establishment as fear the Lord and are rendered unable to attend their respective duties.

The writer of the *Moniteur* advises the gallant Sir Arthut to take the substantial title of Duke of Lisbon, before he abandons the peninsula, but this appears only for the purpose of directing his genealogist to trace his titles by the line of march his lordship marked on the theatre of his triumphs. We hope his lordship will not neglect the honorable distinction now within his grasp, so gratifying to his friends and flattering to his country. His respectable friends and *cre*eres the Dublin police, greet each other on the felicity they are promised by a Duke of Lisbon being at the head of the establishment, making his triumphant entry into the city when ever drunken loyalty decrees a Jubilee, or celebrates the extinction of a legislature.

Mr. Latouche, the preacher, is at present on a visit in London, his business is of a demi-commercial nature, partaking of heavenly and earthly composition, he is employed selecting several packets of *grace* in Rowland Hill's Laboratory City road, suitable for the divine constitution of the Irish public. Brother Whiskey

Whiskey Lips pulley maker, has had a considerable quantity remitted to him to be used in the Fever Hospital, while he continues *locum tenens* to the banking apostle.

The word *Sirr*, which is an abbreviation of a French expression of compliment, is almost become in disuse, from the adoption of it by a certain obnoxious character as a Cognomeu. In several parts of this city, and among several societies, yes *sirr*, and no *sirr*, are no longer suffered in any conversation, under a small penalty. It is expected that in a few months some more appropriate term will be sub-

stituted in general use, as a very respectable school in the city has the word *sirr*, struck out of all the books, and not suffered to be expressed on any occasion, except it appears necessary in explaining some part of the reign of terror, in 1793.

Archdeacon Whiskey, we are happy to learn, has not acted as incorrigible as we were led to expect, from the vicious obstinacy of his character. On Sunday last he appeared in a very supplicating posture, at the foot of the altar, in Denmark-street chapel, during two masses.

ANCIENT IRISH HISTORIES.

WE took notice in our last Number of the work called Irish Histories, and we find that we have dragged the snake out of the grass. In the full hey-day and career of slander and insidious insult of every feeling that an Irishman or a Roman Catholic values have the printing junta betrayed their characters, in reviving the obsolete trash of our British revilers. We told our countrymen, that the Irish Histories, as they are called, were a collection of slander and insult, written by our ancient spoilers and persecutors, and revived for the purpose of debasing our national character and degrading the Catholic faith. They have imposed and obtruded a precious collection of slander in the histories they have edited. Whoever reads them, and considers the papists of this day, as the papists are described of that day, and papists it is known are always the

same, cannot much wonder that orange zeal at this moment hunts their priests and massacres their flock. This good society are now going to give us new Lives of Saints, and a late member of Beresford's corps, who was formerly called the fleet bloodhound, is to publish the life of Saint Patrick, this comes in as an interlude, and probably he will subjoin to it, as it makes an essential part of Irish History, the life of Jemmy O'Brien, with whom he was better acquainted than that superstitious object (as he would call it) of popish reverence, the tutelary saint of this island. As the Junta have given a large dose of poison in their histories, why not give us a little antidote? Would it not be more seasonable at this time, and more in course, to give us Dr. Curry's Review than the legend of St. Patrick? certainly it would, but this captandum vulgus
trick

trick is to set off the atrocity of the intent which we have detected.—The character of Saint Patrick makes an important æra in our ecclesiastical history. A foolish man of the name of Ledwich sacrificed his character of sanity, for the political purpose of impeaching the saint's existence, because the accomplishing of it with ignorant people may serve the object of low controversy that was to mislaid the poor Irish Papist. The poor saint was then attacked *à la Orange*, and his assassination by Dr. Ledwich, and Peg Nicholson's attempt on his Majesty, were deemed as originating from the same cause, and it is a pity that the Doctor and Mrs. Nicholson, should have two houses occupied by such congenial tempers. Saint Patrick is now to be taken of in another way. He is under the hospitable roof of a zealous antipopery gentleman who if he sits for him to shave him, you may be sure will cut his throat.—Mr. B——, who dropt the portcullison on Father Byrne's back and broke it, when his guest is a good hint for the loyal flogging Orange biographer, of Irish sanctity. The Irish people do not want their

saint's life from such hands as a riding-house lawyer. The sample of affection that they have received from the histories revived by this Orange faction, puts them in mind of Sinon, Timco, Danaos and Dona Ferentes. Their advertise-says that their impartiality is such that they give a faithful edition of the historians, adding nought and diminishing nothing, but the editor of Tom Paine's Age of Reason could give as good an apology for publishing slander against religion, and propagating corruption of morals, as that given by the revivers of charges against our honor, our faith and our *vanity*.

We have no wish to see our old calumniators' re-embodied. The History of the Irish Rogues and Rapperies is as important a matter of history, much less offensive, and much truer, and with no such ill tendency as those which they publish. The Irish magazine can see through such motives, and whilst it lasts it shall do justice to its countrymen by exposing its covert and its open enemies. We shall speak to this society more fully another time.

TO SIR CHARLES SAXTON, BART. THE FOLLOWING
MANNER OF OBTAINING A LICENSE, AND THE
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS USED IN THE
CEREMONY, IS MOST HUMBLY
DEDICATED.

MAJOR THEATRE, Sept. 29, 1809.

M—— rings with violence, one hand pulls the bell that calls the clerks on the upper story, while the other is engaged with the one that musters the battalion on the ground

floor, so extremely agitated is his countenance, and so busy are his hands that he appears in the attitude of a dairy maid, pulling the teats of a cow under the painful influence

influence of an excruciating tooth ache.

Enter Bullbrooks, Biblemouth, Firehatch, and Jugsmeller, armed with bludgeons.

M. 'Bring forward six of these fellows who want license'

All. 'Yes your honor.'

Six men of decent appearance enter, surrounded by the battalions headed by the chief. Mr. Jugsmeller, one of the *Dugdalian* society for propagating the gospel in Munster.

M. 'You want a license?'

A. 'Yes, Sirr.'

M. 'Do you know Cox the magazine maker? to be sure you do. So you want a license to enable you to laugh at the abuse bestowed upon gentlemen. Do you know *Ivers* of Carlow? to be sure you do not. Look me straight in the face, you ill-looking lazy rascal; you know nothing, no no, you know nothing. You were no rebel to be sure. I'll teach you, you Popish traitor if you get a license a little more loyalty. Here Jugsmeller, take this fellow away, and let him have a certificate.'

The man obtains leave to speak, after much intreaty.

'Sirr, you have put so many questions, though you dont require any answer; yet I will undertake to tell you, that if it is any crime to know Mr. Cox, every man in Dublin is guilty, but so far from me laughing at your expense, by reading the magaziné, I assure you I never knew a letter in my life, and am as ignorant as any alderman. Nor do I know what is meant by *Ivers of Carlow*, so far am I ignorant of any thing that occurred in the rebellion. I have been thirty years out of Ireland the first day of this month.'

Another man appears.

M. 'Who are you?'

A. 'My name is Quirk.'

M. 'So Mr. Quirk, you lived in Swords, in 1798. You are another innocent subject. Have you bail?'

A. 'Yes Sirr, I have.'

M. 'Who is he?'

A. 'Mr. O'Brien, of Stafford-street.'

M. 'Mr. O'Brien! Is that your bail, Quirk? Aye, I know that fellow, ask him has he another picture of Bonaparte, to replace the one I took from the head of his bed. No Mr. Quirk, I'll take no such bail as Mr. O'Brien's, nor the devil a license your house shall get here. You are a rebel, Quirk. I was a rebel I confess, Sirr, but have my protection; and as the law intended to allow time for repentance, I hope you will not prevent me of the benefits of the constitution.'

M. 'I see Quirk you are one of the magazine readers, but by G—I'll put a stop to your studies. Here Biblemouth turn this fellow out, and send of a detachment to break Quirks jugs.'

B. 'Yes, your honor.'

M. 'Bring in another of the fellows.'

Jugsmeller. Your honor, Mrs. Casey is below and requests to see your honor.

M. Shew her in.'

M. 'Well my good woman, do you mean to insist on compelling me to grant you license? I told you already, I will not allow any person to have a public house in any stable lane. I suppose Mrs. Casey, you think I dont know you.'

Mrs. C. 'Indeed you may remember me. It is twelve years this Michaelmas, since my poor husband (God rest his soul) was flogged so death.'

M. 'Stop you impudent woman, God rest your rebel husband's soul; this is more of your Popish superstition.'

superstition. Begone immediately and shut up your house within one hour. See it done Jugsmeller, or carry away every article.'

Mrs. C: 'Oh dear Sir, forgive a poor widow, and pity four children.'

M. 'Biblemouth, take this woman down stairs.'

B. 'Yes your honor.'

Biblemouth tears the unfortunate woman, who appears fainting.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Letter from the Minister for Foreign Affairs to General Armstrong, Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America.

Altenburgh, August 22.

SIR,

"Being informed that you are about to dispatch a vessel for America, his majesty has charged me to make known to you the immutable principles which have regulated, and will continue to regulate his conduct as to the grand point of difference respecting neutrals.

"France admits the principle, that the flag protects the merchandize. A merchant vessel having a clearance from her government, ought to be considered as a floating colony. The violation of such a vessel by searches, prosecutions, and other acts of arbitrary power, is the violation of the territory of a colony, and an attack upon the independence of its government. The seas belong exclusively to no nation, they are the common property of states, the domain of all.

"Merchant vessels of an enemy, being the property of private individuals, ought to be respected. Private individuals, who take no share in hostilities, ought not to be made prisoners. In all her conquests France has respected private pro-

perty. Warehouses and shops have been left in the possession of their owners. They have been permitted to dispose of their merchandize as they thought proper; and at this moment there are cargoes, particularly of cotton, passing in wagons through the French army, and through Austria and Germany, to proceed to whatsoever destination commerce may assign them.

If France had adopted the practices of maritime warfare, all the merchandize of the continent would have been accumulated in France, and often have constituted a source of incalculable wealth.

"Such would undoubtedly have been the assumptions of England, had the English possessed the same superiority by land which they have at sea. We should, as in the times of barbarism, have seen the vanquished sold as slaves, and their lands divided among the victors. Mercantile cupidity would have engrossed every thing, and the government of an enlightened nation, that has carried the arts of civilization to the highest pitch of perfection, would have given the first example

ample of renewing the practices of the barbarous ages. That government is well aware of the injustice of its maritime code. But what does it heed injustice? Its only inquiry is, what is useful.

"When France shall have acquired a naval force proportionate to the extent of her coasts and her population, the Emperor will gradually reduce these principles to practice, and exert himself to procure their general adoption. The right, or rather the assumption of blockading rivers and coasts, by proclamation, is equally insolent and absurd. No right can possibly spring out of the mere will and caprice of one of the interested parties, but must originate in the actual nature of the things to which it belongs. No place is properly in a state of blockade, but when it is invested by land and by water. It is put under blockade, to cut off all means of assistance by which the surrender may be retarded; and in this case only accrues the right of preventing neutral ships from entering it: because the place so attacked, is in danger of being taken, and the dominion of it is undecided, and still in dispute, between the commander of the town and those who blockade or invest it; and from this arises the right of prohibiting neutrals from entering the place.

"The sovereignty and independence of the flag, like the sovereignty and independence of a territory, is the property of all neutrals. A state may surrender itself to another, divest itself of independence, and undergo a change of sovereigns; but the right of sovereignty are indivisible and unalienable! the smallest particle of them cannot be ceded.

NOVEMBER, 1809.

"England proclaimed France in a state of blockade. The Emperor, by his decree of Berlin declared the British Islands to be in a state of blockade. The former measure excludes neutral vessels from France; the latter prohibits them from going to England.

"England, by her cabinet orders of the 11th November, 1807, laid a tax upon neutral vessels, and compelled them to enter their harbours before they can proceed to their place of destination. By the decree of the 17th of December of the same year, the Emperor declared all such vessels 'denationalized' whose flag is violated, insulted, and trampled upon.

"To protect herself against the spoilsations wherewith such a state of things menaced her commerce, America laid an embargo on her harbours; and though France, which had only exercised the right of retaliation, was aware that her own interest, and those of her colonies must suffer from such a measure; yet the Emperor applauded the magnanimous resolution of renouncing all commerce, rather than acknowledge the sovereignty and tyranny of the seas.

"The embargo has been taken off, and a system of exclusion has been substituted for it. The powers of the continent, in alliance against England, make common cause; they have the same object in this war; they must reap the same advantages; they must also run the same risks. The ports of Holland, the Elbe, the Weser, Italy and Spain, will enjoy no advantage of which France would be deprived. They will all of them be open or shut at the same time with regard to any commercial intercourse with them.

3 T.

"Thus

“ Thus, sir, in point of principle, France recognizes the freedom of neutral commerce, and the independence of the maritime powers which she respected up to the moment when the arbitrary proceedings of its government, compelled her to adopt measures of retaliation to which she resorted with regret. Let England revoke her blockade against France, and France will recall her declaration of blockade against England. Let England revoke her cabinet orders of the 11th November, 1807, and the Milan

decree will expire of itself. The American commerce will then recover its complete freedom, and be assured of finding in the harbours of France favour and protection. But it belongs to the United States to attain this happy object by their firmness. Can a nation, resolved to remain free, hesitate between certain momentary interests, and the great cause of maintaining her independence, her honor, her sovereignty, and her dignity?

(Signed)

“ CHAMPAGNY.”

BRITISH DECREES NONSUITED.

Case of the men arrested as deserters from the frigate *L'Africaine*, by John Hunter, Esq. Sheriff of Baltimore, at the request of Wm. Wood, Esq. British Consul for the port of Baltimore:

An Habeas Corpus was applied for to judge Scott, late on Thursday evening, on behalf of seven men, arrested and held in custody by the sheriff, at the request, and on the statement of the British Consul that they were deserters, by their counsel. The habeas corpus was issued as prayed for, returnable the next morning at nine o'clock. Accordingly, this morning the men were brought up, amidst an immense concourse of citizens, who filled the court-house and the neighbouring streets, and the sheriff made return that he had arrested and detained the men in custody, in virtue of the following, from the British Consul:

“ *British Consul's office, Baltimore,*
“ September, 6, 1809.

“ JOHN HUNTER, ESQ.

“ SIR,

“ Having received information that thirteen seamen have deserted from *L'Africaine* frigate, and are now in this city, I have to request that you will be pleased to secure them till they can be sent on board.

I am, &c.

“ WM. WOOD.”

By virtue of this authority, I have arrested and put in prison the following persons, to wit: John Nowland, William Whokes, Denis Murphy, Richard Hewes, John Earp, John Burwell, and Jacob Lamb.

The Judge said, that he had conceived it his duty to give notice to Mr. Wood, (the British Consul,) of the application, so that he might

might appear and shew cause, if any he had, why the men should be detained.

In the course of a few minutes Mr. Wood came into court, and the counsel for the prisoners, Messrs. Glenn and J. L. Donaldson, moved the court that the men be discharged, sufficient cause for their detention not appearing on the return—Mr. Wood's counsel, Mr. Walter Dorsey, requested to be allowed time to enquire into the law, and said, that they would be ready to prove that these men were deserters from his Britannic Majesty's ship *L'Africaine*. The counsel for

the prisoners objected to the delay. The chief justice stated, that the opinion of the secretary of state had satisfied him, that deserters from British vessels ought not to be arrested or detained under the authority of the government of the United States, for the purpose of delivering them up to the officers of the British government, he therefore ordered the prisoners to be immediately discharged. The audience expressed their approbation of his decision by three loud and tumultuous huzzas, and execrations of the tories, and carried off the deserters in triumph.

JUSTICE OF PEACE.—NEW MINISTERS.

When we consider the unrestrained power for summary justice, lodged in the hands of those magistrates, named justices of the peace: we must see how important it is to the community, that such men should be prudent, stedy, informed gentlemen, they are both judge and jury, for pecuniary mulcts and corporal penalties.—There can be no more valuable office to the community: nor a greater pest when abused. Industry and morality affected by this determination of petty law and justice. There are to many instances in Ireland of late years, of the abuse of this order of magistracy, both by violence and corruption, and in too many instances are partymen; overstraining justice or hoodwinked.

Lord Liverpool secretary for the home department, a lord of trade

and plantations, a commissioner for the affairs of India, constable of Devon Castle, warden keeper and admiral of the cinque ports, and a governor of the charter house, employment and sinecures amount to 20,000l. per an. besides patronage.

Earl Camden, lord president of the council, a commissioner for the affairs of India, one of the tellers of the Exchequer, lord lieutenant and vice admiral of the county of Kent and city of Canterbury, and recorder of Bath, employments and sinecures 20,000 per annum and patronage.

Earl of Chatham, governor of Jersey, master general of the ordnance, a lieutenant-general in the army, &c. &c. 20,000 per annum and patronage.

Lord Mulgrave, 1st lord of the admiralty.

Lord Eldon, chancellor.

3 T 2

Duke

Duke of Portland, 1st lord of the treasury.

The Earl of Liverpool, a member of the new privy council board is the son of Charles Jkinson, a gentleman who first commenced his ministerial career in 1761 as under secretary to the famous Lord Bute then prime minister, and with whom and the late princess of Wales he was an intimate and bosom companion. He opposed the Buckingham administration, in 1765, and was considered the go between, with Bute and her Royal Highness in politics, and in forming the Grafton administration of 1766, which he warmly supported. He was of Lord North's party, and strongly supported the American war, as a lord of the treasury. Pitt was ever supported by Jkinson,

and he was an advocate for the French war, and for supporting the slave trade. He was created Earl of Liverpool. As his sentiments coincided with the corporations there, he blended and quartered his noble arms with that of the city, as he was a warm advocate of their principles. The modest motto of his escutcheon shews he toiled in drudgery and earned his peerage.

"Palma non sine pulvere."

The reward of labour.

The present Earl lately succeeded to the honors and virtues of his father, and with whom he acted for many years in politics. He holds many places and sinecures, worth 20,000l. per annum, with great patronage.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE LATE JUBILEE.

The zealots of the corporation after decreeing a jubilee. had the effrontery to appoint collectors in every parish to raise money on the pretext of relieving confined debtors, and actually put their apparent humanity into practice. Several Catholic persons, with becoming spirit and discernment, instead of submitting to the impertinent imposition, answered the application by saying, they could bestow their bounties on objects of their own selection, that they did not need the agency of corporation barbers or butchers to distribute their money, and as they were not to be admitted to the honors of corporation distinction, they would

shew they were not so deficient in understanding as to submit to be guided by such advisers. Such reproof had the expected effect; the gentlemen often departed under the most visible impressions of embarrassment, at the manner their vulgar importance was generally treated. Were the people of Dublin, that is the Catholics, to evince such contempt on other occasions, for the authority which these men assume, instead of meanly contributing to augment their ignorant pride, we would be more respected, and our efforts for emancipation would be attended to with more deference. We have tried fawning too long. We have been rendered

ed contemptible, not for our numbers, but for the importunate servility that has hitherto disgraced us. Our claims have been frequently answered by insult, and always with equivocation. We are either described as unfit persons to enjoy the blessings of what is called a free constitution; or an obstinate body already so tolerably situated, that our complaints arise not from any political or civil disadvantages we labour under, but from a perverse spirit of disaffection and ambition inherent in our religious bigotry. The latter explanation perhaps is the most irritating that rational beings could possibly encounter. Though we lament the common degraded state we are fallen to by the act of union, which we feel with all our countrymen, yet this provincial obscurity is rendered more painful by the corporation tyranny and habitual insolence constantly flowing from these sinks of ignorance and folly. The inhabitants of Dublin are more particularly insulted in this manner. They are a considerable portion of the Catholic body, and compose a population of one of the greatest cities in Europe, yet these people possessing all the floating capital and a considerable part of the landed, are in all municipal cases tried by juries and governed by men, taken from the very rub-

bish of society. Nothing can be a greater absurdity on the professed equality of the law, than that the same identical men, with very little alteration form the grand juries which try all cases, wherein the persons and properties of his majesty's Catholic subjects are involved. The barbers of Dublin with others of their brethren of the meanest condition in life, are literally not only the law makers, but the very judges, in whose hands, the respectability, wealth and character of the Catholics of the metropolis are deposited. They chose the magistrates, who are to put the laws into force; they appoint even the city judge. From the meanest to the most respectable municipal situation the Catholic body is excluded; no qualification however eminent can entitle a Catholic to have any influence on those laws or customs enacted or used under corporation monopoly. Nothing can be more aggravating, nor more ridiculous than what a Catholic gentleman must feel, when he reads in the public prints the ridiculous report of a speech uttered in broken English, in the city assembly by the very barber who a few minutes before had shaved him. The cobler who had repaired his boots, or the plaisterer, who had the day before whitewashed his kitchen.

ILLUMINATIONS.

Every establishment in this city of which the men who form it are fed on the produce of the public

taxes, evinced the most sincere demonstrations of joy. This effusion is quite natural to human nature, those

those who live well without any exertion, without trouble and without care, have cause to rejoice.—The police office rejoiced. A lawyer and a tradesman who never had any distinction in their respective professions, may rejoice, for the public's misfortunes have not reached their doors, they have been taken from obscurity, and are now regaling in the intoxication of fullness, and in all the pride of petty power. A major, or a man who assumes to himself such honorable distinction, may rejoice, as his peculiar taste for tormenting is gratified. But can any one assert that a man who pays taxes out of the produce of his industry had rejoiced? He has certainly put on the appearance of joy, lest his loyalty might be questioned, or his house should be crumbled into ruins over his head. Should he have any chance of surviving the expression of his feelings he would have designated the destruction of this great city by the act of union, by exhibiting, not the figure of majesty, suspended over the portals of trading justice, accompanied with the emblems of liberty over the dungeons of despair, he would have placed his king entering the gates of a senate, amidst the acclamations of a happy and independent people. He would not, like the farming society, place a monarch among the brute creation, chatting to sheep, presiding over pig sties and dog kennels. He would place him in a more rational society, not fattening hogs, but men, not building menageries but thatching houses, not consulting the amorous passions of Spanish sheep, and the strength and symmetry of their produce, but place him as a father, cheerfully contributing to whatever would encourage the po-

pulation, instruction and comforts of a hardy people. If he could understand that sheep were designated (contrary to the practice of the farming society,) to feed and to clothe his starved and naked countrymen, he would with becoming gratitude, display that useful animal, as the Chinese do their plows under the exemplary attitude of his monarch communicating lessons of industry, and distributing the means of agricultural economy, for he would understand such lessons were the duty of monarchs. It is not from the putrid exhalations of interested loyalty a king is to collect honor or excite regard. The generous gratitude of one happy village or the benediction of its simple inhabitants are much sincerer signs of the security of a throne, than all the lying incense that could emanate from the corrupted vapours of all the police offices, *paper-houses*, ordinance boards, or farming clubs that ever suffocated public opinion. One is the spontaneous offering of disinterested devotion, the others are the delusive gratulations of hypocrisy. One has the means of preserving governments, while the others bear in them the causes of their decline.—The abused and degraded people of France yet live, though their wrongs were shut from the throne, and their gaudy and vicious oppressors who have outlived the dynasty, which they hurried into disrepute and subsequently to death, are vagrants over the face of the world. Thus heaven frequently avenges a people. The appendages of a fallen throne, the farming societies, the gloomy police, the fantastical nobility, the avaricious bankers of former France, are seeking bread and hiding places remote from their country.

country, while the people whom they have whipped and misrepresented, have outlived the awful convulsion. It may be said, have these people bettered their condition? If they have not bettered masters, or a cheaper government, is not in our power to ascertain, but they have the most enviable qualification that ever animated the human breast, they have had revenge. A witty Spaniard speaking of this passion, describes it of such a superlative gratification that the almighty has interdicted the use of it by any one but himself. The French people can now retrace the scenes where their fathers laboured before them, they can mount 'the vine covered hills,' and pierce the woods of their delightful country, and enjoy the happy reflection that their former oppressors have for ever disappeared. These are no mean gratifications, they carry with them instruction as they give birth to hope. If another race of privileged ruffians may possibly arise from the tombs of their predecessors, another visitation of Providence may deliver them into the hands of his injured people. Thus the people are decreed to be immortal, and the facititious folly of tyrants and tyranny are declared to be perishable. Louis XVIII. so called, and his fugitive court, are perishing in the horrid regions of Scotland, scarcely sheltered in the miserable remnant of ancient royalty, Holyrood house, in mimic grandeur, while the children of his peasants after conquering Europe, are reveling at Versailles, or are now prostrating the German eagles on the Danube. While these awful events are passing before the eyes of an astonished and humbled world, our prostituted newspapers describe in

glowing language, the silly ornaments exhibited by the ingenuity of the harpies of the custom house. The picture of the king, in these vehicles of falsehood and illusion, is described leaning on a pile of our staple manufacture, insinuating that linen is that manufacture, keeping in view with artful ostentation, the absurd notion, that an article which must be obtained by a voyage of eight thousand miles, or that the caprice of a distant nation, or the casualties of war, may for ever deprive us; while our wool, which grows at home, and which ought to be, as it naturally is, our real staple manufacture, is to be neglected. Thus the orange policy of the Dutch hero of the Boyne, yet lives, and our woollen trade which that invader destroyed, is studiously secured to England, while our people are advised to seek for a substitute in industry by traversing the Atlantic for flaxseed.

The papers further described two tutelar guardians on the custom house, they have not told us who those guardians are, or who are the most appropriate characters worthy to designate the authors of the deserted condition of this big hospital, are we obliged to answer for them by personifying them as the detestable Fitzgibbon, or the place hunting Beresford; or should we mistake the character of the men, we might assign them a place more becoming their treasons, and more strongly indicative of the ruin of their country, we would have had them placed nearer the scenes of their political villainy, on the pillars of that senate house which they sold to the fraternal enemies of our trade and independence.

We are fatigued with the recollection, nor should we have so far trespassed on the public feeling, were we not roused into these remarks by the venality of a hired press, and the vulgar insensibility to domestic misery, and external treachery, that the corporate plais-

terers, barbers, tailors, haberdashers, &c. demonstrate by forcing the people of this great city into the most false and expensive appearances, at a time when the most solid and lasting causes invite our families into the most aggravating reflections.

OBITUARY.

In Philadelphia, Mr. John Gorman Kennedy, an eminent Brewer in this city, he was a gentleman of the most accomplished manners, highly esteemed in a numerous and respectable circle. Like others of his Catholic countrymen, in the reign of terror, he was marked out as an object of suspicion, and though no act of disloyalty could be proved against him, he was arrested, and suffered a long and solitary imprisonment, from which he was delivered, on condition of removing himself for ever from the British dominions. With these terms he cheerfully complied, and exchanged his dungeon and his suffering country for the freest and happiest region that ever existed.

In Bray, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, of the second Garrison Battalion. This military

hero departed this life, and abandoned his colours, not as a soldier, by falling on his sword like an ancient Roman, or like a London shopkeeper by blowing his brains out, neither aspiring to the classical manners of antiquity, nor even to the gentlemanly manners of modern times. He expired like some broken hearted barber, by cutting his throat with an old razor.

William Rawlins, Esq. late one of the directors of the Bank of Ireland. in the true spirit of Protestant ascendancy he managed the business of the bank with religious exactness, and could accurately tell the value of a bill to be discounted by considering the number of Popish names it carried on it.

Mr. John Magee, Proprietor of the Dublin Evening Post.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The person who signs his epistles 'A Citizen of Limerick' is requested to pay the postage, or we cannot attend to any of his communications. We are surprised any person who professes so much,

should attempt to burthen us with the expences of his speculations.

Sinecures in our next. The mathematical questions came too late for insertion.





Reynolds.
The Infamous Informer.

THE
IRISH MAGAZINE,

OR
Monthly Asylum

FOR
NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

FOR DECEMBER, 1809.

Memoirs of Thomas Reynolds, the Informer:

THIS man was born in Ashestreet, in the Earl of Meath's liberty, in the year 1770. His father was a very eminent silk-weaver, and was highly esteemed for his excellent and respectable character; but unfortunately for the credit and feeling of the surviving part of the family, 'virtue is not hereditary, nor is it even in the power of the best education, or the most edifying examples, to communicate it; like other qualities that adorn or pervert our nature, it must originally form a prominent part in our construction. The infamous subject of this memoir very early in life, displayed a premature atrocity of mind that was one day to exhibit the most perfect and mature example of moral depravity. His father died in the year 1783, when Thomas was about sixteen years of age, who was then at a seminary in France, from whence he returned on

learning the demise of his parent. At this tender period of life, he formed connexions with the most depraved of the other sex, and to support himself in one vice he perpetrated others, such as robbing his widowed mother of the very scanty means which she possessed to support a large family. In 1794, he married, and after some short time he took his mother-in-law, whose name was Wetherington, into his house to reside in the family; the old lady besides other property, had in ready money 300*l.* which Reynolds borrowed from her. Some misunderstanding taking place between the old lady and her son-in-law, she insisted on having her money returned; this he was obliged to submit to, but in a fortnight afterwards, Tom administered to her some medicine, of which he kept a considerable variety in his house, and in less than forty

hours after the poor woman fell a victim to the experiment, and the money which she had then in her possession could never be accounted for, to the satisfaction of her friends. These circumstances Reynolds admitted to be true on his cross-examination, when prosecuting Mr. John McCann, on the 17th of July, 1798. His circumstances becoming embarrassed, he was obliged to proceed from one crime to another to repair them; the facility which his mind possessed, for changing his plans of finance, to improve his fortune was so familiar by his dexterity in villiany, that he only inquired what value could be obtained, by any atrocious and safe speculation. The associations of United Irishmen in 1797, gave such well founded apprehensions to the government, that every possible means were adopted to bring the leaders to punishment. Reynolds seized on the favourable opportunity of making his fortune, and had himself introduced and admitted into the society, where he soon became a very distinguished member for the zeal and attachment he counterfeited. He was at one time a representative for the county of Kildare, (where he resided), in the provincial meetings, and a colonel in the insurgents army. Now the golden opportunity was at hand, and

with the avidity of a complete ruffian, he seized it. He made his plans known to government through the medium of another bankrupt confederate of the name of Cope, and on the 12th of March, 1798, the representatives for Leinster, in the United Irishmen's organization, were surrounded at their sittings in the house of Mr. Oliver Bond, in Bridge-street, on the information of Reynolds, and on the next July, he prosecuted such of them as the government wished to have punished. Mr. McCann, Mr. Michael Byrne, and Mr. Bond were capitally convicted; the two first suffered death publicly, and the latter in prison. Reynolds and his associate have a pension of 2,000*l*. a year each, and Mrs. Reynolds 500*l*. a year during her life. This informer lives in considerable splendour in London, where he is much caressed by a certain description of our English masters; but his life is rendered extremely irksome, between the occasional visits of pain arising from a disturbed conscience and the apprehension of meeting death in an illegal form from the hand of some enthusiastic countryman. Mr Reynolds has become a member of the English church, and attends divine service with a conspicuous face of great devotion.

—000000—

On Flattery.

WHEN we range through the various walks of life, and examine the different characters of mankind around us, we shall be astonished to find, how disproportionate to each other, are the degrees of praise and merit, which are generally attributed to the man of simplicity and the flatterer. Many we shall meet, who

have their full quota of one, without the least particle of the other, and vice versa. There hath crept into the minds of the generality of men, an unaccountable proneness to confound appearances and realities, true merit and the pretence to it. To these superficial observers, baubles and jewels, virtue and its counterfeit

feits are equally valuable ; but all is not gold that glitters, nor all real excellence which passes for such. Well says the poet, " He that would search for pearls must dive below ;"—true, indeed, the man who endeavours to discern flattery, must first be able to detect her ministers, and be thoroughly conversant with their peculiar characteristics. Flattery, in the days of our simple forefathers, was little known, mankind being then guided by truth and sincerity, but when power and opulence began to increase, tyranny and oppression to gain ground, and vice with unbounded sway to pervade the universe, then indeed flattery raising her jealous countenance from the cell of obscurity, where for ages she had been detained, resolved to avail herself of the irregularity of the times, by extending her dominion to the remotest regions ; for this purpose has she taken with her a train of attendants every way adapted to their different situations, and entirely devoted to the interest of their mistress. Her principal agents are self-love and hypocrisy, by the one is she hurried on to a fruition of all things, the other assists her in deceiving her votaries ; jealousy, falsehood, envy, and luxury, constitute the rest of her train ; with these furies has she advanced forward, not in a slow solemn gate, but with mighty strides traverses the remotest tracts, not content with possessing the heart of the monarch, the statesman, the soldier, and the corrupted profligate, her influence has even penetrated the recesses of innocence, and found its way to the solitary cottage. But why has flattery, a vice of so black a cast, made so rapid a progress ? why is it not checked in its career ? why is it cherished, and encouraged, even by those, whose abilities in other respects, are so conspicuous ? The reason is ob-

vious. " The degeneracy of a vicious age will have it so."

" *O Tempora, O mores.*"

The most eminent writers in all ages, have never failed to describe this enormity, in the most lively colours. The pointed dialogues of a Lucian, the flowery eloquence of a Cicero, and the declamatory satires of a Juvenal, depict the masked features of flattery in every period, Horace, whose satirical pen does extraordinary execution, incomparably excels in the delineation. In his fifth satire, Ulysses is introduced consulting the prophet Tiresias, about the means whereby he might retrieve his broken fortune ; Tiresias upon this occasion, recommends flattery to him, as the easiest and most expeditious way of insinuating himself into the favour of the rich, but Ulysses rejected an expedient so unworthy his character, in the most witty and forcible terms,

" *Ut ne tegam spurco damæ latus ?
haud ita Trojæ,*

Me Jessi, cetans semper melioribus."

That noble spirit and greatness of soul, which that great man on all other occasions had so laudably displayed, could never stoop to so contemptible an expedient. Canute the Great, being once told by his court parricides that his power was more than human, is said to have taken the following method to reprove them : He ordered his chair to be set on the sea shore, while the tide was coming in, and with an imperious tone, commanded the swelling billows to retire. " Thou art under my dominion," cried he, " the land upon which I sit is mine, I charge thee therefore, to approach no farther nor dare to wet the feet of thy sovereign." He feigned to sit some time in expectation of submission till the waves began to surround him, then turning to his courtiers he ob-

served, "that the titles of Lord and Master belonged only to him whom both earth and seas were ready to obey." The truth is, flattery and its votaries were at all times held in the highest contempt, especially by those whom superior worth or distinction had reared above the level of their fellow mortals; and certainly, considering the nature of man, the mighty powers of the mind, the deep researches of the understanding, and the other inestimable donations of the Almighty Creator, it is really paradoxical that free and rational man could ever submit to the yoke of falsehood and dissimulation. But there is one class of men, to whom this vice is generally attributed, who are at the same time the most ridiculous of all others; they possess indeed a very high degree of humanity, but it is of a kind which proceeds not from sentiment but imbecility, and a slavish fear of offending the importunate; they laugh this minute with one, cry next with another, and thus go on like a horse in a mill, in an everlasting circle of weeping, rejoicing and sympathizing. These pre-

tended friends, however, who buzzed about like summer flies in the sunshine, instantly vanish upon the appearance of the tempest of adversity. What a disparity is there between this offspring of corruption and that Godlike virtue, true friendship? what a contrast between the artful obsequiousness of the one, and the candid simplicity of the other? Let it then be the subject of our unwearied endeavours, to take off the guise from impostors, and cultivate true friendship, that most glorious attribute of our nature,

"Which without passing thro' the judgment gains.
"The heart, and all its end at once attains."

POPE.

If these hints should be admissible in your Magazine, and should appear sufficient to destroy the force of this vulgar enormity, your giving them a place will oblige,

Sir,

Your humble servant.

SINCERUS.

—00000—

Jubilee Generosity of His Grace the Duke of Richmond.

HIS Grace the Duke of Richmond and Aubigny, Lord Lieutenant, General and General Governor of the Province of Ireland, descended in a direct line from the bed of her Grace the Duchess of Portsmouth, one of the mistresses of his facetious Majesty, Charles II. has with a most princely benevolence, bestowed out of his salary of £6,000/ per annum, in the most chearful manner, a sum of 40/ sterling, lawful money, to be applied to the release of such of His Majesty's insolvent

subjects as are confined for debt, to enable them to rejoice at large, with their families, in common with other loyal subjects, in the festivity which was to celebrate the auspicious event of the fiftieth year of the present reign. A very skillful mathematician, has calculated that this princely donation, by being properly applied, will enable the committee to release 533 persons, and one third of a person, confined for debts, not amounting to more than eighteen pence each person. This generous example

example has made the most lively impressions on the prisoners in the several Marshalseas in the metropolis, which they have evinced by the most grateful demonstrations of joy and sober hilarity. His Grace's genealogy and character are to be seen written on the door of every cell, in the *fairest* characters, that English chalk of the whitest kind can express.

What a happy state of society is

ours? when dukes and mendicants flourish for mutual convenience, where poverty unfolds her rags to ascertain the virtues of the nobility!

The people of America, by their premature impatience, have deprived themselves of such edifying lessons, for, by putting their affairs into vulgar hands, they have neither paupers to relieve, nor lords to display generosity.

—000000—

To the Editor of the Irish Magazine

MR. EDITOR,

THE numerous letters regarding Maynooth College, which have lately swelled the public prints, must, if properly digested, produce in the mind of every reflecting man a confused mixture of indignation and astonishment. To me, indeed, it is really paradoxical that any person, who pretends to a tolerable share of rational sense or politeness, should ever, either actuated by the impulse of passion or the dictates of prejudice, attempt to resist, nay, what is still more criminal, to stab in the dark, a friend, a benefactor! That this is actually a fact, will but too evidently appear, upon the bare perusal of these letters. Alumnus in his first epistle to the trustees, urges in the most cogent arguments the absolute necessity of Rhetorick and Declamation; accomplishments so essentially requisite for an ecclesiastic, and so notoriously wanting in Maynooth. The reasons which induced this writer to come forward, must doubtless be very commendable; he must be convinced that for his part, the advantages of a Rhetorician cannot be very extraordinary, as he has now almost finished his course, and is con-

sequently on the point of retiring from the college. The imminent danger to which he is exposed, and the immense trouble to which he must be necessarily subjected, might serve in a great measure to intimidate him in the attempt; yet still does he venture forward in despite of those fawning sycophants, whose arguments are as ridiculous as their efforts have been illusive and ineffectual. "Alumnus," say they, "cannot be ignorant that the trustees promised a rhetorician, &c." Well, admitting so, what can be inferred from all this? Is not his conduct more meritorious for persisting in the demand? is he to be censured for requesting that which for many years past has been lamentably neglected? In a word, is he to be attacked by those whose interest he endeavours to promote, and not his own? But, Sir, this is not all, he is likewise charged on the score of declamation. Had Candidatus ever experienced any peculiar taste for the oratorical chair, or had he the good fortune, in the course of his erratic excursions, to meet with a person who might gratuitously instil into his mind the "*Ludicrous Grimaces*" of declamation, surely he would

would never have gone to such extremes on this particular. But this impartial critic after having with rigorous exactness, examined every side of the question, and after dignifying some of our most consummate declaimers with the epithet "Fantastical Idiots," corroborates his ignorance with this interrogatory reply, "Does he not know that an Usher is in the house, &c.?" Yes, Mr. Usher, to his credit be it said, is probably as well versed in the English language as any man in the kingdom; but, Sir, it must be remarked that this gentleman is now on the decline of life, and consequently destitute of those active energetic powers, which unexceptionably characterise the perfect declaimer. To continue longer on a point so very plain and obvious, would, I presume, be unnecessary and disgusting, we shall therefore for brevity sake, reduce these logical controvertists to this argument, and so have done; either a rhetorician is necessary, or he is not? If necessary, why is Alumnus censured? If unnecessary, why did the trustees promise to procure one? But the necessity is obvious, the promise was made, and is he to be censured for insisting on its execution? Lastly, why has he attacked innocent and unoffending characters, &c.? On this difficult

objection I shall not "for fear of scruples" dwell a moment; in order, however, to avoid the unmerited imputation of a "*Transcat*," I must observe, that this gentleman, in the midst of career has unhappily "begged the question," a fault from which he must necessarily extricate himself, before he can with justice expect a solution.

I should have done, Sir, did I not observe a particular, which these disputants in the hurry of the scuffle have neglected to pick up. There are at present in the college two professors of the classics, while the number of students in both classes, do not exceed thirty, a far greater number even one was found capable of attending last year. Now, Sir, when rhetoric is taught in the house, this number it is obvious will be greatly diminished, and consequently one of these professors unnecessary and superfluous. His removal therefore, when added to the other necessary demands, will cause a revolution, at once useful and salutary, and worthy the concurrent acclamations of every student amongst us.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

CLASSICUS.

Maynooth College, }
Nov. 20, 1809. }

—00000000—

Copy of a Letter written in the Year 1798

AS our more erudite neighbours, the English, are continually reproaching us with our capacity for blundering we insert the following copy of a letter from an officer of the Ancient Britons, to his friend in London, during the rebellion of 1798. We think it will prove that all English men who ought to understand English

or grammatical composition, do not understand it. The person who favoured us with this copy is in possession of the original.

My Dear Sir,

Having now a little peace and quietness I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we
are

are in from these Bloodthirsty-Rebels most of whom are however, thank God, killed and dispersed.

We are in a pretty mess.—Can get nothing to eat nor any wine to drink except whiskey, and when we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed—Whilst I write this letter I hold a sword in one hand, and a pistol in the other.—I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I indeed was right, for it is not half over yet,—at present there are such goings on that every thing is at a stand.

I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning. Indeed hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed—No longer ago than yesterday the coach with the mails from Dublin was robbed near this town, the bags had been judiciously left behind for fear of accident, and by good-luck there was no body in the coach but two outside-passengers who had nothing for the thieves to take.

Last Thursday notice was given that a gang of Rebels were advancing hither under the French standard but they had no colours nor any drums except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place including women and boys ran out to meet them, we

soon found our force much too little, and they were far too near for us to think of retreating—death was in every face but to it we went and by the time half our little party was killed we began to be all alive. fortunately the Rebels had no guns, but pistols, cutlasses and pikes, and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition we put them all to the sword, not a soul of them escaped except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog, and in a very short time nothing was to be heard but silence.— Their uniforms were all of different colours, but mostly green—After the action we went to rammage a sort of camp they had left behind them, all we found was a few pikes without heads a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of blank French commissions filled up with Irishmens names. Troops are now stationed every where round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas. I have only leisure to add that I am in great haste.

Yours truly,

Arklow, June 14, 1798.

P. S. If you do not receive this in course, it must have miscarried ; therefore I beg you will immediately write to let me know.

—000000—

To the Editor of the Irish Magazine.

NOTWITHSTANDING your silence hitherto on all subjects relative to the Theatre, I beg your insertion of the following remarks on the performances of last night ; not as a critical stricture on the merits of the actors, but as the indignant effusion of a justly irritated christian.

The opera of the Duenna, in which Mr Braham performed the character of Carlos, was the chief attraction ; that opera, which to use the expression of your dignified contemporaries, raised its author, the Rt. Hon. R. B. Sheridan, to the foremost rank of dramatic writers.

On

On its merits as an opera, I shall be silent, but cannot help expressing my surprise and regret at its representation being tolerated by an audience, four-fifths of whom were Roman Catholics.

How must Mr. Braham, who is himself a Jew have been tortured by the overcharged and disgusting representation of the foolish (though knavishly inclined) Israelite, Isaac Mendoza? and on the other hand, how delighted must he not have been at the mockery of the cross! that symbol of Christianity, of our redemption, and the model of the disgraceful instrument on which his ancestors sacrificed the Saviour of the world, the Son of the living God.

It would be matter of surprise to learn, that a Dublin Catholic audience suffered the performance of a piece on the stage, which is surcharged with sarcasms on their religion, and in which its ministers are held up to derision, and ridicule; but their indignation would be roused at hearing that the crucifix and rosary formed part of the costume worn in this celebrated opera.

It would add considerably to Mr. Jones's character, as a man of liberal sentiments, and by no means derogate from the merits of the opera, were the disgusting scenes in the convent entirely omitted, it would shew a deference to the feelings of the Catholic part of the audience, and would meet the approbation of every unbigotted man.

M. L. Sheridan in his resistance to

every thing oppressive, has displayed great hostility to Tythes; with his great dramatic talents, he could write a fine scene to be substituted (or performed as a comparison) to the one above recommended to be suppressed, by bringing the rector, the middleman, and the proctor, cavilling about the rights of the church, and the denouiment would have a very dramatic effect, by shewing in the back ground the state of misery and famine, to which the poor peasant's family would be reduced by their joint exertions. But this would not be borne—no—not even a side stroke at those cankers of the established church, the pious Wesleyans. I never, that I can recollect, saw the character of a Protestant divine introduced in a play but twice, and that in the most amiable point of view—not as Father Paul in the Luenna says, “interrupted in their devotions before they were within a bottle a man of their conclusion.”

I shall now conclude, by bestowing my meed of applause on that part of the audience, who are called the mob—I mean those who sat in the galleries—for the indignation they manifested on the occasion, and was much pleased at perceiving many well dressed young men join in the hisses, who would, perhaps, in the pit or boxes, have been ashamed to appear disgusted or displeased.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

CLIO.

Capel-st. &c.

British

British Civilization.

IN the year 1798, a party of the Suffolk Fencibles, who were deputed from their native country to keep order in Ireland, met a young man of the name of Patt. Walsh, of Mullymast, on the road between Sallins and New Bridge, in the county of Kildare, on the 26th of May. Full of zeal to promote the cause of virtue and religion, by immolating an Irish victim, the military wretches seized on the young fellow, gagged and carried him in solemn procession into the town of Naas. Not to let this edifying spectacle pass unheeded by the affrighted inhabitants, they announced their arrival and their capture, by three cheers, which summoned a respectable number of spectators to the windows of their respective huts; those preliminary steps being taken, they proceeded to the completion of the tragic drama; each man spit into the poor fellow's face, tore off his cloaths, suspended him by the neck on a sign post of a public house kept

by one Long. After gratifying themselves, with this part of the ceremony, they cut the body down and tied it by the heels in a naked state, to a car, which they drove triumphantly through the town, until the body was so disfigured by the pavement that it appeared beaten into jelly, they then opened the body with knives, and one fellow took out the heart, fixed it on a skewer, and actually eat part of it in presence of his companions. After this magnanimous *a la Cherokee* act, the red anatomists placed the remains on a funeral pile collected from the rafters of some neighbouring cabbins, and the smoke of the sacrifice ascended to the indignant skies, with the acclamations of loyalty and authority. The watch and money found on the young fellow, were applied to purchase some intoxicating liquids, with other refreshments, which terminated this English "feast of reason and flow of soul."

—000000—

On the Present Times.

THE laws of England are intricate, by repeated amendments of statutes, and obscured by ancient terms of art, with verbose prolixity, and unnecessary form and custom; thus making law an abstruse science, and difficult study, which the practitioners wish it to be for their pecuniary advantage. Justice is but right, and law but reason. Law and justice are a superstruction raised on the foundation of right and reason, but ours is a Gothic pile, amended by modern

DECEMBER, 1809,

art, with many doors and crevices to get in and out at, with long mazy passages to reach the altar of justice, which having gained, the votary is equally perplexed to find his way out again; a door-keeper is stationed at every passage, who must be bribed for admittance. Such is the jurisprudence of England.

The laws should be simple, concise, and clear, and the process of courts of justice should be summary and unclogged by expence. "The law's

law's delay" Shakspeare in his days makes one of the trials of human fortitude; at present a record for the smallest value, cannot be heard and determined for less than seventy pounds costs; it is stamps and fees of office which have thus preposterously raised law expences of late years. Lawyers fees have within a short period doubled in value; suits are now commenced by the wealthy to gratify private spleen against the indigent. The trader and mechanic relinquishes his right, scared by the costs of court; the law thus becomes the shelter for fraud and oppression against honesty and industry, confidence and credit diminish in the land, morality droops whilst vice flourishes, nothing being more pernicious to human society than obstacles to law and justice.

Of all the evils the feudal system has left us, the greatest is the right of possession of property from primogeniture; it is the source of corruption, luxury, dissipation, and idleness. The people of Kent saw the evil, and obtained from the Roman conqueror the exclusive privilege of gavel kind.

The properties held by the church in lands, and the payment to the clergy by tithes are evils, as being a great hindrance to improvements and industry, and which prevents the priesthood from their holy duty.

Corporation lands and estates with rights to franchise by apprenticeship, on a specific term of service, are evils; so all religious disqualifications to possessions, public service, and to genius, are pernicious to society, and baneful to public happiness, without which no nation can flourish.

All obstacles to marriage are in-

jurious to the morality and population of the people, nay, every encouragement should be held out for wedlock; no batchelor should be entitled to vote at elections, or to be returned a member into parliament; every adulterer or man in concubinage should be disqualified from holding any station or office of honor in the state or community, and should, as well as duellists, be debarred from public trust, having forfeited confidence, equally in society, with a perjurer, sodomite, or swindler. Nothing now can save the corporate body from putrescence but the amputation knife on the mortified member. "If thine eye offendeth thee, pluck it out, or cast off thy rotten member, and cast it into the fire, and so preserve thy soul alive."

The entire state of the community requires and must be renovated, for religion is now a mere mockery of words, "Do as I say, but not as I do," is the episcopal motto. The magistrate, his paunch with good turtle or capon lined, studies the fees; he can't live by half-starved honesty, therefore his bailiff or tip-staff is his provider, and softens justice by stopping the mittimus by a bribe.

Hear what old crazy Lear says, "See how yon justice rails on that simple thief; shake 'em together, and the first that drops, be it thief or justice, needs the halter. Hold off thy bloody hand thou rascal, beadle, why dost thou lash that strumpet? thou hotly lusteth to enjoy her in that kind for which thou whipest her; do, do, the judge that sentenced her has been before hand with thee. I tell thee the usurer hangs the cozener." O heaven thus gives us castigation for our crimes!"

The Glass Man, the Man of Law, and Wattle

THE kingdom of Utopia, (formerly a province) had been for ages desolated by a civil war between two religious sects who inhabited that country. One of these sects were the followers of Dindimus, the Brachman, who taught that it was a salutary practice to abstain from certain meats, and mortify the sensual appetites; the religion of the opposite sect was a mixture of epicurism, and devotion to the goddess Andraсте, to whom they offered human sacrifices. The sect of Dindimus were excluded all places of trust and emolument in the country, but the followers of Andraсте were possessed, as well of the dominion, as the fat of the land, being best qualified to enjoy them on account of their fondness for good things. In the capital of this kingdom lived a glass man, a man of law, and one Wattle; the inhabitants of this region were peculiarly happy in giving nick names where a man's proper name was not sufficiently descriptive of the qualities of his mind, his profession, or occupation; hence the term in their language which designated the Glass Man, when translated into English, means a back slider, and the reason assigned for the application of this term was his having deserted the sect of Dindimus, to which he originally belonged, and joined the opposite one, for the double purpose, it was believed, of changing his regimen, and being exalted to some office in the state. The Man of Law, was defined by an opprobrious term, which, rendered into English, means a destroyer, or one who would KILL ALL he could: this appellation was well deserved, as it was the practice of this legalized plunderer to despoil

his applicants of their ALL, under pretence of redressing their wrongs; and from such practices many widows, orphans, and other poor had perished by famine, in consequence of the destroyer's possessing himself of their properties. The Glass Man and this Man of Law, being of the same sect, when a creditor applied to the Glass Man for payment of a debt, it was his practice to send for this Man of Law, and instruct him to transmit a small piece of parchment to the creditor, having many strange characters inscribed thereon, of such terrific import that it had uniformly the effect of intimidating the creditor from prosecuting his suit, as the laws of that country were so happily obscured, and the comprehension of them placed so much above vulgar understandings, that a suit of law was like a freehold estate in this country, for it often descended to the seventh generation. Wattle, before mentioned, who makes no inconsiderable figure in this history, was so called from a palsied affection the enemies of Utopia felt whenever he wrote against them,—the Utopian Wattle and German Waghehen being synonymous both meaning to shake. He was supposed to be a follower of Andraсте in his early days, but being of a nature merciful, and having a great abhorrence to shed human blood he did not regularly comport himself to the rites of that worship, neither did he join the sect of Dindimus, but seeing their prostrate and suffering state, he devoted his attention chiefly to the amelioration of their condition, by exposing those, whose public delinquency or private depravity, tended to oppress them, and for the better

carrying this plan into effect, he was possessed of a certain repository called in Arabic *Muchfan*, or a treasure of good things, which he liberally dealt out to the enemies of Dindimus's followers, as occasion required. The Glass Man and Man of Law, before mentioned, became objects of his unceasing vigilance, and the history of Utopia informs us, that so effectually did he expose their iniquitous practices to the people of that country, that it became necessary to support them for many years, at the expence of the state, in one of those large gloomy buildings with which that country abounded, where they terminated lives of extensive iniquity by infamous deaths. In a fragment, now before us, of this Wattle, we are informed, that the sect of Andraсте were much addicted to sacrifice themselves to her; when it happened that their bellies were disappointed of the usual supply of good meat and drink, they put it out of the belly's power to want it, by ripping it open, or stopping the passage thereto with an elastic instrument, resembling our hempen rope.

At this period a bloody war was carried on between the country which then held Utopia in a state of vassalage, and a neighbouring country; the cause of this quarrel was, the enemies of Utopia's mistress having presumed to change their form of government without her approbation, which she very properly resented. In consequence of this war, Utopia was much impoverished, and strange innovations introduced by her administration, and Wattle, who

was as vigilant as the dog Cerberus that guards hell, marked all these proceedings, commented on them with such peculiar severity and exposed the evils under which the country groaned, in terms so energetic, that he had well nigh caused a revolution in the state. However, this was accomplished very unexpectedly, by other means. The monarch of the country before mentioned, having totally subjugated Utopia's mistress, he declared Utopia an independent kingdom, in which state she happily continues to this day.

The fame of Wattle having reached the monarch, he sent for him, and on coming into his presence, thus addressed him, "Forasmuch Wattle as thou hast been an honest and strenuous assertor of thy country's rights for many years, and hast not deserted her in the days of her calamity, and hast been the scourge of tyrants and advocate of the oppressed! I do assign you a certain portion of territory which heretofore belonged to the priests of Andraсте, go and repose the remnant of thy days under thy own vine and fig tree, and in the enjoyment of the blessings of ease and competence. never forget they are the reward of honest patriotism." Wattle bowed, with grateful feeling to his benefactor, and retired to the merited meed of his useful labours; he lived to a good old age, died deeply regretted by his countrymen, and his memory, is to this day, held in the greatest veneration in Utopia. as one whose meritorious exertions principally contributed to the restoration of his country's freedom.

Roman

Roman Catholic Arch-Bishop of Tuam.

THE death of Doctor Dillon, Arch Bishop of Tuam, has created a great ferment amongst the Connaught clergy, each of them wishing to become his successor.

Every Bishop in the whole province has started for the vacant mitre, and each modestly urges his individual superior pretensions to wear it.

The two most noisy, forward, and boisterous claimants are Doctor Bellew and Doctor French, the first gentleman being of the house of Barmeth urges as his plea his family's exertions to vest the appointment of Catholic Bishops in the Crown, and indeed had not their views miscarried we might be mischievously amused to-day by seeing their dull relative poor old Doctor Bellew made more ridiculous than his last mitre made him, by wearing the mitre he solicits.

Doctor French abetted the Veto scheme with main and might, and if it had succeeded he too would have been rewarded according to his ambitious hopes, for government would find him sufficiently unfit for it, and of course would certainly appoint him; he might then ordain his nephew Ned, the honourable attorney, and could put him into the see of Elphin in his own place. An attorney before now has become a Bishop, Doctor Warburton, the learned author of the *Legation of Moses*, *Credant Posteris*, was actually an attorney,—which would be a precedent for this would-be Bishop of Tuam, and in his family zeal he would forget the difference between a low pettifogger, and an attorney, gifted like Warburton with grace and learning. Lord F— has a cousin a rich bishop, who is doubly dear to his lordship as a favourite of fortune,

and a favourite of heaven; this gentleman, not only worthy of his dignified condition (but of even advancement in his profession) has incurred the disgraceful charge of allowing his cousin, the forward dauntless peer, to canvas for his exaltation. His lordship has attempted to engage Castle interest for his kinsman's cause, and has shewn us plainly the disgrace our church must suffer if our catholic nobility and our recreant mean Bishops, and our deistical money jobbers and title hunters, had succeeded in their attempt to overturn the Irish hierarchy by their insidious conspiracy of the Veto. Jobbing in Catholic politics has made a little market for the consequence, or gilding of gingerbread gentlemen, for the oratory of tautological brazen booby lawyers, for the assumed importance of mercantile discounters, for the shew of learned doctors, willing to save any enemy the trouble of proving them talkative fools; it has enobled the house of French: but we hope never to see jobbing in Catholic religion go one point farther than Doctor Troy and our Catholic Veto men have ineffectually pushed it.

We shall now suppose that Sir Edward Bellew and Doctor Troy and Mat. O'Rielly, and Peter Colman the slate-seller at Dundalk, and Scully the barber who shaves the bishop, and the rest of the veto gentlemen, had succeeded in their enterprise, and that the bishop of Tuam (a Veto man while here) was now where we hope he is, in heaven, what would be the scene? Doctor Dunn, and Father Russel, and Father Long, gentlemen sent to Maynooth presidencies by Randal M'Donel, as
most

most unfitted for the situation, all meet at Mullinahac-gate to solicit Randal's interest, thro' the custom house, with the Castle to make them all Archbishops of Tuam; they are scarcely seated when Father or rather Doctor Gillmore arrives with his protestant hat, to request that he may add Randal's name to that of the Major and Mr. Giffard, the dog's memorial in his behalf; he mentions that he always shewed great liberality by passing in the streets, by means of his hat, for a protestant clergyman, that he dined with Doctor Duigenan and drank the glorious memory in a liberal bumper. He is interrupted in his narrative by the entrance of the Maynooth Ouranoutang, the Græculus Æsurious, the fasting Monsieur, who knows all sciences, the bashful, blushing, theological French Doctor, Abbe Daré, with recommendations to her Grace of Richmond's laundress, from the Marquis of Waterford's Swiss valet, and with credentials from J. C. B. (signed at his riding house) of the Abbé's capability for any thing a man ever did in the Catholic Church, and praying Randal's interest (for he tells Randal in emphatic broken English, and next to broken French, broken English has most emphasis) that "Mon Dieu! he, de Abbé vod now condescend, merely for de good de la religion, as de affaire be not soon compose in France, to take a Mitre Irlandois, to make de Priest more de gentilmans and to larn dem de English and de civilize." He is followed abruptly by Doctor Coen, professor of haymaking at Maynooth, who being a Connaughtman, and having dreamt that he was bishop of Tuam, and not being learned enough to know that dreams go by contraries, came to Randal to consecrate him Bishop of that diocese. Every quarter in Dublin is busy to recommend

a favourite priest, as every one can make a bishop that could make a common council man, every one is at work to promote his friend; one priest has a great interest amongst protestants for his kindness and liberality in allowing every one that was ever born out of the true church to go plump into Heaven when he dies. Another priest is opposed for letting no one into Heaven but whom he himself chooses, and unluckily he will scarcely let the protestant he dines with enter the gate of salvation.

One has the interest of the corporation of Cooks, another has the partiality of the Tallow Chandlers, the Major leans to this man, Mr. Giffard favors another, Doctor Duigenan wishes to pay Father Connolly a compliment for hearing his confession, and begs that he will allow him to make him bishop of Tuam and that he need not stay there one hour in the year, but merely have the rank and revenue. All the time Connaught is busy; lord Cloncarty knows a tenant of his who deals largely in pigs at Balinasloe fair, and he considers this Theological chapman very fit for the place of Doctor Dillon.

Lord French having served government in a former business, and having only received his nickname as payment, thinks it no great thing if he is obliged by making his cousin Archbishop of a popish diocese in Connaught; every town in Ireland that has a subservant cringing priest would have Orange recommendations for the mitre of Tuam. In Carlow the scourging and torturing loyalists would not know how to discriminate a favourite; each of the priests has been so loyal and actively zealous to banish the Irish Magazine, that uncharitable exposé of orange scoundrels.

But

But alas ! the Veto has miscarried, notwithstanding the corrupt villainy of our monied papists, and some of our bishops, and the Castle can no more make a Bishop of Tuam than the Pope could appoint a successor to Jemmy O'Brien, or a coadjutor to the Major.

We are happy to find that Doctor Dillon had postulated for a learned and pious gentleman of the name Kelly to be his coadjutor, and Randal M'Donel, and Dr. Troy, and

Lord French, and all such minded men, will not be able to put a fool or a favourite, or a cousin, into the see of Tuam for the present ; and there is every likelihood that their influence, however it may be less at Rome for Bishop-making, is in no respect likely to be greater than they now feel it. Dr. Kelly will be the bishop, he having the only pretensions to that rank, of all its present ridiculous, assuming, and impudent candidates.

—000000—

On the Horrors of War.

By DR. JOHNSON.

IT is wonderful, with what coolness and indifference the greater part of mankind see war commenced. Those who hear of it at a distance, or read of it in books, but have never presented its evils to their minds, consider it as little more than a splendid game, a proclamation, an army, a battle, and a triumph. Some indeed must perish in the successful field ; but they die upon the bed of honour, *resign their lives amidst the joys of conquest, and, filled with England's glory, smile in death.*

The life of a modern soldier is ill represented by heroic fiction. War has means of destruction more formidable than the cannon and the sword, Of the thousands and ten thousands who perished in our late contests with France and Spain, a very small part ever felt the stroke of an enemy ; the rest languished in tents and ships, amidst damps and putrefaction, pale, torpid, spiritless, and helpless ; gasping and groaning, unpitied among men, made obdurate by a long continuance of hopeless misery ; and were at last whelmed in pits, or heaved into the ocean, without notice,

and without remembrance. By incommensurable encampments, and unwholesome stations, where courage is useless, and enterprize impracticable, fleets are silently dispeopled and armies sluggishly melted away.

Thus is a people gradually exhausted, for the most part with little effect. The wars of civilized nations make very slow changes in the system of empire. The public perceives scarcely any alteration but an increase of debt ; and the few individuals who are benefited, are not supposed to have the clearest right to their advantages. If he who shared the danger enjoyed the profit, and after bleeding in the battle grew rich by the victory, he might shew his gains without envy. But at the conclusion of a ten years war, how are we recompensed for the death of multitudes, and the expence of millions, but by contemplating the sudden glories of paymasters and agents, contractors and commissaries, whose equipages shine like meteors, and whose palaces rise like exhalations.

These are the men who, without virtue, labour, or hazard, are growing

ing rich as their country is impoverished ; they rejoice when obstinacy or ambition adds another year to slaughter and devastation ; and laugh from their desks at bravery and

science, while they are adding figure to figure, and cipher to cipher, hoping for a new contract from a new armament, and computing the profit of a siege or a tempest.

—000000—

On the Authority of one Country over Another.

FROM the nature and principles of Civil Liberty, it is an immediate and necessary inference that no one community can have any power over the property or legislation of another community, that is not incorporated with it by a just and adequate representation.—Then only is a state free, when it is governed by its own will. But a country that is subject to the legislature of another country, in which it has no voice, and over which it has no controul, cannot be said to be governed by its own will. Such a country, therefore, is in a state of slavery. And it deserves to be particularly considered, that such a slavery is worse, on several accounts, than any slavery of private men to one another, or of kingdoms to despots within themselves.—Between one state and another, there is none of that fellow feeling that takes place between persons in private life. Being detached bodies that never see one another, and residing perhaps in different quarters of the globe, the state that governs cannot be a witness to the sufferings occasioned by its oppressions ; or a competent judge of the circumstances and abilities of the people who are governed. They must also have, in a great degree, separate interests ; and the more the one is loaded, the more

the other may be eased. The infamy likewise of oppression, being in such circumstances shared among a multitude, is not likely to be much felt or regarded. On all these accounts there is, in the case of one country subjugated to another, little or nothing to check rapacity ; and the most flagrant injustice and cruelty may be practised without remorse or pity. I will add, that it is particularly difficult to shake off a tyranny of this kind. A single despot, if a people are unanimous and resolute, may be soon subdued. But a despotic state is not easily subdued ; and a people subject to it cannot emancipate themselves without entering into a dreadful, and, perhaps, very unequal contest.

I cannot help observing farther, that the slavery of a people to external despots may be qualified and limited ; but I don't see what can limit the authority of one state over another. The exercise of power in this case can have no other measure than discretion ; and, therefore, must be indefinite and absolute.

Once more. It should be considered that the government of one country by another, can only be supported by a military force ; and, without such a support, must be destitute of all weight and efficiency.

Narrative of the Massacre at Carlow, May 1798.

*“ What tongue can tell the slaughter of that night
What eyes can weep the sorrows and affright,
All parts resound with tumults plaints and fears,
And grisly death in sundry shapes appears.”*

The accounts heretofore published of this memorable and melancholy transaction being either garbled or defective in material points, the writer of the following narrative, actuated by a strong desire to transmit a faithful account of so foul and lamentable a murder to after times, has taken it from a source so authentic that he challenges the Orangemen of Carlow or any on their behalf to disprove a single fact therein stated.

The system of free quarters; burning flogging, and hanging having succeeded (as Lord Castlereagh informed the House of Commons the first week of June 1798) in forcing the united Irish into premature insurrection, contrary to the injunctions, of their directors, on the night of the 23d of May, in that year, the peasantry of part of the county of Carlow and that part of the Queens' county which lies contiguous to the town of Carlow, headed by a young man belonging to a yeomanry corps named Headen, entered the town. This young man was totally destitute of the qualities necessary to fit him for this perilous enterprise; but in that humble sphere of life along which he had kept “the noiseless tenor of his way” from infancy, he had not a superior, being a dutiful son, a good christian and an ardent lover of his country: a proof of his unfitness for military undertakings is his not having formed any regular plan whereon to act, for as soon as he had gained the center of the town,

although no formidable opposition appeared, by an unaccountable fatality and panic, he deserted his unfortunate soldiers, leaving them without system or general. And then commenced the “most arch deed of pitiless massacre” that has ever occurred in a christian country. The unhappy men without plan or leader were encompassed by the ninth Dragoons, the Yeomanry and Orangemen, and in expectation of quarters, they instantly laid down their pikes, not offering the least resistance; in proof of this it's only necessary to observe, that but one soldier was killed, who was going express, and none wounded.—The multitude then knelt or prostrated themselves on the earth, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes imploring mercy, but as well might they expect mercy from the ravening tiger, or gaunt hyæna: in that posture of supplication, which has oftentimes subdued the wrath of an angry deity, were they slain!!! by the sword of the Dragoon, the pistol of the Orangeman, and the musket of the Yeoman, did they suffer lingering and horrible deaths, the grey headed man on his knees has been slain by the juvenile Orangeman, and the sturdy peasant, father of a numerous progeny (in the like attitude) has had a pistol deliberately placed to his ear by a Yeoman officer and shot. The pen of the immortal bard, from whom I have taken my motto, might depict in adequate hor-

rors, this night's scene, mine never can. A considerable number of them, seeing that no plea or suit could soften the obdurate hearts of their merciless murderers, sought refuge in the houses of the poorer inhabitants, and barred the doors inside, expecting, that when the rage of their homicide would be satiated by the destruction of those they were then immolating, they might obtain mercy; but most horrid was their fate, and dreadful ruin did they bring on all the inhabitants of that part of the town. The officer before mentioned, inspired, no doubt, by the demon of desolation, proposed setting fire to the houses to unkennel them, as he termed it; his plan was immediately adopted. And here I shall draw a parallel between the massacre of St. Bartholomew and this massacre. In France the unhappy protestants were taken out of the houses where they sought a sylum, and murdered, and the innocent and supposed guilty were not indiscriminately destroyed: but here all were involved in one destructive conflagration, so that St. Bartholomew's was mercy in comparison to this. The cries from within the house, of the aged matron, grey haired sire, and the helpless infant, all united for mercy did not obtain it; such as opened the doors of the houses to come out were thrust back into the flames, and as Caligula wished the Roman people had but one neck that he might strike it off at a blow, so did these destroyers of mankind wish that all the papists of Ireland were in their power that night that they might annihilate them. The *Best* actor in this bloody tragedy, was a wretch who in his disposition and the formation of his

body, resembles, as nearly as possible, the person described by historians as Vitellius, a Roman Emperor; happily his latter end may be like unto that of Vitellius.—The work of death continued all night with unabated vigour, and before the ensuing morning's dawn they massacred and burned (by the Orangemen's calculation) four hundred men, women and children, who would in any other country of Europe, by the usages of war, and the laws of humanity, be considered prisoners. Unhappy Headon suffered death a few days after, which we will take as an expiation of his weakness.—More than three hundred men were thrown into a sand pit near the town, and covered with earth: which remains, and will continue to after ages a monument of the superlative barbarity of the Orangemen of Carlow, indelible as the dead sea is, of the Cities of Sodom and Gomorrah; and if manifold crimes have provoked the Almighty to inflict so signal a punishment on those Cities, what may the Orangemen of Carlow not expect, who have the blood of so many innocent victims crying to Heaven for vengeance against them. I shall conclude this narrative, wherein I have "nothing extenuated or ought set down in malice," by a recommendation to the Orangemen of Carlow to relinquish their abominable and sanguinary principles, let them consider that this is an age of retribution, and let them endeavour to efface by humane and conciliating conduct to their countrymen of every religious persuasion, the recollection of a massacre the foulest, the blackest and most horrible that the annals of a civilized world can produce.

*Anecdotes of a Turkish Lady, from the French paper
Journal del' Empire.*

A young female Mahometan, stolen at the age of nine, from a wealthy and respectable family of Constantinople, was sold by her ravishers at Brusse in Bothnia, and fell into the hands of a very severe master. Employed one day in watering flowers in the garden of her patron, she was perceived by an European, who was smitten by the grace and beauty of her person. Young, rich and intelligent, he succeeded in rescuing the girl from the horrors of captivity, and conducted her privately to Kutaihe. In managing her education, he became more and more attached to her, and resolved upon giving her his hand. This was however, as yet only in contemplation; the license of his Government, and the consent of his family were first to be obtained, and his pupil was as yet but ten years of age. He conducted her to Constantinople, lodged her with a Bishop of the Greek Church, for the purpose of making her a convert to the Christian faith, and returned to his own country in order to procure the necessary permission.

Two years elapsed, without the unfortunate girl's receiving any intelligence of her future husband. In this interval, the Greek Bishop died; and the Neophyte, abandoned by the heirs of the Prelate, was obliged to live retired and buried in the most profound obscurity, for fear of being discovered by her Turkish connections, irreconcilable to her change of religion.—Her benefactor was to be a compensation to her for every loss, which she must experience in consequence of this renunciation of her family and her faith.

She thought only of him, and she conceived the bold project of rejoining him, notwithstanding all the dangers of the journey.—She set out on foot, then, from Constantinople, and arrived in Vienna. There she was informed that the European had died a year before.

Then Mary, (such is the name of our heroine) seeing no other asylum but the bosom of that family, from which she had been torn at so tender an age, went to Trieste, for the purpose of setting out from thence to Constantinople. When she arrived in the first of these places, it had just received a French garrison; but every thing was still in the utmost confusion.—Mary obtained admission into a Grecian monastery, there to wait for an opportunity of returning into her native country.—A Sub Lieutenant of infantry, named Dartois, became acquainted with her, paid his addresses, and married her at the end of a year. Madame Dartois still did not renounce her design of returning to Constantinople; she thought that having become by marriage a French woman, it might be possible for her to appease her relations. Her husband, obliged to quit Trieste with his regiment, consented to her going to a city, where she had every thing to apprehend, and where she had already experienced so many misfortunes; but they were not yet arrived at the end of them. One evening Madame Dartois, in the street of Pera, recognized through her veil, her old Bythinian Master, who was seeking her in the town of Constantinople, and who had sworn to kill her. Terrified at this meeting, she dared

no longer to go abroad, nor take the smallest step towards attaining the object of her visit to the Turkish capital. She received, however, letters from her husband, and remained in this state of anxiety for the the space of three years.

Mr. Dartois was continually pressing his lady to come to France. His letters were importunate; they determined her to undertake the journey, notwithstanding the war now carrying on between the Turks and Russians, who obstruct all the roads and passages. She set out from Constantinople towards the middle of last July. She traversed Hungary, and passed through the Austrian camps; but the moment that she arrived at Gratz, she found her husband expiring of the consequences of a wound, which he had received at the battle of Wagram. The desolate widow arrives Schoenbrunn, at the very moment when the Emperor Napoleon was about to leave that place,

and to set out for France. She was fortunate enough to find there his Excellency the Duke of Bassano, Minister and Secretary of State; General Le Brun, aid-de-camp of his IMPERIAL MAJESTY; M. Le Chevalier Amedee Jaubert, and several other persons, to whom she makes known her deplorable condition. The emperor becomes acquainted with it, through his Minister, and immediately his Majesty, by a special decree, allows her a pension of one thousand six hundred francs, of which the first years product has been paid her in advance. Penetrated with gratitude for the greatness of this benefaction, Madame Dartois cast herself at the feet of the Duke of Bassano, when he announced it to her. This affecting scene ended, by her request to the Ministers, to permit her to visit the grave of her husband, for the purpose of watering it once more with her tears.

—000000—

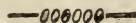
A F&A.

The death of the unfortunate, and much lamented Major Andre, being industriously represented to the public, as a most cruel and unprecedented stretch of power on the part of the Americans, a person who was in the British army, and at that period serving under Gen. Howe, thinks proper to state to the public and recal to their minds the story of Major Hale:—This unfortunate young man, a native of Connecticut, of genteel parents, liberal education, and great military abilities, had arrived to the rank of major of brigade in the American army; when in the autumn 1775 he was induced to offer his services to Gen. Washing-

ton, by going into New-York soon after the British army possessed it, and giving an account of its strength and position, in which he had so far succeeded as to have gained returns of many of the corps, and plans of the fortification of the King's troops. Having so far effected his purpose, he was endeavouring to pass over from the camp below Harlem to the American posts on the heights of that place, when he was suspected—stopped—examined before a general officer—the identity of his his person proved by a near relation of his own, who enjoyed a pension from government—and before sun-set the same day was hanged in sight of the American

American camp. Gen. Montresor, who came out with a flag of truce that evening, gave Mr. Washington an account of the unceremonious manner of Major Hale's trial and

execution, which the American General lamented exceedingly but acknowledged to be every consistent with the laws of war.



Jubilee Catholics.

WE are not astonished when we hear that Catholics may be found in Ireland who court oppression, and crouch to tyranny, by fawning and supple servility, but that the most egregious coxcomb or arrant blackguard, should be insensible to the "slowly moving finger of scorn," does indeed surprize us. For the Jew broker who bargains on Change-alley, and fleeces the distressed merchant, or prodigal heir, and the dull plodding, brainless, unprincipled fool who calculates the profits of being an informer against his fellow traders with as much coolness and accuracy as the fair dealer does the expected remuneration of his honest toil, though both are equally destitute of the noble, elevated principles, which, if they possessed, must affect them for their degraded condition and fallen country, yet oftentimes the fear of public ridicule has deterred such men from the commission of that folly or crime, which neither the exalted regards for the country, or the more serious apprehensions of future retribution could effect. We are induced to make the foregoing observations from reading a list of the eaters who celebrated the extinction of Ireland's constitution, and the pledge of perpetual exclusion to Roman Catholics; for in that list did we read the names of Catholic paper makers and whiskey vendors, and on enquiry we find that list correct. "To tell thee of whom derived were shame enough; to

shame thee wert thee not shameless." What did these papists propose by identifying themselves with our anniversary and glorious and immortal memory gentlemen? Why, truly nothing more than to prove that amongst a population of two hundred and fifty thousand Catholics, there are only four men whose sentiments and feelings qualify them to be knights of the close-stool, should their masters assign them an office of that nature, which we think would even exceed their deserts—However a better order of things ever takes place in this devoted land, and that they and we live to see it, we shall not forget their useful qualifications, if possible by our recommendations, and have them provided for accordingly, either as supernumary gold finders, or corporation gluttons decoctioners. How different the firm and dignified conduct of a Catholic merchant who was solicited by an honest and liberal Protestant to be of that party! his reply to the invitation was in these terms, "Why, Sir, I would have no objection to bury in momentary oblivion, the recollection of my own and the country's wrongs, and with an aching heart put on the semblance of joy; you know the Dog is to be there, and he has such an happy memory and inventive talent, when speaking of papists, that I fear he would induce me to wish being in purgatory rather than in his society." Of this Catholic merchant we will say, that altho' he

he may have been once misled by his adherence to forward and self-seeking coxcombs, we are convinced he is sound at core, and although he now sees the lowest beadle of the most insignificant corporation, possessing constitutional immunities, which he cannot enjoy; let him hold up his

head with honest pride. he is, in every point of view, which ought to endear a man to society, as much above the whole corporation, as they are, indeed, superior to the lick-spittle Catholics who associated with them.

—000000—

To William Walker, Esq. Recorder of the City of Dublin.

IN the Irish Magazine for November last, I attempted to attract your attention, and direct your known regard for the rights and properties of your fellow citizens, by laying before you a statement of the shameful and illegal exactions, levied on a numerous set of industrious men, by men or boys who conduct the business of the Town Clerk, who continue not only to enforce the payment of ten shillings, by retailers of spirits, instead of two shillings and sixpence, prescribed by the law, but appear determined not to refund the immense sums, which their impudent taxation had heretofore obtained. Perhaps, Sir, you are at this moment arranging some measures of retribution, with the legislative assembly in the Town Clerk's office, and that this second public intrusion on your time, and high official station, may be considered, if not improper, rather impatient. This apparent impatience, which I admit influences me, arises from the habitual voluptuousness that exposes gentlemen of the corporation to all the contingent dangers arising from indigestion. I am alarmed, lest Messrs. Allen and Green, should abruptly vacate their official situation, and by the assistance of the sexton, be for ever removed from the importunate claims of the poor publicans, whose money had so often cheered their convivial heads,

and enlarged their capacious bellies. These well grounded apprehensions, for the safety of an oppressed body of men, will, I trust, have due weight, on that established reputation for impartiality, which your conduct as a magistrate, has justly given you, with your fellow citizens, not meaning that little, ignorant, chattering assembly, sorted out for the William-street Theatre, from among the rubbish of Protestant mechanics, who in the perverted language of corporate monopoly, are termed the city, but in the good opinion of all the inhabitants of this great metropolis, by whom you are liberally appreciated.

Besides relieving the same poor people, by putting a period to the exactions of the Town Clerks, and compelling them to disgorge what they have levied, you are called on to advise the men who were Lord Mayors since Pemberton's Mayoralty, inclusive, to pay back the five shillings which they respectively extorted, in the name of fees, without the shadow of any authority, but their own impudent assumption. To what humiliation is this great city reduced, when any ignorant alderman, has the presumption to do in Dublin, what the king dare not attempt in London, to plunder industry on the assurance, that the condition of the injured is so lowered beneath the notice, or rendered so unworthy

the protection of the law, that any use, with impunity the property of petty tool of power, may take to his his Majesty's subjects.

—00000—

Sale of Pictures.

SIR Rubens Legboard will dispose of his valuable collection of Pictures, at his house in Platter-dish Row. His deep erudition in gouty stocking weaving, his taste in religion, and his gusto in painting, must make his gallery an object to the lovers of virtue. Since his retirement from political life in the Common Council, he has devoted his taste to Methodism and Painting:—amongst those offered for sale are the following originals:

A full length portrait of Legboard when a boy, in the costume of the Blue Coat Hospital, when of age to be bound to a Free Hosier. The yellow mellowness of the stocking, in this picture is very happy, and the protestant sternness of the eye, and the religious vulgarity of the contour of the face (if it may be so called) is expressive and happily executed.

The transformation of the old hosier into a virtuoso, is a master piece of painting. The Virtuoso buying pictures is a charming piece, the old gaudy, emaciated, ugly creature with his glass and earnest manner is happily drawn; the group behind him laughing at the Virtuosi is defective; in shading the man with his tongue out behind the Virtuoso puts it too near his wig, and the person holding an old stocking over the Virtuoso's head is not correct in attitude, the stocking is well done, the fleecy hosier of it is very mellow.

Lady Belvidere relieving six children and a beggarwoman with a halfpenny, is well done, the raptish-

ness of the halfpenny is well described.

The conversion of the Major has much merit.

The old hosier reproving Alderman Vance for taking up Jemmy O'Brien, is a bold piece of painting, the Alderman's nose is too richly touched, the blaze of it is not so happily relieved as it might. The hosier's crutch is very natural.

Mr. Latouche preaching in the Fever Hospital, a fine piece, the agony of conversion is well marked in the auditory, the nurses are drawn too fast asleep for a sermon, they should only doze.

Judge Bladderchops granting a fiat—well done.

Judge Bladderchops hanging a man and buying a horse, is even better.

The Major catechising the informers is a noble piece, the struggles of conscience in some faces are happily executed, the glory about the Major's head is richly touched, the rays diverge a little too much, it is a precious piece.

The Dog in and out of office is a happy portrait in point of expression.

A popish old woman selling her grand-child to a Swadler, is a *chef d'œuvre*; the holy serenity of the Methodist is greatly conceived.—we imagine we see Mr. Crawford right before us.

The Methodist surgeon setting an old woman's broken leg with a sermon, is a great piece; his confidence in the miracle is well marked in his
fa

face and manner, the colouring is not good ; the incredulity of the patient is strikingly described.

Legboard in the Common Council, making a speech in praise of ignorance, and against eloquence and Grattan, wants the force that characterises the other pictures of the great amateur.

Mr. Latouche reading the Bible : a fine picture.

Piper B——, and the big beggarman settling a charity account is good ; the pot of porter on the table is well done as to the froth.

(To be continued.)

—000000—

New Printing Company.

A NEW patriotic firm, conducted by a gentleman a native of the frozen regions of Scotland, and lately of musical rank in his Majesty's army, is very busily employed re-printing and publishing all the obsolete books on Irish affairs, which liberality had long since consigned to oblivion. Histories written under the basest influence of the passions, literally composed by those English invaders and fanatics, who after plundering and desolating the country, would justify their crimes by the most vulgar and malignant misrepresentations. In return for the new versions of those scandalous books, the company flatter themselves with the assurance of the patronage of the Irish public. To their historical speculations they

have added a religious one ; they have printed, and are industriously distributing a fanatical account of the wonderful successes of the swadling mission in India, who have converted to the phrensiad follies of those ignorant apostles, two Mahometans, out of a population of sixty millions ! This little warrant of grace, which makes four pages, describes the converted wretches by the names of Abdallah and Sabat. From this specimen of their religious industry, and the new edition published of Temple, the Irish people may judge, what elevated ideas, either of Ireland or the gospel, the venders of such scandalous trash, are capable of conveying to the thinking mind.

—000000—

King of one Winter.

IN the year 1619, the Hussites and their fanatical associates, who preached their new interpretation of the gospel against the restraints which the church have wisely prescribed on the passions, took up arms to vindicate their innovations, and to grace their divine struggles, chose Frederick, the fifth elector of the palatinate, a prince of their own way of

thinking, as King of Bohemia ; but Maximilian I. disputing the legality their mission, attacked the new monarch, and his army of saints near Prague, whom he defeated and dispersed. From the short reign of Frederick, he was nicknamed "The King of one Winter." The gospel prince fled to Holland, where he died in 1632.

Fubilee

MEMOIRS AND REMAINS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

—000000—

Account of the Life and Works of M. Gaillard, the French Historian, lately deceased.

GABRIEL HENRI GAILLARD was born at Ostel, a small village in the former diocese of Soissons, on the 29th of March, 1726. His father had served with honour, and was attached to the house of Condé, by a situation which afforded him access to the prince, though at the same time it required scarcely any duty. Desirous of giving a good education to an only son of high promise, and of superintending it himself, he quitted Ostel, and settled at Senlis, the college of which city under the care of the canons regular, of St. Geneyieve, enjoyed a justly deserved reputation. He went through his studies with equal rapidity and success, and early manifested a decided partiality for the belles-lettres, and especially for poetry and eloquence. His father, thinking that he perceived in him dispositions calculated to raise him to eminence at the bar, soon sent him to study the law at the university of Paris.

Though this study had little charms for M. Gaillard, he nevertheless applied himself to it with assiduity, and was admitted to the bar as soon as he had attained the requisite age. It was not, however, his own inclination, but that of his father, which decided the choice of this profession; an irresistible impulse led him into the path of letters, to the exclusive cultivation of which he soon gave himself up, in spite of the

remonstrances of several magistrates who were his friends, and had conceived the highest hopes from his talents. The study of the great writers of antiquity, and of the best French authors, now occupied his days, and very often also the hours of which he imprudently abridged his repose. With these, and especially the poets, whom he always read with delight, he made himself so familiar, that, at a very advanced age, he was able to repeat, by heart, almost all Virgil and Horace, and whole scenes of Corneille's, Racine's, Moliere's, Voltaire's, Crebillon's; and striking passages, not only of the other Latin and French poets, but also of the orators and historians of both nations.

The spirit of order and reflection with which he was endowed by nature, classed and imprinted in his mind all his attainments as fast as he acquired them; so that when very young, he was able to employ the stores which he had accumulated, for the instruction of others. He was not twenty, when, in 1745, he produced "*La Rhétorique Francoise à l'usage des Demoiselles*," the success of which surpassed his expectations. It was, however, as he himself afterwards admitted, only the work of a school boy; but the singularity of the title excited curiosity, and the youth of the author pleaded for indulgence. The erudition

tion and talents which he displayed in this performance were appreciated, and he was commended for having devoted to the formation of the female mind and taste that period of life in which men in general think only of interesting and pleasing the sex. All the mothers of families purchased his work, and six numerous editions disposed of in a very short time, were scarcely sufficient to satisfy the avidity of the public.

The "*Poétique à l'usage des Dames*," published four years afterwards, in 1749, though composed with the same view, and with rather more maturity of understanding and talent, was not by far so favourably received, because it was of less general utility. This work gave birth to the idea of comparing the manner in which Sophocles, Euripides, Crebillon, and Voltaire, have treated the subject of *Electra*; and this comparison, which he published in the following year, heightened the hopes inspired by his early productions.

A volume of literary miscellanies, consisting of various pieces in prose and verse, most of which exhibit, in a striking manner, an improvement of style and ideas, soon afterwards, in 1753, appeared to confirm and augment these hopes.

Several of the members of the Academy of Belles Lettes, whose friendship he had acquired, such as Messrs. De Caylus, De Foncemagne, De Sainte Palay, and the Abbé Barthelemy, found with pleasure, in this collection, a life of the young and gallant Gaston De Foix, Duke of Nemours, who died at Ravenna, in the arms of victory. This life, written with a dignity suited to the subject, announced to France the possession of another historian. This promise was soon verified. Encou-

raged by the applause of the above-mentioned academicians, M. Gaillard, in 1757, published the History of Mary of Burgundy, the only daughter of Charles the Bald, and wife of Maximilian, first Archduke of Austria, and afterwards Emperor of Germany. This princess, more remarkable for her mild and peaceful virtues, than for the very brief part which she acted in the world, would have occupied at the utmost only a few pages in history, had it not been obliged to record the reason why she was deprived of the duchy of Burgundy by Louis XI. and if her marriage with Maximilian, by transferring the Netherlands to the house of Austria, had not been the source of the wars, rekindled almost as soon as extinguished, which for several ages, embroiled that house with the rulers of France.

With the success of the History of Mary of Burgundy, the author had every reason to be satisfied. It was commended by the public journals, and those whose opinion is in general modelled after those publications; and the Academy of Belles Letters, which discovered in the work, not only the excellencies of style and composition, but also an extensive acquaintance with the history of the time, and sound judgment, chose the historian to fill the place of the very industrious and learned Abbé Leboeuf, whom it lost in 1760.

If M. Gaillard did not, like his predecessor, enrich the collection of that academy with a great number of profound researches on the History of France, it cannot be asserted, that he did not honorably discharge the tribute which it had a right to demand of each of its members. Those who refer to that collection, will there find a victorious vindication of the ancient historians on the subject

subject of the crimes which they have imputed to the too celebrated Queen Brunehaut, whose conduct certain apologists have attempted to justify. They will likewise find several other points of French history very learnedly elucidated, and literary subjects treated with acumen, taste, and ability. They will not fail, particularly to notice the luminous memoirs in which he dispels the thick darkness which had heretofore obscured the History of the Lombards and they will regret that he did not bring down his labors to the destruction of their monarchy in 774, by Charlemagne. This piece of history would not have been destitute of interest, and it would have shed some new light on the general history of those ages.

While pursuing the career of erudition and history, in which he thus distinguished himself, M. Gaillard did not renounce any of the branches of literature which he had loved and cultivated in his youth. He successively, or, more properly, at the same time, devoted himself to them all, and with nearly equal success. Fully sensible of his powers, and a thirst for every species of literary glory, he resolved to dispute the palm of eloquence; he neither numbered nor weighed his rivals, nor did he suffer himself to be deterred by the most celebrated names. The French Academy, in 1765, proposed the Eulogy of Descartes for the subject of a prize. M. Gaillard entered the lists; here he had to encounter Thomas, whose brows were already encircled with academic wreaths: victory long wavered between them; now she inclined to one, and now to another; at length, finding them both worthy of her, she placed one on either side, and crowned them both with the same laurel. This signal triumph, though M.

Gaillard's modesty led him to think and say that he was in a great measure indebted for it to private considerations, inflamed him with new ardor, and he became a candidate in almost all the competitions opened by the different academies of France.

His discourse on the advantages of Peace, which breathes throughout that fervent love of humanity which the author incessantly displays in all his historical works, obtained the second prize, decreed in 1767, by the French Academy, and ought to have received the first, if its judgment had not been influenced by motives stronger than those of impartial justice. His Eulogy on Henry IV. and that on Pierre Corneille, were crowned soon afterwards, in 1768, the former by the Academy of Rochelle, and the latter by the Academy of Rouen; and, in 1770, he obtained the prize proposed by the Academy of Marseilles, for the Eulogy on Massillon.

The palms of eloquence were not sufficient to satisfy his love of glory; he was desirous of adding to them those of poetry. Several pieces, transmitted by him to the French Academy, where honourably distinguished, and very nearly gained him the crown. More successful with the Academy of Marseilles, his Epistle on Volcanoes, procured him the honours of a triumph, in 1769; and his poem on the subject of Regulus before the Senate, was at the same time judged worthy of the second prize.

All these successes, in 1771, opened to him the doors of the French Academy, as those of M. Thomas had before done for him; and, like the latter, he did not quit the lists, till his victories had entitled him to a place among the judges of the contest. This glorious struggle, in which

which he justly prided himself on having had Thomas, Laharpe, Champfort, Delille, and Bailly, for competitors, and, in which, to use his own expressions, he was sometimes the victor, at others shared in the victory, and at others was vanquished, but always followed close at the heels of the conqueror, occupied him during great part of the ten years subsequent to his reception into the Academy of Belles Lettres; and this he always considered as the fairest portion of his life.

It might be supposed, that such numerous rhetorical and poetical compositions, all of which were finished with the utmost care, must have taken up all his moments, and left him no leisure for other studies. He was, nevertheless, at the same time engaged in cultivating the sterile soil of the History of the Lombards, and presented the results of these researches to the Academy of Belles Lettres, which, on this account, forgave the triumphs by which it was by no means flattered, as they were so foreign to the kind of labours for which he had been admitted into the number of its members; and what appears still more incredible; he wrote and published the History of Francis I. the restorer of literature and the arts in France, and one of the principal benefactors of the nation, from the light diffused over it by the great and noble establishments of which he was the founder.

This history, the four first volumes of which appeared in 1776, and the others in 1793, in the midst of M. Gaillard's academic triumphs, heightened their lustre by the idea which it produced of his indefatigable industry, of the fertility of his mind, and the variety of his talents. It was read with avidity; the extent of his researches, the happy choice of

materials, the perspicuity of the narrative, the ease, the correctness, and in many places the dignity and elegance of the style, were highly applauded; but the same commendations were not bestowed on the manner in which he treated his subject, a manner unknown to all the masters of the art, who have each employed a different one, with which they have accomplished the same object, to please and to instruct. It was wished that, after their example he had blended and intermingled, but without confusion, events of different kinds in the same narrative, and introduced them at the period in which they really happened: instead of dividing the reign of Francis I. into civil history, political history, military history, ecclesiastical and literary history, private life of the monarch, &c; forming five or six distinct histories, all of which must be read, in order to obtain a complete picture of that reign; a picture, the disjointed fragments of which the reader cannot combine, without experiencing part of the difficulty which the historian spared himself by keeping them separate. The comparison which did not fail to be made between it and Robertson's Charles V.; of which, a French translation soon afterwards appeared, all the parts of which form a whole, and may be embraced at one view, rendered the disadvantages of the method adopted by M. Gaillard still more striking, and led the numerous admirers of the Scottish historian to observe, perhaps, with more malice than truth, that Francis I. had once more been conquered by Charles V. But, if Robertson's works possess an advantage in this respect, justice compels us to say, that the performance of M. Gaillard, independently of the different species of merit which have been al-

ready

ready noticed, is richer in details, that it makes the reader more intimately acquainted, both with the causes of events and most of the actors who appear upon the stage, and that it affords more positive and extensive information.

M. Gaillard was, himself, so thoroughly satisfied of the excellence of the plan of the History of Francis I. though almost the universal opinion had decided against it, that he pursued the same method in the History of Charlemagne, which he gave to the world in 1782. Of the four volumes composing this history, the first is entirely taken up with considerations on the first race of monarchs which shew in what state Charlemagne found France on his accession to the throne; and the last, with reflections on the imbecility of the successors of that prince, and on the rapid decline of the empire which he had raised to the highest pitch of power and glory. The introductory observations were read with interest; but, as in matters of taste too much is as bad as too little, the considerations which terminate the work, though equally instructive and equally well written with the former, appeared superfluous and misplaced. These defects, and some others that were found in the body of the work, did not prevent this history from deserving and obtaining the commendation of the celebrated Gibbon, or the praise of a rival, M. Hegewisch, who has written in German an excellent history of the same emperor. From the grand ideas of the latter, which are frequently contrary to those of M. Gaillard, the opinions which he delivers on certain events, the manner in which he develops their causes and consequences, his work may be perused with great ad-

vantage after that of the French historian.

The History of the Rivalship of France and England, which M. Gaillard published previous to that of Charlemagne, from 1771 to 1777, was received with more general approbation, the justice of which, time has since confirmed. This work, with the excellent introduction which precedes it, makes the reader acquainted, not only with the endless quarrels in which the two nations have been incessantly embroiled, from the reign of William the conqueror, when this rivalry commenced, to the battle of La Hogue; but likewise with every thing of interest in their domestic history, and their relations with other nations.—If the author, fraught with that ardent love of mankind which animates his discourse on the evils of war and the advantages of peace, and which breathes more or less through all his other works, has suffered himself in this performance to be hurried away too far by the vivacity of a sentiment so laudable and glorious; if he seems to flatter himself perhaps rather too much, with being able, by his discourses to extinguish the national animosities, and open the eyes of men to the madness of war; it cannot, however, be denied that he pleads the noble cause of reason and humanity with warmth and eloquence; and that if his undertaking be a folly, as he expresses himself, it is at least a tender folly combating a cruel one. As in nature, some good in general results from the greatest evils; it were perhaps to be wished that a man of an understanding so sound and so enlightened as M. Gaillard, after demonstrating the inutility and fatal effects of the long and sanguinary struggle

struggle in which the two nations have been incessantly engaged. had examined whether some real advantages had not accrued, either to themselves or to other nations, from this very rivalry, which has brought upon them so many disasters.

The History of the Rivalship of France and Spain, is written on the same principles, on the same plan and with the same ability, as the preceding work. The style has perhaps even still more energy, dignity, and variety, and the conceptions are more grand and nervous, especially in the preliminary introduction. It also affords more food for curiosity, because the history of Spain is much less known, than that of England, with which the eminent talents of the authors, by whom it has been written, have made all Europe thoroughly acquainted. The History of the Rivalship of France and Spain likewise possesses the advantage of bringing forward, for the first time, several pieces of history, heretofore entirely unknown, and extracted from the manuscripts in the imperial library. Such is the original and interesting picture, exhibited by the fierce and savage islander, who governed Sardinia by the title of Judge, or Prince of Arborea, and whose manners and policy display the most striking contrast, with those of the European princes. Such are also the negotiations, relative to the Kingdom of Majorca, between the ambassadors of the duke of Anjou, brother of King Charles V: who claimed that kingdom for their master, and the King of Arragon, by whom it had been usurped. Such are, moreover, the negotiations with Spain, after the assassination of the Guises, by the command of the imbecile Henry III. the very curious correspondence between Henry IV.

and Queen Elizabeth of England, and some other pieces equally interesting; all of which, M. Gaillard had designed to introduce into the collection, published by the committee of the Academy of Belles Lettres, appointed by Louis XVI, to draw up accurate and detailed notices of the manuscripts in his library; a collection since continued by the class of ancient history and literature, which has succeeded to the labours of that academy.

This collection contains a great number of other notices, or analyses, from the pen of M. Gaillard: it would exceed our limits to mention all their titles. For the same reason we shall abstain from noticing the numerous articles which he composed for the *Journal des Savans*, and the *Mercure de France*, for the former of which he was engaged forty years.

The "Historical Dictionary of the Methodical Encyclopædia, in six quarto volumes, is likewise a highly esteemed production of M. Gaillard's and combines the judicious criticism, the love of truth, the philanthropic sentiments, and the rich and easy style which characterize his other historical compositions. The same qualities are also to be found in the dissertations and notes, subjoined by him to the new edition of Debelloy's Works, published in 1792, as well as in the Life prefixed to them. The reader is surprised at the great quantity of French and Latin quotations, in prose and verse, with which he has interspersed them; he there shews himself just as he was in conversation, delighting in quotation, which caused M. de Lacretelle, senior, to observe with reason, that the rich and fertile mind of M. Gaillard seemed sometimes unwilling to gain credit for its own excellencies.

Introduced while very young into
the

the world, by M. Trudaine, Bishop of Senlis, &c. Gaillard formed friendships less numerous than select, which he always kept up. Endowed with a mild disposition and a tender heart, constant and attentive in friendship, indulgent from character and principle, exciting and feeling no envy, never wounding the self love of any, doing justice to his rivals, and frankly applauding their success; his life was not disturbed, either by his own passions, or those of others. He enjoyed a felicity, which nothing but death seemed capable of destroying; when the revolution put an end to it, by sacrificing or dispersing his dearest friends, and obliging him to withdraw from them, to secure himself, as much as possible from the fury of the storm. He retired to Saint Firmin, near Chantilly, to a simple, but commodious habitation, purchased with the fruits of his industry, increased by prudent economy, from the dictates of which he never deviated; and which had even procured him such a competence, that he might be said to have attained both fortune and glory in a career, where many, after long exertions meet with neither one or the other.

In this retreat, where he made protectors and friends of his rustic neighbours, he found in the most calamitous times, the security and repose necessary for continuing his cheering pursuits and distracting his mind by study, from the afflicting contemplation of the miseries of his country. Every morning at day-break, when ever the weather and season of the year permitted, and even sometimes in the midst of winter, he buried himself in the recesses of the forest, where he remained till night, without taking any food, except a little bread and fruit with which he provided himself before his departure. It

was in this profound solitude, that, sometimes strolling about, at others seated on a rock or at the foot of a tree he composed and wrote the greater part of the *History of the Rivalship of France and Spain*; and of the *Historical Dictionary of the Methodical Encyclopedia* almost without books a circumstance that will scarcely be believed, except by those who were acquainted with the prodigious extent and fidelity of his memory. Though he retained it to his death, it seemed for a time to be somewhat impaired by an apoplexy, which attacked him in 1803, but which affected none of his other intellectual faculties. He soon recovered his memory, but not the use of his left arm and leg, of which he was deprived for ever.

To this infirm state he was reduced when he attempted to compose, in a great measure from recollection, an *Eulogy on M. de Malesherbes*, whose friendship he had enjoyed from his youth. In this performance which M. Gaillard published in 1805, at the age of nearly eighty years, may be perceived the sensibility of soul, and the talents of the author of the eloquent *Eulogies*, on several of the great men who have done honour to France; and of the life of the first president De Lamoignon, which appeared in 1782, annexed to the *History of Charlemagne*. M. Gaillard intended to terminate his literary career, with this homage to the memory of the best of men, as an epithet which he considered most worthy of M. de Malesherbes, and he asked of heaven only sufficient time to pay this debt of affection. His wishes were granted; and he even had enough to superintend the printing of a collection of his miscellaneous pieces published in 1803, in four octavo volumes, with the title of, "*Melanges academiques*"

academiques, poetiques, litteraires, philologiques, critiques, et historiques."

His habits of industry were such, that they could only be relinquished with life. Notwithstanding the pressure of years and infirmities, he was incessantly engaged in revising and arranging the numerous observations which he had made in the course of his studies on the History of France, by Velly, Villaret, and Garnier; and he was just going to send them to press when the gout, to which he had been long subject, flying to his chest, carried him off on the 13th of February, 1800. These observations, which were not published till after his death, manifest an acquaintance with French history, equally extensive and solid, and which cannot be acquired without studying it in the monuments themselves. They will be read with advantage by those who

may undertake to write it afresh, and by all who love to find the truth, even in the minutest historical details.

Few literary men have produced so many works as M. Gaillard. Had he been a little more upon his guard, against the extreme facility with which he composed them, he had perhaps published fewer volumes and afforded less scope for criticism: but notwithstanding the slight defects, which may be perceived in some of his performances, the author must be considered as one of the historians, the most worthy of confidence, the most enlightened, the most profound, the most friendly to morality and virtue, that modern times have produced; and as one of the most distinguished writers of the 18th century, in which the art of prose composition has been carried to the highest degree of perfection.

—000000—

Magisterial Power.

THERE is a tribunal power now exercised by magistrates, which Blackstone thus in his commentaries B. S. chap. 23. disapproves of, "Every new tribunal, erected for the decision of facts, without the intervention of a jury, (whether

composed of justices of the peace, commissioners of the revenue, judges of a court of conscience, or any standing magistrates) is a step towards establishing aristocracy, the most oppressive of absolute governments."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

LINES

6

WRITTEN (AT DUNLEARY) ON A
STORMY NIGHT IN THE BE-
GINNING OF OCTOBER LAST.

1

Along the dark deserted plain,
The lightening swiftly flies,
The billows on the restless main,
Like Alpine Mountains rise.

2

Ah! now perhaps, in some dark wave,
Or blue-embosom'd billow,
The mariner meets in thee his grave,
And wand'ring is his pillow!

3

The mariner, thou modest queen!
Who often loved to hail thee,
Thou, fairest now, to him, unseen,
And dark clouds deeply veil thee,

4

Then Heaven be his favor'd guide,
'Long Ocean's breast as steering,
Light him along that breast so wide,
That's tractless and uncheering!

5

Appearance may be oft sincere,
But ah! the sea is never;
'Twill rise and foam in horror dear,
And then look mild as ever!
DECEMBER, 1809.

The Ship will often wear a smile,
And wear that smile for hours,
No ensign will it show the while,
Until it truly lowers.

J. S.

Camden-street.

NEW WORDS TO THE AIR OF
"LOVELY KATE OF GARN-
VILLE."

1

The lovely maid of Portobello,
The blooming nymph of Portobello,
The dew-lipp'd rose
Her fragrance throws,
Around the maid of Portobello.

2

Fond Zephyr's breathing kissing gales,
Loved to wanton round each flower;
But round Maria now he steals,
and quits awhile his genial bower.
The lovely maid of &c.

3

Oh! could I like Zephyr mild,
The dearest, sweetest, blessed fellow,
Wanton o'er the charms wild,
And dwell with her in Portobello.
The lovely &c.

4 A

'Tis

'Tis then, I'd on her bosom lie,
And there in rapture live for ever !
Though all terrestrial blessings die,
Yet, mine would live, and die, would
never !

The lovely &c.

J***. S*****.

Camden-street.

—○○○○○○○○—

*NETTLE'S GRAVE.

1

The Elves that wander 'long the waste of
night,
Shall not be tempted near this tomb to
stray,
But here the moon-beam's pallid streaming
light,
Shall yield a beam to Nettle's peaceful
spite,
And softly on this sally bower shall play.

2

Ah ! from this shade with fallies over-
grown,
When breathes around the cool refreshing
breeze,
On Zephyr's wing shall steal the heartfelt
moan,
At evening's close, and where no more is
shown,
Sol's radiant bosom thro' the green clad
trees.

3

And none shall here with dry averted eyes,
Stray where pale primroses sadly bloom,
But their sad hearts, shall send forth friend-
ship's sighs,—
And Pity's tears, shall fall for her who lies
Within the bosom of this death cold
tomb !

J. S—rs

Camden-street.

Erin the tear that o'ercasts thy blue eye,
And falls on thy cheek to meet the sad sigh
Which Breath's from thy lip is wafted to
me,
And lodg'd in that pulse which e'er throbb'd
for thee,
In the pulse of my heart for e'er it shall
beat
Till the days of revenge they are come,
When the fields of thy glory will be cover'd
with death
For thy wrongs shall press on thy son.

Erin then wipe the sad tear from thine eye
In no longer that bosom shall harbour a
sigh,
But strike on thy lyre those sounds that are
dear,
And give to the breeze the sigh and the
tear,
O severe are those sounds of war which
arise,
And though thy old harp so plaintively
sighs,
Yet O let them give way to some Nobler
strains
And rouse to the battle thy sons with the
Danes.

NOTIRB.

—○○○○○○○○—

THE JUBILEE PAPISTS.

Air---Shamrock so Green.

You Jubilee Papiſts now liſt to my muſe,
Nor to a known brother attention reſuſe.
A legitimate ſon of Erin the Green
Full ſix hundred years hardeſt bondage
you've borne
From kindred and country your brothers oft
torn
And as if long ſuffering makes ſlavery
ſweet.
To rejoice at your thralldom you're now told
is meet
And incorporate Orange with Shamrock
ſo Green.

for

* This Terrier-bitch was in my father's poſſeſſion twenty years ; and two years before
made my appearance in the world !

For now your oppressors to union invites
And expect you'll prove joy with your best
appetites,
Where you'll have with the Ven'son a turtle
so green

Then you'll taste joy exquisite in seeing the
dog
And beside him each Swoln and corporate
log

If you've grief's for Hibernia, you'll drown
them in wine
Your Country traduce and with parricides
dine

Who ensanguined the plains of Poor Erin
the Green.

Now hear the advice which I offer to you,
As a son of Old Ireland and brother so
true,

Who loves Erin sweet and her Mantle so
green,

If you joy that your country is fast bound
in chains

And that English monopolists Hibernia still
pains,

To the dog and his compeers immediately
haste,

In their revelry join for 'twill suit your
taste,

And for ever let orange take place of the
green.

But if Erin you boast as the land of your
birth

A country that's famed in all parts of the
earth,

Whose soas y'cleped Paddy's wear shamrock
so green,

Think with Patriot grief on her desolate
state,

Think if orange still triumphs what must
be her fate

Then with Sarfield th'immortal; your pi-
vius vows be,

We'll ne'er rejoice till Hibernia is free,

And then *Erin go brah* we'll inscribe on the
Green.



ULI KAN DU VOGE.

BY THE LATE GEO. NUGENT REY-
NOLDS ESQ.

Whilst Wars shrill trump shake distant
climes,

And man is mankind's foe.

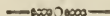
Whilst famine comes to scourge his crimes,

And fills the world with woe.

In Leitrim's Ark* I'll take my stand,
Protected by a heavenly hand,
I feel that peace and plenty's land
Is Uli kan du Voge.

Her diamonds let the Ganges boast,
With gold let Gambia flow,
Mellifluous is the Tiber's coast,
And Lucid is the Po,
But Shannon rolls a clearer flood,
Her guileless waves untinted with blood
Reflects the image of the good
In Uli kan du Voge.

And should the stranger here arrive
E'en as ourselves he'll live,
For, trust me, still the more we share
The more we'll have to give,
This kind indulgence to deserve
Let's anxious try with every nerve
We'll plenty share, and peace preserve,
In Uli kan du Voge.



ON CUTTING DOWN A FAVOURITE WHITE THORN IN HIS LAWN.

Farewell to the days of my youth's early
morn

E'er I tasted the sad bitter portions of
woe,

But we're both of us fallen my lovely white
thorn

Oh, it is with sore sorrow I see you laid
low,

When from School at Vacation I hastened to
view you

Your green glossy leaves seemed all covered
with snow,

I clasp'd my hands round you, and thought
that you knew me,

For your leaves shook with joy; alas ' now
you're laid low.

We ne'er thought it Summer, till our sweet
scented thorn

All fragrant, all blooming began for to
blow,

Not a tree in the grove did the mead so
adorn;

It grieves me, it grieves me to see you laid
low.

Beneath you reclining I thought on Eliza
 On thy sides carv'd her name, whilst the
 salt-tears did flow,
 But she too is gone ; Oh, why do I survive
 her,
 For all I priz'd dearly on earth are laid
 low.

I've no wish now remainiog, and soon may
 the day come
 When on high that my soul to Eliza may
 go,
 And my favourite tree, lend the boards for
 my coffin,
 And the poor sigh a blessing to him that's
 laid low.

Sir,

Your insertion of the following lines in your Delightful Magazine will, confer on your very attentive Reader many, and lasting obligations, though, perhaps the effusion, if a melancholy one, you may think unworthy of a place there ; if otherwise I shall be thankful.

Yours, Very Sincerely,
 SUOMOLLID.

BRIEN THE BRAVE.

Ah is this the spot where the Hero lies
 Who died by the spears of their foes
 We ne'er shall forget when victory's cries
 From the field with thy spirit arose.
 O no, while a pulse shall beat in the breast
 Of a son of Poor Erin the bold
 The tear shall bedew the grave of thy
 rest,
 And his glories on each heart be enrolled.

And should a bright beam e'er dawn in the
 West,
 To light the fair nymph of the Hill,
 Round thy tomb beloved Hero in Sadness
 will press,
 To invoke the brave spirit of our king,
 O yes ; thy spirit shall emit a bright ray
 Unmingl'd as those of that Star,

Which illumines the field when lingering
 day,
 Faintly tinges the mountains afar.

Then when the rage of the battle is o'er
 And the Steel hearted Strangers are fled,
 Thy Urn by columns of gold shall be
 bore,
 And the tear of Regret will be shed,
 The Bard shall touch on the Harp, s mellow
 string,
 Thy Death song while we sigh round thy
 grave,
 And the Zephyrs to Heaven will bear on
 their wing,
 The Glories of Brien the Brave.

SUOMOLLID

The following very elegant Hexameter Lines were taken from the Tomb of Stephen O'Ronan Esq. who lies interred in Killquane Church Yard near Limerick.

Stephanus O'Ronan antiqua de gente se-
 pultus,
 Hoc jacet in tumulo ; patriam dum vita
 maebat
 Quod potuit, Votis dulcique fovebat a-
 more ;
 Hunc Pietas sincera, hunc religionis avitæ,
 Ornabat felix Studium, olli plurima men-
 tis,
 Nobilitas, et frontis honos, et candida mo-
 rum

Simplicitas : illum non dira tabe peredit
 Auri sacra fames, manibus sed largus aper-
 tis,
 Pauperibus fundebat opes, et comos ami-
 cos,
 Gratarum auxilium gaudebat, et hospitium testis,
 At tu, chare Parens ! hos gratus suscipe
 flores,
 Quos Natus Spargit mærens, decoratque
 Sepulchro !

The

The following translation of the above, was made March 13th 1805 by Mr. Edgworth of Limerick, cousin to the late Abbe Edgworth, Confessor to Lewis XVI. and copied then by me from his Miscellaneous Works, which attempt I offer you not as an elegant, but a faithful Translation of the truly elegant Original.

Yours truly,

T. R.

Here STEPHEN (lies) O'RONAN we can
trace

An Off-spring o' a true illustrious race!

His darling life did he with fervour love
'Till Death, had snatch'd him to these
realms above,

His ancient Fathers were divinely fraught,
With pious truths that God's true Servants
taught;

Which was the path that they for ever
trod,

And blissful road that he had passed to
God

In his fair person every Grace had shin'd.
Where VIRTUES shone true nobleness of
mind!

His gentle manners, pure, refined, we
saw,

With force divine both heart and soul cou'd
draw!

A thirst for wealth his breast could not suf-
tain,

Nor love for self more dire infection pain;
But love and kindness (God for to obey)

In smiling Bounty crown'd the Poor each
day!

Oh! pious man! in thy paternal dome,
Thy Friends and Kindred found a plenteous
home!

But now dear Sire! in kindest love re-
ceive

These tender flowers, to ornament thy
grave:

By which thy weeping son (with love's per-
fume)

In pious grief bestrews thy Godly Tomb.

— oooOooo —

EPIGRAM.

Bob Orange heavily in débt,
'Tho' Creditors were long time civil,
Down from the Liffey Wall he slip't,
Rather than meet them, met the Devil,

The Epitaph of the Celebrated Sir Teigue O'Regan transcribed from
Dermot O'Flaherty Druid and Biographer.

O Regan tergo jacet hic memorabilis ergo
Belliger arma gerat Milesianus erat
Pro quo defuncto sic inoriaris inuncto
Corpore mane, Cave, dic pater et ter Ave.

Translated by Doctor Dunkin.

Here naked lies alack! Sir Teigue upon his back
Tho brave as any Grecian
Let him have a Coat-of-arms, for you must Stet
He was a true Milesian.
For whom from life disjointed, that you may die anointed
Betimes with pious Caves
In doleful manner say, to crop his sins away
One Pater and three Aves.

Whoever

Whoever previously reads this translation must laugh at the Original, but whoever previously reads the Original must despise the translator.

In this Epitaph are found two monstrous topics of sarcasm and ridicule to an Englishman. These are an Irish Name and the Roman Catholic faith—the name Teigue and the Supplication for a prayer for a departed soul and the superstitious wish that you may die anointed must surely make any one laugh but particularly such a critic in humour as an Englishman and a Parson—Mr. Dunkin tho' he had the misfortune to be born in Ireland possessed an English spirit and an English taste for wit, his own epitaphs and his epigrams shew that setting up for a wit and succeeding are two very different things. Lord Chesterfield and his patron proved that before, and though a wit amongst Lords, was, as Dr. Johnson told him a mere Lord amongst wits—So much did Mr. Dunkin feel this epitaph ridiculous that he deigned to embellish it quite in the English manner with some comic and satirical additions; accordingly he stript Sir Teigue *naked* tho' he says indeed he was as brave as any Grecian, and as he was naked, I suppose he begs for him a coat which by means of a witty dash—turns out not to be a coat but a coat of arms for the dead Irish Knight, the reason for which request is because you *must note* he was a true Milesian and of course a blunderer who would want a coat and a coat of arms even after he was dead. He then uses a pretty, apt, and surgical, and very classic term, from life *disjointed* to rhyme to what he means to ridicule the word *anointed*. He then *crops* his sins away by what he calls doleful aves for which he first took care to make a rhyme of *pious caves*

For the English reader I will here translate the epitaph

Here laid low is the renowned O'Regan, now may the warrior exult (his rival is no more) He was a Milesian (i. e. of the noblest blood of the land) O! Passenger, for the sake of his soul say the Lord's Prayer and thrice repeat the Evangelical Salutation, and so may you on your dying hour have the blessing of all the rites of our holy church.

The Christianity and the elegance of this Epitaph may be repugnant to an Englishman; but what matter, the writer of it thought as little of their taste as Sir Teigue did of their Humanity. This Epitaph tho' short contains all that an Epitaph requires. The man's name, his history, his panegyric, and a friendly solicitude about his happiness where he has gone. Tho' this may be ridiculed as coming from an Irishman, I maintain it is more after the rules of Epitaphs and a better epitaph than any one written by Mr. Pope.

PAPISTA.

BIG

BIG BEGGARMAM.

This prince of Mendicants, not content with imposing contributions on the publick, like his great Prototype HACKBALL, has now commenced Examiner of Wills, and any will containing charitable legacies in which he can discover the most trivial legal informality he demands a surrender of the bequest thereby made, if intended for a Popish charity, in order that he may dispose of it as he judges fit, either to the Blue Coat Hospital, or some other hopeful Antipopery Establishment. This Fellow, from his apparent unceasing occupation with the concerns of publick charity, and the little time he can (consequently) devote to Mercantile avocations, or the more pressing calls of appetite; appears to us to be a species of the "Zebra"; who exists by inhaling the air; and extremely well does he thrive on so light an aliment. This is another evil of

Magnitude to the Catholics of Ireland. Every Bigotted Agent of Publick Charity who prefers the easy harmless trade of managing the funds of the widow and the Orphan, to some useful or active employment; may (if he pleases) impeach the legality of a Will when the bequest is made to Popish charity Schools, and by a slight omission on the part of the Testator become possessed of the property bequeathed, which (after he has used as the miller does the Sack of Corn "Tolled twice") he may transfer to a Protestant incorporate charity. We hope this communication will be sufficient warning to those who may appropriate Funds for such purposes, and that in framing their Wills, they do take special care to guard against the possible intervention, misconstruction, or litigation of High Church Pettifoggers.

LIFE OF ST. PATRICK.

THE Hibernian Printing Company, as they call themselves, have published a book, which they call the life of St. Patrick, this work is translated from the latin of a Monk who lived in the twelfth century. We cannot be persuaded that any friend of religion, or of Ireland, would at this day, wish

to give to the world such a foolish visionary, and discredited heap of stuff. The church has a'ways and uniformly rejected such nonsense, and though *Joceline* the author might have been a very holy man, this production of his must convince any person, however credulous, that his judgment was of the meanest

meanest degree of mental capacity that he must have been one of the silliest visionaries of his time. So much did catholic literature despise Joceline's book, that in a lapse of near six centuries, it was suffered to sleep neglected in its original language among the legends, which letters had long since consigned to merited oblivion.— There are many methods by which a country, or religion may be attacked, and ridiculed by their respective enemies. We consider this English version of Jocelin, as a decided and invidious stratagem of the kind. Ledwich disputed

the existence of St Patrick, by a direct and perverted application of literary reasoning. But the orage translator of Jocelin, who is a member of Beresfords *light* infantry, and a barrister at law, has put the laugh on the reputation of our patron, among his *Caste* by rummaging among the literary rubbish of a dark age, and by an affectation of respect for the sanctity and learning of Jocelin, would sell his book for his employer, by attempting to invite catholic purchasers, on the presumption of their want of discernment,

IMPORTANT EXTRACTS FROM THE NEWS-PAPERS.

On Monday the 13th of last month, his Excellency the Duke of Richmond, honoured the present High Sheriff's with the order of Knighthood. We are at a loss to know how Mr. Stanley the Druggist and Apothecary, became such a favourite with the representative of Royalty. Mr. Riddall is a dealer in lace, and proprietor of a ball court in Moore-street, the use of which he has complimented the noble Duke with during his stay in the country, to the exclusion of the other customers; sheriff Riddall is very active as a magistrate, he very properly suppressed Val Dowling's Hazard Table on Friday last, and two others in the same neighbourhood on the subsequent saturday, but the ball court continues in full business. A man may be tolerably just, and not throw down his own house. A malicious rogue was taken into cus-

tody, after the ceremony of knighthood was gone through, for making use of the expressions, "*Sir James Bobbin of Ball Alley.*"

It is reported that Mr. Stamer the Lord Mayor is to be raised to the degree of a Baronet. This great distinction must have been the reward of private virtues, as we are not informed what public act of patriotism could have been performed since Michaelmas. When such honors have been bestowed, they were generally for some distinguished services, Alderman Tony King the Candlestick maker, was Knighted, for saving a coach horse of Lord Harcourt's on the point of drowning in the Poddle. An English horse in Modern manners is, considered of equal value at least to an Irish Subject. In ancient Rome, the man who saved the life of a citizen in battle, was rewarded with a civic crown. Sir
Anthony

Anthony had equal honours bestowed on him for his manly struggles in the putrid streams of the Puddle.

On the Jubilee evening, Jug-smeller, chief of the battalion of inspection, gave an elegant dinner to a number of his fellow labourers in the Law and the Gospel, at his apartments at the Exchange; among the company, Bulbrooks, Firehatch, Biblemouth, and other distinguished officers of justice attended, with short verse, the preacher from Armagh, who sung several divine Canticles after dinner. The toasts were numerous, loyal, and religious.

The King and the Major.—May the cause of loyalty and religion ever have such eminent patrons.—The memory of Mr. Wesley, and may the labours of the saints whom he formed in the Lord, tend to dissipate idolatry.—Mr. Latouche, and his ingenious machinery for the distribution of *light* in the fever-hospital.—The Dublin police and its illustrious founder, Lord Wellington.—Jemmy O'Brien and the loyal patriots who died according to law, in the cause of justice.—the memory of Alderman Hutton, and the religious society of *curriers*.—The society of *Coupers*, their apostolic teacher, and the chosen *Vessels* in the Plunket-street Tabernacle.—Flaudius and Tom Reynolds and the other patriots who flogged and swore in defence of the constitution.

Those great instruments of our civil and religious happiness, the *Taxes* and the *Bible*.

4 B

A very serious schism has taken place in the Swadling church in Jamaica. Benjamin Spratt, a black preacher, has undertaken to vindicate the religious antiquity of his sable brethren. In this arduous pursuit he is assisted by an Abyssinian Drum Major, imported when a boy into Europe, by Mr. Bruce, the celebrated traveller. Their joint labours have produced a voluminous work, in which a considerable talent at *verse twisting* is displayed, and a great claim to divine inspiration insisted on. They assert, that ADAM and EVE were blacks, and that CAIN was turned to a white colour, as an opprobrious mark of notoriety, for the murder of his brother ABEL. This new interpretation of the scriptures, operated so powerfully on the Negro gentry, that they were on the point of dismissing their white masters from the labours of government and commerce for the fratricide of their ancestor, had not the assembly and governor interfered with the assistance of a couple of battalions of infantry. Several white men preachers, have been converted to the new doctrines, and as a testimony of their conviction, have coloured themselves as closely as possible, to imitate the deep tint of the African teachers. One of the painted Apostles has embarked on an embassy to Mr. Latouche, with a copy of the book, elegantly bound and illuminated.

 MATHEMATICS.

Question 1, by Mr. P. Hampard, Grange, Queens County.

It is required to cut a line into two such parts, so that the rectangle of the whole and one part, may be equal to one half the square of the other part.

Question 2, by Master James Graham, at Mr. Timothy Dillon's school, Poolbeg-street.

It is requested to determine in what year of the Christian Era, will the sum of the cycles of the sun and moon, multiplied by the cycle of indiction, be the greatest possible, with the investigation.

Question 3, by Mr. Timothy Dillon, Teacher, of Mathematics, Poolbeg-street.

At the angular points of a triangular common, stand three gentlemen's houses, whose distances asunder are. A. C. 325, A. B. 350, and B. C. 375 perches; and the angles that are subtended by those sides at a well within the triangle, are $111^{\circ} 01\frac{1}{2}$, 160° , $58\frac{1}{2}$, and 132° , respectively: from hence it is required to determine the true distance of each house from the well by a simple equation.

Question 4, by Mr Timothy Dillon.

In a plane triangle the side A. B.

is given equal to 97-5 perches, the side B. C. 105, and a line drawn from the vertical angle to cut the base, forms with the side A. B. an angle of $20^{\circ} 23$; and the segment of the base adjoining to the side B. C. is 78-09 perches; from those data, the angles of the triangle, the cutting line, alternate segment of the base are required, by a quadratic equation.

Note.—Questions similar to the two last may be seen in Emerson's Algebra, 2d edition, at pages 427. and 432, but the algebraic solution of those questions, by that celebrated author, being (in my opinion) extremely prolix and inelegant; your ingenious correspondents are therefore required to solve them in a more improved manner, and upon simpler principles.

And whoever sends true solutions to the two last mentioned questions before the 1st of January 1810, will be entitled to a complete set of the Irish Magazine's neatly bound, or to any mathematical book value half a guinea; with these restrictions, that the first of them is to be solved by a simple, and the other by a quadratic equation.

T. DILLON.

TUITION, LODGING, MATRIMONY. &c. &c.

Monsier Burlesque (late of Bedlam,) would engage by the Tallis-
manic power of his brass-headed
cane, to instruct young ladies, and
gentlemen, in all the beautiful va-
rieties of ancient and modern lite-
rature in *one visit!!!* Teaches all
sorts of hands, particularly the
Scotch, so essentially necessary to
be known at this season of the
year, and the ensuing spring.—
Makes Poets, Poetasters, Rhymers,
Musicians, &c. without *Parnassians*
or *Appollonian* aid, merely the
touch of his Magic Ring, formerly
in the possession of *Aladdin!* He
can accommodate Old Maids or
gripping Misers, with *lodgings* se-
cure, as free from the nauseous
smell of victuals as a Ball-Court!
Superbly furnished with moth-
eaten pictures, and dusty furniture
made in the reign of *Egbert*; the

chimney-pieces elegantly decorat-
ed with snuff-boxes, Jew-harps,
Old wigs, eggshells and such like
beautiful ornaments; can supply
the military agents with old Dra-
goon Boots worn by the Soldiers of
Titus, at the taking of Jerusalem,
would also dispose of twelve dozen
of decayed Paraplues, Slippers,
Oil Cloths, Mittens, Wigs fit for
Poets, and several Manuscripts of
condemned Doggrel of his own
composition; would have no ob-
jection to enter into the Marriage
state, with a beautiful young Vir-
gin of genteel connexions, at the
age of fourteen (though not being
more than sixty-nine himself)
with the trifling small fortune of
1000l &c. !!!

To be heard at the Museum of
antiquated Oddities No. 5 Anne-
street, Limerick.

OBITUARY.

In Maynooth College, on Sunday
26th of November the Reverend
and venerable Dr. Ferris. The
best account we can give of him
we extract from one of our own
publications, March Magazine for
1208.

This illustrious man whose am-
bition was to be forgotten, and who
despised the perishable fame
which the world can bestow, was

born in the county of Kerry, about
the year 1738—9. At an early
period of his life he left his own
country, where there existed then
no encouragement for Catholic
enterprise, where every port was
shut against catholic genius. The
ardour of his youth first inclined
him to a military life, but the spi-
rit of God who destined him for
more noble and more useful pur-
suits

suits, soon turned him from the profession of blood and changed his inclination to the ecclesiastical state. The impulse which determined him in the choice of a profession, seems to have governed the whole tenor of his life, and accordingly we find him always the real lover of Mankind, unceasingly the promoter of man's true happiness. He was ordained a priest amongst a society of clergymen, known by the name of the *Brothers of the Mission*, whose revenues were then considerable, and who were spread all over the world, great numbers of them being even in China. Dr. Ferris by his extraordinary merit his transcendent piety, and his universal learning, raised himself to the highest consideration in the society, and his knowledge of human nature and human life, soon pointed him out as the most proper person to assist in regulating its affairs. He was therefore appointed Vice General of the order which office he held until the period of the revolution.

Dr. Ferris was well known at the French court, and esteemed at Paris as one of the heads of the clergy. His fame rendered him obnoxious to the infidels of the revolution, who expected to rear deism on the ruins of the catholic church in France. He was obliged to fly, and he had the good fortune to escape into Italy where he was kindly received by Pius VI. at the court of Rome. The wars in Italy afterwards forced him from his asylum, and he travelled northwards to Switzerland, and from thence to Vienna, a tributary to the providence of God. the wonderful escapes he had effected from the most imminent dangers, even through camps and fields of slaughter. After an absence of

forty-five years, he at length returned to his native country, and from being a director of the greatest society in the world, next to the Jesuits, he became Dean of Maynooth college. The conduct of this great man in so humble a situation, soon endeared him to the students. His humanity, his exemplary piety, and his rigid self denials operated as the most eloquent lessons of morality. The amiability of his disposition his tenderness of heart frequently displayed, and his elegant manners made him an object of love. The students worshipped his very name they adored his virtues. To such a pitch of discipline did he raise the college that for sanctity of manners, Maynooth in 1800, 1801 might be styled the BANGOR of modern times! alas the scene was terribly changed, for Dr. Ferris was superseded, Will it be believed, that he was succeeded in his office by an illiterate, vulgar student, who was despised by his fellow scholars, for the meanness of his manners, and the littleness of his talent who was brought from the most uncivilized part of Connaught to direct a community composed of young men, most of whom were lads of high spirit and cultivated genius.

At Kill, Co. Kildare in her 90th year, Mrs. Penthy widow of Mr. John Penthy and mother of a very numerous family of children, well known for their learning and accomplishments in a very respectable rank of life. Mrs. Penthy unfortunately survived the whole of her posterity, with the exception of one daughter, the only surviving branch of her family.

In Bride-street, Mr. Bryan Rourke.

THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY.

The adversaries of the Catholic faith, who boast of the illuminations of divine light, and their brethren in grate, who see things by the aid of literature, have long since prophesied, what they term the downfall of declining popery. Wesley's saints and Whiston's scholars, shook hands in the frenzy of love. The elect, gathered from the forges of Birmingham and the halls of Oxford, anticipated in holy raptures, the approaching day, appointed by the Lord, when they were to chaunt the canticles of thanksgiving on the Seven Hills, to celebrate the fall of the Beast, mentioned in the Revelations. From year, to year, the holy ones who were to manage the holy festival of Grace, had their slippers and hymn books, hung up in their shops and studies, soaked and bound, that were to be used on their pilgrimage to Rome. But, alas, divine as well as human affairs, as in this business, are liable to interruptions, prayers and prophecies, have submitted to arms, and the day of rejoicing has been postponed. The disciples of Jack Huss and Count Zinzendorf in Germany, and their noisy brethren in England have shook the vaults of Heaven, and arrayed the fleet in sacred harmony against the usurper from Corsica in vain, for, the battles of Jena, Austerlitz, and Auerstadt, won by a man bearing the Roman unction, have not only interrupted the progress of the Saints, and actually removed their titled chiefs, from all the carnal temptations that attend earthly power and sublimary ambition. So effectually has the reign of the saints been suppressed, that not one establishment dare exist on the Continent, to give its exclusive support to the dismissed votaries of the Reformation. To finish the climax

of misfortune, which the pious are obliged to sustain, the battle of Wagram, and the peace of Schoenbrunn, have set things in so fixed a condition, that all the crowns have been melted into one, and that one placed irrevocably on the temples of a popish Prince; and such imperious circumstances have arisen, that even the proud capital of the Musselmén, is destined again to celebrate in the person of a catholic Hero, the return of Christianity, so long proscribed from the ancient metropolis of the Eastern Empire. The church of St Sophia, will again, resound the matins of the faithful, and the elevation of the host, will be the holy signal, for the prostration of the crescent. A joyful people, will be seen, plucking from the minarets and domes, of regenerated Constantinople, the emblems of infidelity, to replace them with the sacred sign of man's redemption.

Thus the frightful contests, which the hypocritical champions of religion and order have given existence to, are to terminate, and the religion and regularity, which they meant to impose on the world, at the expence of their misguided agents, is for ever driven from an indignant world. Protestant Holland, and its petty Stadtholders, appears no more among the powers or princes. Prussia and the labours of its atheistical Hero have disappeared. Saxony, the school of reformers, is a Corsican province. Hesse, that bed apostles, and then sold their blood to the highest bidders, not as martyrs but as murderers, and the whole list of fanatical establishments, have been amalgamated in the revolutionary furnace, and from the ferid steams of their extinction have arisen, the solid materials of order and true religion.

INDEX.

A		Commemoration of the battle	
Address to the Editor,	1	of Aughrim,	339
Arthur the Brave,	82	Cockfighting, an essay on,	363
Athy, an account of	97	Cayenne, an account of that	
Account of the sufferings of		Colony,	392
General Mirandas,		Cancer cured,	410
crew,	145	Carolan, his Life,	433
Attorney's Biography,	141	Cygnus Majora,	456
Account of the Vineyards of		Change of Administration,	477
Tokay,	346	Coxcombical Priest,	489
— of hunting in Bengal,	351	D	
Attack on the Irish Magazine,	443	Detectors Letters,	19
Antipopery Loan,	452	Dublin Lounger,	169
Archdeacon Whiskey,	453	— Continued,	201
A mere Irishman's letter,	548	Dublin Library Society,	424
Arch-Bishop of Tuam,	541	— Society,	293
Anecdotes of a Turkish Lady,	547	Description of Madrid,	247
B		— of Sydney Cove,	491
Blackwell, Col. his life,	32	Desaix, his Memoirs,	385
British Atrocities in India,	52	Diseases in Dublin,	410
Brewing, an Essay on,	238	Dublin Custom House,	410
British Prowess,	285	Duke of Richmond, and Mr.	
Bees, an account of,	556	Roche,	512
Bayard, le Chevalier, memoirs		E	
of,	408	Eustace, an account of the Fa-	
Blood, Colonel, his life,	479	mily,	102
British Decrees nonsuited,	422	— Another account,	225
British Civilization,	537	Essay on Potatoes,	141
Big Beggarman,	567	English Fanaticism in India,	401
C		Essay on Flattery,	530
Curran, Councillor, his Speech	61	— on the Horror of War,	549
—	105	— on a country governing	
—	169	another country,	545
—	205	— on the Present times,	537
Catholic Meeting,	7	F	
Catholic Affairs,	114	Foppery of Dublin Shopmen,	47
Catholics- their wretched con-		Foreign Intelligence,	190
dition in Scotland,	182	—	275
Catholic petition,	258	—	470
— Meeting,	257	—	423
— Divinity,	303	French Biography,	297
— Literature,	483	— Literature,	313
Christian Names,	270	—	364
Cruelty to Animals,	271	Farming Society. New one.	350
—	291	G	
Constantinople, an account of		Game Cocks, how to feed	
the Bazar there,	294	them,	362
Clarke, the Rev. Augustine,	309	H	
— further account of,	388	History and Biography,	9
Critique on the Fine Arts,	331	— Continued,	57
		— of Castledermot,	123
		Harp	

INDEX.

Harp Society,	336	Marquis of Sligo,	143
I		Major Theatre,	173
Island of King's,	49		418
Irish affluence,	183	Mere Irishman's Letter,	241
Important Extracts from the		Miserable state of Dublin,	273
Newspapers,	183	Meeting of Thomas's Parish,	ib.
	272	Methodist Converts,	312
	302	Casuistry,	345
	393	Merry go Round,	396
	355	Mount Athos, an account of,	412
	415	Mirabeau, a Fragment,	410
Installation of the Knights of		Methodistical Fanaticism,	445
St. Patrick,	310	Memoirs of eminent Persons,	464
	486	Magnanimity of an Irish Officer,	414
Irish Histories,	451	Memoirs of Eminent Person,	553
Jubilee,	451	N	
	424	New publications,	55
Illuminations,	425		434
Jubilee Catholics,	549	Newspaper Eloquence,	ib.
King of one Winter,	552	Nobility, a new kind,	131
L		Narrative of the Massacre in	
Letters to the Editor,	59	Carlow,	545
Letter of Bossuets,	121	New Printing Company,	552
	175	O	
Continued	199	Obituary,	48
on Parties,	125		96
to the Editor by Gracchus,	128		239
to Doctor Troy,	348		285
from an Irishman in			382
New York,	406		432
from Counsellor Du-			480
anne,	425		428
to the Recorder,	484	Orange affairs,	149
to the Editor,	485	atrocities,	380
Luttrell, his memoirs,	289		426
Literary and Philosophical			454
Intelligence,	504	Obituary,	571
Letter to the Editor, on May-		P	
nooth College,	553		573
do. written by an English Of-		Papistas 1st letter,	307
ficer,	534	2d letter,	349
— on the Stage,	535	3d letter,	385
— to the Recorder,	550	4th	457
M		Philosophical and Literary In-	
Mathematics,	84	telligence,	325
	141	Provision, the pernicious ef-	
	284	fects of Exporting them,	
	301	Productions and Commerce of	
	429	Germany,	438
Madrid, an account of,	116		

INDEX.

Poor of Ireland, their condition,	35	Poor, on the means of employ-	
POETRY.		ing them,	
Fredericks Grave,	422	Q	
Wild Irishman,	473	Quadrupeds, Birds and Butter-	
The Discovery of America,	41	flies of China,	416
To the Memory of Rt. E—	44	Continued,	500
Extracts from the Columbiad,	85	R	
Orangeman's Apology,	89	Royal Hospital,	
Elegy on a Young Lady,	90	Religious Camping,	344
Intolerance,	132	Ruebers, Memoirs of	446
On Patrick's Day,	136	Reynolds the Informer, an ac-	
The Mimic Monarchy,	137	count of,	529
Elegy on a Friend,	138	Richmond Duke, his genero-	
Mimic Monarchy, continued,	137	sity,	532
continued,	234	S	
The Duke and his Mistress,	133	Swaddling Missionaries,	54
On Robert Emmet,	139	Stage,	92
On the Fine Arts,	235	Spirits, observations on,	115
The Bold Dragoon,	279	St. Boyle Roche,	143
Poetus and Arria,	283	Swadling preachers,	278
The Taylor done over,	327	Singular Instance of Hospitali-	
To the Memory of Mrs. Clarke,	329	ty,	405
Translation of William and		St. Leo, his life,	489
Margaret,	416	Sale of Pictures,	551
The Harp,	420	St. Patrick, his life,	567
Epistle to a Lady,	421	T	
—Written in Dunleary,	561	Travels in the United States,	37
—Jubilee Papists,	562	Travels in Spain,	73
—Brien the Brave,	564	Tholsel Law,	45
—Epitaph. on Stephen		Tandy Gen. his memoirs,	52
O'Renan,	564	The Glass man,	539
—do on Teigue O'Regan,	565	V	
Progress of Christianity,	573	Virtues of a Rope Dancer,	255
Proceedings of Learned So-		W	
cieties	70	War Anecdotes,	79
Police,	82	Whiskey, the Scotch kind,	144
Police, Justice, and Literature,	22	Wooden leg, an Helvetian tale,	179
Public Affairs,	90	Wurtemberg, an account of	302
Paving Board,	181		
do	128		

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have reviewed Caxombical priest; which (conformable to the wish of the author) we will reserve for next month's magazine.

The Consecration of a Catholic Bishop translated from the latin in our next.







